

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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A KNIGHT

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

AT Monte Carlo, in the spring of the year 189—, I used to notice an old fellow in a gray suit and sunburned straw hat with a black ribbon. Every morning at eleven o'clock he would come down to the Place, followed by a brindled German boarhound, walk once or twice round it, and seat himself on a bench facing the Casino. There he would remain in the sun, his straw hat tilted forward, his thin legs apart, his brown hands crossed between them, and the dog's nose resting on his knee. After an hour or more he would get up, and, stooping a little from the waist, walk slowly round the Place and return up hill. Just before three, he would come down again in the same clothes and go into the Casino, leaving the dog outside.

One afternoon, moved by curiosity, I followed him. He passed through the hall without looking at the gambling-rooms, and went in to the concert. It became my habit after that to watch for him. When he sat in the Place I could see him from the window of my room. The chief puzzle to me was the matter of his nationality.

His lean, short face had a skin so burned that it looked like leather; his

jaw was long and prominent, his chin pointed, and he had hollows in his cheeks. There were wrinkles across his forehead; his eyes were brown; and little white moustaches were brushed up from the corners of his lips. The back of his head bulged out above the lines of his lean neck and high sharp shoulders; his gray hair was cropped quite close. In the Marseilles buffet, on the journey out, I had met an Englishman almost his counterpart in features — but somehow very different! This old fellow had nothing of the other's alert, autocratic self-sufficiency. He was quiet and undemonstrative, without looking, as it were, insulated against shocks and foreign substances. He was certainly no Frenchman. His eyes, indeed, were brown, but hazel-brown, and gentle — not the red-brown sensual eye of the Frenchman. An American? But was ever an American so passive? A German? His moustache was certainly brushed up, but in a modest, almost pathetic way, not in the least Teutonic. Nothing seemed to fit him. I gave him up, and nicknamed him 'the Cosmopolitan.'

Leaving at the end of April, I forgot him altogether. In the same month, however, of the following year I was again at Monte Carlo, and going one

day to the concert found myself seated next this same old fellow. The orchestra was playing Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and my neighbor was asleep, snoring softly. He was dressed in the same gray suit, with the same straw hat (or one exactly like it) on his knees, and his hands crossed above it. Sleep had not disfigured him — his little white moustache was still brushed up, his lips closed; a very good and gentle expression hovered on his face. A curved mark showed on his right temple, the scar of a cut on the side of his neck, and his left hand was covered by an old glove, the little finger of which was empty. He woke up when the march was over and bristled up his moustache.

The next thing on the programme was a little thing by Poise, from *Le joli Gilles*, played by Monsieur Corsanego on the violin. Happening to glance at my old neighbor, I saw a tear caught in the hollow of his cheek, and another just leaving the corner of his eye; there was a faint smile on his lips. Then came an interval; and while orchestra and audience were resting, I asked him if he were fond of music. He looked up without distrust, bowed, and answered in a thin, gentle voice, 'Certainly. I know nothing about it, play no instrument, could never sing a note; but — fond of it! Who would not be?' His English was correct enough, but with an emphasis not quite American nor quite foreign.

I ventured to remark that he did not care for Meyerbeer. He smiled.

'Ah!' he said, 'I was asleep? Too bad of me. He *is* a little noisy — I know so little about music. There is Bach, for instance. Would you believe it, he gives me no pleasure? A great misfortune to be no musician!' He shook his head.

I murmured, 'Bach is too elevating for you, perhaps.'

'To me,' he answered, 'any music I

like is elevating. People say some music has a bad effect on them. I never found any music that gave me a bad thought — no — no — quite the opposite; only sometimes, as you see, I go to sleep. But what a lovely instrument the violin!' A faint flush came on his parched cheeks. 'The human soul that has left the body. A curious thing, distant bugles at night have given me the same feeling.'

The orchestra was now coming back, and, folding his hands, my neighbor turned his eyes toward them. When the concert was over we came out together. Waiting at the entrance was his dog.

'You have a beautiful dog!'

'Ah! yes. *Freda, mia cara, da su mano!*'

The dog squatted on her haunches, and lifted her paw in the vague, bored way of big dogs when requested to perform civilities. She was a lovely creature, — the purest brindle, without a speck of white, and free from the unbalanced look of most dogs of her breed.

'*Basta! basta!*' He turned to me apologetically. 'We have agreed to speak Italian; in that way I keep up the language; astonishing the number of things that dog will understand!'

I was about to take my leave, when he asked if I would walk a little way with him — 'If you are free, that is.'

We went up the street, with Freda on the far side of her master.

'Do you never "play" here?' I asked him.

'Play? No. It must be very interesting, most exciting; but as a matter of fact, I can't afford it. If one has very little, one is too nervous.'

He had stopped in front of a small hairdresser's shop. 'I live here,' he said, raising his hat again. '*Au revoir!* — unless I can offer you a glass of tea. It's all ready. Come! I've brought you out of your way; give me the pleasure!'

I have never met a man so free from all self-consciousness, and yet so delicate and diffident, — the combination is a rare one. We went up a steep staircase to a room on the second floor. My companion threw the shutters open, setting all the flies buzzing. The top of a plane tree was on a level with the window, and all its little brown balls were dancing, quite close, in the wind. As he promised, an urn was hissing on a table; there were also a small brown teapot, some sugar, slices of lemon, and glasses. A bed, wash-stand, cupboard, tin trunk, two chairs, and a small rug, were all the furniture. Above the bed a sword in a leather sheath was suspended from two nails. The photograph of a girl stood on the closed stove. My host went to the cupboard and produced a bottle, a glass, and a second spoon. When the cork was drawn, the scent of rum escaped into the air. He sniffed at it and dropped a teaspoonful into each glass.

'This is a trick I learned from the Russians after Plevna; they had my little finger, so I deserved something in exchange.' He looked round; his eyes, his whole face, seemed to twinkle. 'I assure you it was worth it — makes all the difference. Try!' He poured off the tea.

'Had you a sympathy with the Turks?'

'The weaker side —' He paused abruptly, then added: 'But it was not that.'

Over his face innumerable crow's feet had suddenly appeared, his eyes twitched; he went on hurriedly, 'I had to find something to do just then — it was necessary.'

He stared into his glass; and it was some time before I ventured to ask if he had seen much fighting.

'Yes,' he replied gravely, 'nearly twenty years altogether; I was one of Garibaldi's *Mille* in '60.'

'Surely you are not Italian?'

He leaned forward with his hands on his knees. 'I was in Genoa at that time, learning banking. Garibaldi was a wonderful man! One could not help it.' He spoke simply. 'You might say it was like seeing a little man stand up to a ring of great hulking fellows; I went, just as you would have gone, if you'd been there. I was not long with them, — *our* war began, I had to go back home.' He said this as if there had been but one war since the world began. 'In '61,' he mused, 'till '65. Just think of it! The poor country. Why, in my state, South Carolina — I was through it all — nobody could be spared there — we were one to three.'

'I suppose you have a love of fighting?'

'H'm!' he said, as if considering the idea for the first time. 'Sometimes I fought for a living, and sometimes — because I was obliged; one must try to be a gentleman. But won't you have some more?'

I refused more tea and took my leave, carrying away with me a picture of the old fellow looking down from the top of the steep staircase, one hand pressed to his back, the other twisting up those little white moustaches, and murmuring, 'Take care, my dear sir, there's a step there at the corner.'

'To be a gentleman!' I repeated in the street, causing an old French lady to drop her parasol, so that for about two minutes we stood bowing and smiling to each other, then separated full of the best feeling.

II

A week later I found myself again seated next him at a concert. In the mean time I had seen him now and then, but only in passing. He seemed depressed. The corners of his lips were tightened, his tanned cheeks had a

grayish tinge, his eyes were restless; and, between two numbers of the programme, he murmured, tapping his fingers on his hat, 'Do you ever have bad days? Yes? Not pleasant, are they?'

Then something occurred from which all that I have to tell you followed. There came into the concert-hall the heroine of one of those romances, crimes, follies, or irregularities, call them what you will, which had just attracted 'the world's' stare. She passed us with her partner, and sat down in a chair a few rows to our right. She kept turning her head round, and at every turn I caught the gleam of her uneasy eyes. Some one behind us said, 'The brazen baggage!'

My companion turned full round, and glared at whoever it was who had spoken. The change in him was quite remarkable. His lips were drawn back from his teeth; he frowned; the scar on his temple had reddened.

'Ah!' he said to me, 'the hue and cry! Contemptible! How I hate it! But you would n't understand — I —' He broke off, and slowly regained his usual air of self-obliteration; he even seemed ashamed, and began trying to brush his moustaches higher than ever, as if aware that his heat had robbed them of neatness.

'I'm not myself, when I speak of such matters,' he said suddenly; and began reading his programme, holding it upside down. A minute later, however, he said in a peculiar voice, 'There are people to be found who object to vivisectioning animals; but the vivisection of a woman, who minds that? Will you tell me it's right, that because of some tragedy like this — believe me, it is always a tragedy — we should hunt down a woman? That her fellow-women should make an outcast of her? That we who are *men*, should make a prey of her? If I thought that—'

Again he broke off, and his eyes glowed. 'It is *we* who make them what they are; and even if that is not so — why! if I thought there was a woman in the world I could not take my hat off to — I — I — could n't sleep at night.'

He got up from his seat, put on his old straw hat with trembling fingers, and, without a glance back, went out, stumbling over the chair-legs.

I sat there, horribly disturbed; the words, 'One must try to be a gentleman,' haunting me. When I came out, he was standing by the entrance, with one hand on his hip and the other on his dog. In that attitude of waiting he was such a patient figure: the sun glared down and showed the threadbare nature of his clothes and the thinness of his brown hands, with their long fingers and nails yellow with tobacco. Seeing me he came up the steps again, and raised his hat.

'I am glad to have caught you; please forget all that.'

I asked if he would do me the honor of dining at my hotel.

'Dine?' he repeated, with the sort of smile a child gives if you offer him a box of soldiers; 'with the greatest pleasure. I seldom dine out, but I think I can muster up a coat. Yes — yes — and at what time shall I come? At half-past seven, and your hotel is —? Good! I shall be there. *Freda, mia cara*, you will be alone this evening. You do not smoke *caporal*, I fear. I find it fairly good; though it has too much bite.'

He walked off with Freda, puffing at his thin roll of *caporal*. Once or twice he stopped, as if bewildered or beset by some sudden doubt or memory; and every time he stopped, Freda licked his hand. They disappeared round the corner of the street, and I went to my hotel to see about dinner. On the way I met Jules le Ferrier, and asked him to come too.

'My faith, yes!' he said, with the rosy pessimism characteristic of the French editor. 'Man must dine!'

At half-past six we assembled. My 'Cosmopolitan' was in an old frock coat braided round the edges, buttoned high and tight, defining more than ever the sharp lines of his shoulders and the slight kink of his back; he had brought with him, too, a dark-peaked cap of military shape, which he had evidently selected as more fitting to the coat than a straw hat. He smelled slightly of some herb.

We sat down to dinner, and did not rise for two hours. He was a charming guest, praised everything he ate — not with commonplaces, but in words that made you feel it had given him real pleasure. At first, whenever Jules made one of his caustic remarks, he looked quite pained, but suddenly seemed to make up his mind that it was bark, not bite; and then at each of them he would turn to me and say, 'Aha! that's good — is n't it?' With every glass of wine he became more gentle and more genial, sitting very upright, and tightly buttoned-in; while the little white wings of his moustaches seemed about to leave him for a better world.

In spite of the most leading questions, we could not get him to talk about himself, for even Jules, most cynical of men, had recognized that he was a hero of romance. He would answer gently and precisely, and then sit twisting his moustaches, perfectly unconscious that we wanted more. Presently, as the wine went a little to his head, his thin high voice grew thinner, his cheeks became flushed, his eyes brighter; at the end of dinner he said, 'I hope I have not been noisy.'

We assured him that he had not been noisy enough.

'You're laughing at me,' he answered. 'Surely, I've been talking all the time!'

'*Mon Dieu!*' said Jules, 'we have been looking for some fables of your wars; but nothing — nothing, not enough to feed a frog!'

The old fellow looked troubled.

'To be sure!' he mused: 'Let me think! there is that about Colhoun at Gettysburg; and there's the story of Garibaldi and the Miller.' He plunged into a tale, not at all about himself, which would have been extremely dull, but for the conviction in his eyes, and the way he stopped and commented. 'So you see,' he ended, 'that's the sort of man Garibaldi was! I could tell you another tale of him.'

Catching an introspective look in Jules's eye, however, I proposed taking our cigars over to the café opposite.

'Delightful!' the old fellow said: 'We shall have a band and the fresh air, and clear consciences for our cigars. I cannot like this smoking in a room where there are ladies dining.'

He walked out in front of us, smoking with an air of great enjoyment. Jules, glowing above his candid shirt and waistcoat, whispered to me, 'How he is good!' then sighed, and added darkly, 'The poor man!'

We sat down at a little table. Close by, the branches of a plane tree rustled faintly; their leaves hung lifeless, speckled like the breasts of birds, or black against the sky; then, caught by the breeze, fluttered like tiny wings.

The old fellow sat with his head thrown back, a smile on his face, coming now and then out of his enchanted dreams to drink coffee, answer our questions, or hum the tune that the band was playing. The ash of his cigar grew very long. One of those bizarre figures in oriental garb, who, night after night, offer their doubtful wares at a great price, appeared in the white glare of a lamp, looked with a furtive smile at his face, and glided back, discomfited by its unconsciousness. It was a

night for dreams! A faint, half-Eastern scent in the air, of black tobacco and spice; few people as yet at the little tables, the waiters leisurely, the band soft! What was he dreaming of, the old fellow, whose cigar-ash grew so long? of youth, of his battles, of those things that must be done by those who try to be gentlemen? perhaps only of his dinner; anyway of something gilded in vague fashion as the light was gilding the branches of the plane tree.

Jules pulled my sleeve: 'He sleeps.' He had smilingly dropped off; the cigar-ash—that feathery tower of his dreams—had broken and fallen on his sleeve. He awoke, and fell to dusting it.

The little tables round us began to fill. One of the bandsmen played a *czardas* on the *czymbal*. Two young Frenchmen, talking loudly, sat down at the adjoining table. They were discussing the lady who had been at the concert that afternoon.

'It's a bet,' said one of them, 'but there's the present man. I take three weeks, that's enough — *elle est déclassée; ce n'est que le premier pas* —'

My old friend's cigar fell on the table. 'Monsieur,' he stammered, 'you speak of a lady so, in a public place?'

The young man stared at him. 'Who is this person?' he said to his companion.

My guest took up Jules's glove that lay on the table; before either of us could raise a finger, he had swung it in the speaker's face. 'Enough!' he said, and, dropping the glove, walked away.

We all jumped to our feet. I left Jules and hurried after him. His face was grim, his eyes those of a creature who has been struck on a raw place. He made a movement of his fingers which said plainly, 'Leave me, if you please!'

I went back to the café. The two young men had disappeared, so had Jules, but everything else was going

on just as before: the bandsman still twanging out his *czardas*; the waiters serving drinks; the orientals trying to sell their carpets. I paid the bill, sought out the manager, and apologized. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said, 'An eccentric, your friend, *nicht wahr?*' Could he tell me where M. le Ferrier was? He could not. I left to look for Jules; could not find him, and returned to my hotel disgusted. I was sorry for my old guest, but vexed with him too: what business had he to carry his quixotism to such an unpleasant length?

I tried to read. Eleven o'clock struck; the Casino disgorged a stream of people; the Place seemed fuller of life than ever; then slowly it grew empty and quite dark. The whim seized me to go out. It was a still night, very warm, very black. On one of the seats a man and woman sat embraced, on another a girl was sobbing, on a third — strange sight — a priest dozed. I became aware of some one at my side; it was my old guest.

'If you are not too tired,' he said, 'can you give me ten minutes?'

'Certainly; will you come in?'

'No, no; let us go down to the Terrace. I shan't keep you long.'

He did not speak again till we reached a seat above the pigeon-shooting ground; there, in the darkness denser for the string of lights still burning in the town, we sat down.

'I owe you an apology,' he said; 'first in the afternoon, then again this evening — your guest — your friend's glove! I have behaved as no gentleman should.' He was leaning forward with his hands on the handle of a stick. His voice sounded broken and disturbed.

'Oh!' I muttered. 'It's nothing!'

'You are very good,' he sighed; 'but I feel that I must explain. I consider I owe this to you, but I must tell you

I should not have the courage if it were not for another reason. You see I have no friend.'

He looked at me with an uncertain smile. I bowed, and a minute or two later he began.

III

'You will excuse me if I go back rather far. It was in '74, when I had been ill with Cuban fever. To keep me alive they had put me on board a ship at Santiago, and at the end of the voyage I found myself in London. I had very little money; I knew nobody. I tell you, sir, there are times when it's hard for a fighting-man to get anything to do. People would say to me: "Afraid we've nothing for a man like you in our business." I tried people of all sorts; but it was true — I had been fighting here and there since '60. I was n't fit for anything —' He shook his head. 'In the South, before the war, they had a saying, I remember, about a dog and a soldier having the same value. But all this has nothing to do with what I have to tell you.'

He sighed again and went on, moistening his lips: 'I was walking along the Strand one day, very disheartened, when I heard my name called. It's a queer thing, that, in a strange street. By the way,' he put in with dry ceremony, 'you don't know my name, I think: it is Brune — Roger Brune. At first I did not recognize the person who called me. He had just got off an omnibus — a square-shouldered man with heavy moustaches, and round spectacles. But when he shook my hand I recognized him. He was a man called Dalton, who was taken prisoner at Gettysburg; one of you Englishmen who came to fight with us — a major in the regiment where I was captain. We were comrades during two campaigns. If I had been his brother he could n't have seemed more pleased

to see me. He took me into a bar for the sake of old times. The drink went to my head, and by the time we reached Trafalgar Square I was quite unable to walk. He made me sit down on a bench. I was in fact — drunk. It's disgraceful to be drunk, but there was some excuse. Now I tell you, sir' (all through his story he was always making use of that expression; it seemed to infuse fresh spirit into him, to help his memory in obscure places, to give him the mastery of his emotions; it was like the piece of paper a nervous man holds in his hand to help him through a speech), 'there never was a man with a finer soul than my friend Dalton. He was not clever, though he had read much; and sometimes perhaps he was too fond of talking. But he was a gentleman; he listened to me as if I had been a child; he was not ashamed of me — it takes a gentleman not to be ashamed of a drunken man in the streets of London; God knows what I said to him while we were sitting there! He took me to his home and put me to bed himself; for I was down again with fever.'

He stopped, turned slightly from me, and put his hand up to his brow. 'Well, then it was, sir, that I first saw her. I am not a poet and I cannot tell you what she seemed to me. I was delirious, but I always knew when she was there. I had dreams of sunshine and cornfields, of dancing waves at sea, young trees — never the same dreams, never anything for long together; and when I had my senses I was afraid to say so for fear she would go away. She'd be in the corner of the room, with her hair hanging about her neck, a bright gold color; she never worked and never read, but sat and talked to herself in a whisper, or looked at me for a long time together out of her blue eyes, a little frown between them, and her upper lip closed

firm on her lower lip, where she had an uneven tooth. When her father came, she'd jump up and hang on to his neck until he groaned, then run away, but presently come stealing back on tip-toe. I used to listen for her footsteps on the stairs, then the knock, the door flung back or opened quietly — you never could tell which; and her voice, with a little lisp, "Are you better to-day, Mr. Brune? What funny things you say when you're delirious! Father says you've been in heaps of battles."

He got up, paced restlessly to and fro, and sat down again. 'I remember every word as if it were yesterday, all the things she said and did; I've had a long time to think them over, you see. Well, I must tell you, the first morning that I was able to get up, I missed her. Dalton came in her place, and I asked him where she was. "My dear fellow," he answered, "I've sent Eilie away to her old nurse's inn down on the river; she's better there at this time of year." We looked at each other, and I saw that he had sent her away because he did n't trust me. I was hurt by this. Illness spoils one. He was right, he was quite right, for all he knew about me was that I could fight and had got drunk. But I am very quick-tempered. I made up my mind at once to leave him. But I was too weak — he had to put me to bed again. The next morning he came and proposed that I should go into partnership with him. He kept a fencing-school and pistol-gallery. It seemed like the finger of God; and perhaps it was — who knows?'

He fell into a reverie, and taking out his *caporal*, rolled himself a cigarette; having lighted it, he went on suddenly: 'There, in the room above the school, we used to sit in the evenings, one on each side of the grate. The room was on the second floor, I remember, with two windows, and a view of nothing but the houses opposite. The furniture was

covered up with chintz. The things on the book-shelf were never disturbed: they were Eilie's — half-broken cases with butterflies, a dead frog in a bottle, a horseshoe covered with tinfoil, some shells too, and a cardboard box with three speckled eggs in it, and these words written on the lid: "Missel thrush from Lucy's tree — second family, only one blown."'

He smoked fiercely, with puffs that were like sharp sighs.

'Dalton was wrapped up in her. He was never tired of talking to me about her, and I was never tired of hearing. We had a number of pupils; but in the evening when we sat there, smoking — our talk would sooner or later come round to her. Her bedroom opened out of that sitting-room; he took me in once and showed me a narrow little room the width of a passage, fresh and white, with a photograph of her mother above the bed, and an empty basket for a dog or cat.'

He broke off with a vexed air, and resumed sternly, as if trying to bind himself to the narration of his more important facts: 'She was then fifteen — her mother had been dead twelve years — a beautiful face, her mother's; it had been her death that sent Dalton to fight with us. Well, sir, one day in August, very hot weather, he proposed a run into the country, and who should meet us on the platform when we arrived but Eilie, in a sun-bonnet and a blue frock — light blue, her favorite color. I was angry with Dalton for not telling me that we should see her; my clothes were not — my hair too wanted cutting. It was black then, sir,' he added, tracing a pattern in the darkness with his stick. 'She had a little donkey-cart; she drove, and while we walked one on each side, she kept looking at me from under her sun-bonnet. I must tell you that she never laughed — her eyes

danced, her cheeks would go pink, and her hair shake about on her neck, but she never laughed. Her old nurse, Lucy, a very broad, good woman, had married the proprietor of the inn in the village there. I have never seen anything like that inn: sweetbrier up to the roof! And the scent — I am very susceptible to scents!’

His head drooped, and the cigarette fell from his hand. A train passing beneath sent up a shower of sparks. He started, and went on:—

‘We had our lunch in the parlor — I remember that room very well, for I spent the happiest days of my life afterwards in that inn. We went into a meadow after lunch, and my friend Dalton fell asleep. A wonderful thing happened then. Eilie whispered to me, “Let’s have a jolly time.” She took me the most glorious walk. The river was close by. A lovely stream, your river Thames, so calm and broad; it is like the spirit of your people. I was bewitched: I forgot my friend, I thought of nothing but how to keep her to myself. It was such a day! There are days that are the Devil’s, but that was truly one of God’s. She took me to a little pond under an elm tree, and we dragged it, we two, an hour, for a kind of tiny red worm to feed some creature that she had. We found them in the mud, and while she was bending over, the curls got in her eyes. If you could have seen her then, I think, sir, you would have said she was like the first sight of spring. We had tea afterwards, all together, in the long grass under some fruit trees. If I had the knack of words, there are things I could say —’

He bent, as though in deference to those unspoken memories.

‘Twilight came on while we were sitting there. A wonderful thing is twilight in the country! It became time for us to go. There was an avenue of trees close by — like a church with a

window at the end, where golden light came through. I walked up and down it with her. “Will you come again?” she whispered, and suddenly she lifted up her face to be kissed. I kissed her like a little child. And when we said good-by, her eyes were looking at me across her father’s shoulder, with surprise and sorrow in them. “Why do you go away?” they seemed to say. But I must tell you,’ he went on hurriedly, ‘of a thing that happened before we had gone a hundred yards. We were smoking our pipes, and I thinking of her — when out she sprang from the hedge and stood in front of us. Dalton cried out, “What are you here for, again, you mad girl?” She rushed up to him and hugged him; but when she looked at me her face was quite different — careless, defiant, as one might say — it hurt me. I could n’t understand it, and what one does n’t understand frightens one.’

IV

‘Time went on. They said there was no swordsman, or pistol-shot, like me in London. We had as many pupils as weliked — it was the only part of my life when I have been able to save money. We gave lessons all day and in the evening were too tired to go out. That year I had the misfortune to lose my dear mother. I became a rich man — yes, sir, at that time I must have had not less than six hundred pounds a year.

‘It was a long time before I saw Eilie again. She went abroad to Dresden, with her father’s sister, to learn French and German. It was in the autumn of 1875 when she came back to us. She was seventeen then — a beautiful young creature.’

He paused, as if to gather his forces for description, and went on.

‘Tall as a young tree, with eyes like the sky. I would not say she was per-

fect, but her imperfections were beautiful to me. What is it makes you love — ah! sir, that is very hidden and mysterious. She had never lost the trick of closing her lips tightly when she remembered her uneven tooth. You may say that was vanity, but in a young girl — and which of us is not vain, eh? “Old men and maidens, young men and children!”

‘As I said, she came back to London to her little room, and in the evenings was always ready with our tea. You must n’t suppose she was housewifely; there is something in me that never admired housewifeliness — a fine quality, no doubt, still —’ He sighed.

‘No,’ he resumed, ‘Eilie was not like that, for she was never quite the same two days together. I told you her eyes were like the sky — that was true of all of her. In one thing, however, at that time, she always seemed the same — in love for her father. For me! I don’t know what I should have expected; but my presence seemed to have the effect of making her dumb; I would catch her looking at me with a frown, and then, as if to make up to her own nature, — and a more loving nature never came into this world: that I shall maintain to my dying day, — she would go to her father and kiss him. When I talked with him she pretended not to notice, but I could see her face grow cold and stubborn. I am not quick; and it was a long time before I understood that she was jealous, she wanted him all to herself. I’ve often wondered how she could be his daughter, for he was the very soul of justice, and a slow man too — and she was as quick as a bird. For a long time after I saw her dislike of me, I refused to believe it, — if one does not want to believe a thing, there are always reasons why it should not seem true; at least so it is with me, and I suppose with all selfish men.

‘I spent evening after evening there, when, if I had not thought only of myself, I should have kept away. But one day I could no longer be blind.

‘It was a Sunday in February. I always had an invitation on Sundays to dine with them in the middle of the day. There was no one in the sitting-room; but the door of Eilie’s bedroom was open. I heard her voice: “That man, always that man!” It was enough for me: I went down again without coming in, and walked about all day.

‘For three weeks I kept away. To the school of course I came as usual, but not upstairs. I don’t know what I told Dalton; it did not signify what you told him, he always had a theory of his own, and was persuaded of its truth — a very single-minded man.

‘But now I come to the most wonderful days of my life. It was an early spring that year. I had fallen away already from my resolution, and used to slink up — seldom, it’s true — and spend the evening with them as before. One afternoon I came up to the sitting-room; the light was failing — it was warm, and the windows were open. In the air was that feeling which comes to you once a year, in the spring, no matter where you may be, in a crowded street, or alone in a forest; only once — a feeling like — but I cannot describe it.

‘Eilie was sitting there. If you don’t know, sir, I can’t tell you what it means to be near the woman one loves. She was leaning on the window-sill, staring down into the street. It was as though she might be looking out for some one. I stood, hardly breathing. She turned her head, and saw me. Her eyes were strange. They seemed to ask me a question. But I could n’t have spoken for the world. I can’t tell you what I felt — I dared not speak, or think, or hope. I have been in nineteen battles — several times in positions

of some danger, when the lifting of a finger perhaps meant death; but I have never felt what I was feeling at that moment. I knew something was coming; and I was paralyzed with terror lest it should not come!’

He drew a long breath.

‘The servant came in with a light, and broke the spell. All that night I lay awake and thought of how she had looked at me, with the color coming slowly up in her cheeks.

‘It was three days before I plucked up courage to go again; and then I felt her eyes on me at once—she was making a “cat’s-cradle” with a bit of string, but I could see them stealing up from her hands to my face. And she went wandering about the room, fingering at everything. When her father called out: “What’s the matter with you, Eilie?” she stared at him like a child caught doing wrong. I looked straight at her then; she tried to look at me, but she could n’t; and a minute later she went out of the room. God knows what sort of nonsense I talked—I was too happy.

‘Then began our love. I can’t tell you of that time. Often and often Dalton said to me: “What’s come to the child? Nothing I can do pleases her.” All the love she had given him was now for me; but he was too simple and straight to see what was going on. How many times have n’t I felt criminal towards him! But when you’re happy, with the tide in your favor, you become a coward at once.’

V

‘Well, sir,’ he went on, ‘we were married on her eighteenth birthday. It was a long time before Dalton became aware of our love. But one day he said to me with a very grave look,—

“Eilie has told me, Brune; I forbid it. She’s too young, and you’re too old!”

‘I was then forty-five, my hair black and thick as a rook’s feathers, and I was strong and active. I answered him: “We shall be married within a month!”

‘We parted in anger. It was a May night, and I walked out far into the country. There’s no remedy for anger,—or, indeed, for anything,—so fine as walking. Once I stopped—it was on a common, without a house or light, and the stars shining like jewels. I was hot from walking. I could feel the blood boiling in my veins. I said to myself, “Old, are you?” And I laughed like a fool. It was the thought of losing her—I wished to believe myself angry, but really I was afraid; fear and anger in me are very much the same. A friend of mine, a bit of a poet, sir, once called them “the two black wings of self.” And so they are, so they are! The next morning I went to Dalton again, and somehow I made him yield. I’m not a philosopher, but it has often seemed to me that no benefit can come to us in this life without an equal loss somewhere, but that does not stop us. No, sir, not often.

‘We were married on the thirtieth of June, 1876, in the parish church. The only people present were Dalton, Lucy, and Lucy’s husband—a big, red-faced fellow, with blue eyes and a golden beard parted in two. It had been arranged that we should spend the honeymoon at their inn on the river. My wife, Dalton, and I, went to a restaurant for lunch. She was all in gray, the color of a pigeon’s feathers.’

He paused, leaning forward over the crutch-handle of his stick; trying to conjure up, no doubt, that long-ago image of his young bride in her dress ‘the color of a pigeon’s feathers,’ with her blue eyes and yellow hair, the little frown between her brows, the firmly-shut red lips, opening to speak the words, ‘For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.’

'At that time, sir,' he went on, 'I was a bit of a dandy. I wore, I remember, a blue frock coat, with white trousers, and a gray top hat. Even now I should always prefer to be well-dressed.

'We had an excellent lunch, and drank Veuve Clicquot, a wine that you cannot get in these days! Dalton came with us to the railway station. I can't bear partings; and yet they must come.

'That evening we walked out in the cool under the aspen trees. What should I remember in all my life if not that night: the young bullocks snuffing in the gateways — the champion flowers all lighted up along the hedges — the moon with a halo — bats, too, in and out among the stems, and the shadows of the cottages as black and soft as that sea down there. For a long time we stood on the river-bank beneath a lime tree. The scent of the lime flowers! A man can only endure about half his joy; about half his sorrow.

'Lucy and her husband,' he went on presently, — 'his name was Frank Tor, a man like an old Viking, who ate nothing but milk, bread, and fruit — were very good to us! It was like Paradise in that inn — though the commissariat, I am bound to say, was limited. Sweetbrier grew round our bedroom windows; when the breeze blew the leaves across the opening, it was like a bath of perfume. She grew as brown as a gypsy, while we were there. I don't think any man could have loved her more than I did. But there were times when my heart stood still; it did n't seem as if she understood how much I loved her. One day, I remember, she coaxed me to take her camping. We drifted down stream all the afternoon, and in the evening pulled into the reeds under the willow-boughs and lit a fire for her to cook by — though, as a matter of fact, our provisions were cooked already — but you

know how it is; all the romance was in having a real fire. "We won't pretend," she kept saying. While we were eating our supper a hare came to our clearing — a big fellow — how surprised he looked! "The tall hare," Eilie called him. After that we sat by the ashes and watched the shadows, till at last she roamed away from me. The time went very slowly; I got up to look for her. It was past sundown. I called and called. It was a long time before I found her — and she was like a wild thing, hot and flushed, her pretty frock torn, her hands and face scratched, her hair down, like some beautiful creature of the woods. If one loves, a little thing will scare one. I did n't think she had noticed my fright; but when we got back to the boat she threw her arms round my neck, and said, "I won't ever leave you again!"

'Once in the night I woke — a water-hen was crying, and in the moonlight a kingfisher flew across. The wonder on the river — the wonder of the moon and trees, the soft bright mist, the stillness! It was like another world, peaceful, enchanted, far holier than ours. It seemed like a vision of the thoughts that come to one — how seldom! and go if one tries to grasp them. Magic — poetry — sacred!'

He was silent a minute, then went on in a high voice: 'I looked at her, sleeping like a child, with her hair loose, and her lips apart, and I thought: "God do so to me, if ever I bring her pain!"

'How was I to understand her? the mystery and innocence of her soul! — The river has had all my light and all my darkness, the happiest days, and the hours when I've despaired; and I like to think of it, for, you know, in time bitter memories fade, only the good remain. Yet the good have their own pain, a different kind of aching, for we shall never get them back.

'Sir,' he said, turning to me with a

faint smile, 'it's no use crying over spilt milk. In the neighborhood of Lucy's inn, the Rose and Maybush — can you imagine a prettier name? I have been all over the world, and nowhere found names so pretty as in the English country. There, too, every blade of grass, and flower, has a kind of pride about it; knows it will be cared for; and all the roads, trees, and cottages, seem to be certain that they will live forever. But I was going to tell you: half a mile from the inn was a quiet old house which we used to call the Convent — though I believe it was a farm. We spent many an afternoon there, trespassing in the orchard — Eilie was fond of trespassing; if there were a long way round across somebody else's property, she would always take it. We spent our last afternoon in that orchard, lying in the long grass. I was reading *Childe Harold* for the first time — a wonderful, a memorable poem! I was at that passage — the bull fight — you remember: —

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The din expands, and expectation mute, —

when suddenly Eilie said: "Suppose I were to leave off loving you?" It was as if some one had struck me in the face. I jumped up, and tried to take her in my arms, but she slipped away; then she turned, and began laughing softly. I laughed too. I don't know why.'

VI

'We went back to London the next day; we lived quite close to the school, and about five days a week Dalton came to dine with us. He would have come every day if he had not been the sort of man who refuses to consult his own pleasure. We had more pupils than ever. In my leisure I taught my wife to fence. I have never seen any one so lithe and quick; or so beautiful

as she looked in her fencing-dress, with embroidered shoes.

'I was completely happy. When a man has obtained his desire he becomes careless and self-satisfied; I was watchful, however, for I knew that I was naturally a selfish man. I studied to arrange my time and save my money, to give her as much pleasure as I could. What she loved best in the world just then was riding. I bought a horse for her, and in the evenings of the spring and summer we rode together; but when it was too dark to go out late, she would ride alone, great distances, sometimes spend the whole day in the saddle, and come back so tired she could hardly walk upstairs. I can't say that I liked that. It made me nervous, she was so headlong; but I didn't think it right to interfere with her.

'I had a good deal of anxiety about money, for though I made more than ever, there never seemed enough. I was anxious to save — I hoped, of course — but we had no child, and this was a trouble to me. She grew more beautiful than ever, and I think was happy. Has it ever struck you that each one of us lives on the edge of a volcano? There is, I imagine, no one who has not some affection or interest so strong that he counts the rest for nothing, beside it. No doubt a man may live his life through without discovering that. But some of us — I am not complaining; what is — is.'

He pulled the cap lower over his eyes, and clutched his hands firmly on the top of his stick. He was like a man who rushes his horse at some hopeless fence, unwilling to give himself time, for fear of craning at the last moment.

'In the spring of '78, a new pupil came to me, a young man of twenty-one who was destined for the army. I took a fancy to him, and did my best to turn him into a good swordsman; but there was a kind of perverse reck-

lessness in him: for a few minutes one would make a great impression, then he would grow utterly careless.

"Francis," I would say, "if I were you I should be ashamed." — "Mr. Brune," he would answer, "why should I be ashamed? I did n't make myself."

'God knows, I wish to do him justice: he had a heart; one day he drove up in a cab, and brought in his poor dog, who had been run over, and was dying. For half an hour he shut himself up with its body; we could hear him sobbing like a child; he came out with his eyes all red, and cried, "I know where to find the brute who drove over him," and off he rushed. He had beautiful Italian eyes; a slight figure, not very tall; dark hair, a little dark moustache; and his lips were always a trifle parted; it was that, and his walk, and the way he drooped his eyelids, which gave him a peculiar, soft, proud look. I used to tell him that he'd never make a soldier! "Oh!" he'd answer, "that'll be all right when the time comes!" He believed in a kind of luck that was to do everything for him when the time came. One day he came in as I was giving Eilie her lesson. This was the first time they saw each other. After that he came more often, and sometimes stayed to dinner with us. I won't deny, sir, that I was glad to welcome him; I thought it good for Eilie. Can there be anything more odious,' he burst out, 'than such a self-complacent blindness? There are people who say, "Poor man, he had such faith!" Faith, sir! Conceit! I was a fool — in this world one pays for folly.

'The summer came; and one Saturday, in early June, Eilie, I, and Francis — I won't tell you his other name — went riding. The night had been wet; there was no dust, and presently the sun came out — a glorious day! We rode a long way. About seven o'clock

we started back — slowly, for it was still hot, and there was all the cool of the night before us. It was nine o'clock when we came to Richmond Park. A grand place, Richmond Park; and in that half-light wonderful, the deer moving so softly you might have thought they were spirits. We were silent too — great trees have that effect on me.

'Who can say when changes come? Like a shift of the wind, the old passes, the new is on you. I am telling you now of a change like that. Without a sign of warning, Eilie put her horse into a gallop. "What are you doing?" I shouted. She looked back with a smile, then he dashed past me too. A hornet might have stung them both: they galloped over fallen trees, under low-hanging branches, up hill and down. I had to watch that madness! My horse was not so fast. I rode like a demon; but fell far behind. I am not a man who takes things quietly. When I came up with them at last, I could not speak for rage. They were riding side by side, the reins on the horses' neck, looking at each other's faces. "You should take care," I said. "Care!" she cried; "life is not all taking care!" My anger left me. I dropped behind, as grooms ride behind their mistresses. Jealousy! No torture is so ceaseless or so black. In those minutes a hundred things came up in me — a hundred memories, true, untrue, what do I know? My soul was poisoned. I tried to reason with myself. It was absurd to think such things! It was unmanly. Even if it were true, one should try to be a gentleman! But I found myself laughing, — yes, sir, laughing at that word.'

He spoke faster, as if pouring his heart out, — not to a live listener, but to the night. 'I could not sleep that night. To lie near her with those thoughts in my brain was impossible! I made an excuse, and sat up with

some papers. The hardest thing in life is to see a thing coming and be able to do nothing to prevent it. What could I do? Have you noticed how people may become utter strangers without a word? It only needs a thought. The very next day she said, "I want to go to Lucy's." — "Alone?" — "Yes." I had made up my mind by then that she must do just as she wished. Perhaps I acted wrongly; I do not know what one ought to do in such a case; but before she went I said to her, "Eilie, what is it?" — "I don't know," she answered; and I kissed her — that was all. A month passed; I wrote to her nearly every day, and I had short letters from her, telling me very little of herself.

'Dalton was a torture to me, for I could not tell him; he had a conviction that she was going to become a mother. "Ah, Brune!" he said, "my poor wife was just like that." Life, sir, is a somewhat ironical affair! *He* — I find it hard to speak his name — came to the school two or three times a week. I used to think I saw a change, a purpose growing up through his recklessness; there seemed a violence in him as if he chafed against my blade. I had a kind of joy in feeling I had the mastery, and could toss the iron out of his hand any minute like a straw. I was ashamed, and yet I gloried in it. Jealousy is a low thing, sir, — a low, base thing! When he asked me where my wife was, I told him; I was too proud to hide it. Soon after that he came no more to the school.

'One morning, when I could bear it no longer, I wrote, and said I was coming down. I would not force myself on her, but I asked her to meet me in the orchard of the old house we called the Convent. I asked her to be there at four o'clock. It has always been my belief that a man must not beg anything of a woman, or force anything from her. Women are generous — they

will give you what they can. I sealed my letter, and posted it myself. All the way down I kept on saying to myself, "She must come — surely she will come!"'

VII

'I was in high spirits, but the next moment trembled like a man with ague. I reached the orchard before my time. She was not there. You know what it is like to wait? I stood still and listened; I went to the point whence I could see farthest; I said to myself, "A watched pot never boils; if I don't look for her she will come." I walked up and down with my eyes on the ground. The sickness of it! A hundred times I took out my watch. Perhaps it was fast, perhaps hers was slow — I can't tell you a thousandth part of my hopes and fears. There was a spring of water in one corner. I sat beside it, and thought of the last time I had been there — and something seemed to burst in me.

'It was five o'clock before I lost all hope; there comes a time when you are glad that hope is dead: it means rest. "That's over," you say, "now I can act." But what was I to do? I lay down with my face to the ground; when one's in trouble, it's the only thing that helps — something to press against and cling to that can't give away. I lay there for two hours, knowing all the time that I should play the coward. At seven o'clock I left the orchard and went towards the inn; I had broken my word, but I felt happy. I should see her — and, sir, nothing — nothing seemed to matter beside that. Tor was in the garden snipping at his roses. He came up, and I could see that he could n't look me in the face. "Where's my wife?" I said. He answered "Let's get Lucy." I ran indoors. Lucy met me with two letters; the first — my own — unopened; and the second, this:—

"I have left you. You were good to me, but now — it is no use.

"EILIE."

"She told me that a boy had brought a letter for my wife the day before, from a young gentleman in a boat. When Lucy delivered it she asked, "Who is he, Miss Eilie? What will Mr. Brune say?" My wife looked at her angrily, but gave her no answer — and all that day she never spoke. In the evening she was gone, leaving his note on the bed. Lucy cried as if her heart would break. I took her by the shoulders and put her from the room; I could n't bear the noise. I sat down and tried to think. While I was sitting there Tor came in with a letter. It was written on the note-paper of an inn twelve miles up the river; these were the words: —

"Eilie is mine. I am ready to meet you where you like."

He went on with a painful evenness of speech: "When I read those words, I had only one thought — to reach them. I ran down to the river, and chose out the lightest boat. Just as I was starting, Tor came running. "You dropped this letter, sir," he said. "Two pairs of arms are better than one." He came into the boat. I took the sculls and I pulled out into the stream. I pulled like a madman; and that great man, with his bare arms crossed, was like a huge, tawny bull sitting there opposite me. Presently he took my place, and I took the rudder-lines. I could see his chest, covered with hair, heaving up and down; it gave me a sort of comfort — it meant that we were getting nearer. Then it grew dark, there was no moon, I could barely see the bank; there's something in the dark which drives one into one's self.

"People tell you there comes a moment when your nature is decided —

"saved" or "lost," as they call it — for good or evil. That is not true, yourself is always with you; but, sir, I believe that in a time of agony one finds out what are the things one can do, and what are those one cannot. You get to *know* yourself, that's all. And so it was with me. Every thought and memory and passion was so clear and strong! I wanted to kill him. I wanted to kill myself. But her — no! We are taught that we possess our wives, body and soul; we are brought up in that faith; we are commanded to believe it — but when I was face to face with it those words had no meaning; that belief, those commands, they were without meaning to me, they were — vile. Oh! yes, I wanted to find comfort in them, I wanted to hold on to them — but I could n't. You may force a body; how can you force a soul? No, no — cowardly! But I wanted to — I wanted to kill him and force her to come back to me! And then, suddenly, I felt as if I were pressing right on the most secret nerve of my heart. I seemed to see her face, white and quivering, as if I'd stamped my heel on it.

"They say this world is ruled by force; it may be true — I know I have a weak spot in me. Anyway, I could n't bear it. I jumped to my feet and shouted out, "Turn the boat round!" Tor looked up at me as if I had gone mad. And I had gone mad. I seized the boathook and threatened him; I called him fearful names. "Sir," he said, "I don't take such names from any one!" — "You'll take them from me," I shouted. "Turn the boat round, you idiot, you hound, you fish!" I have a terrible temper, a perfect curse to me. He seemed amazed, even frightened; he sat down suddenly and pulled the boat round. I fell on the seat, and hid my face. I believe the moon came up; there must have been a mist too, for I was as cold as death. In this life, sir, we cannot

hide our faces — but by degrees the pain of wounds grows less. Some will have it that such blows are mortal; it is not so. Time is merciful.

‘In the early morning I went back to London. I had fever on me — and was delirious. I daresay I should have killed myself if I had not been so used to weapons — we were too old friends, I suppose — I can’t explain. It was a long while before I was up and about. Dalton nursed me through it; his great heavy moustache had become quite white. We never mentioned her; what was the good? There were things to settle, of course; the lawyer — this was unspeakably distasteful to me. I told him it was to be as she wished, but the fellow *would* come to me, with his — there, I don’t want to be unkind. I wished him to say it was my fault, but he said — I remember his smile now — he said, that was impossible, would be seen through, talked of collusion. I don’t understand these things, and what’s more, I can’t bear them, they are — dirty.

‘Two years later, when I had come back to London, after the Russo-Turkish war, I received a letter from her. I have it here.’

He took an old yellow sheet of paper out of a leathern pocket-book, spread it in his fingers, and sat staring at it. For some minutes he did not speak.

‘In the autumn of that same year, she had died in child-birth. He had deserted her. Fortunately for him, he was killed on the Indian frontier, that very year. If she had lived she would have been thirty-two next June; not a great age. I know I am what they call a crank; doctors will tell you that you can’t be cured of a bad illness, and be the same man again. If you are bent, to force yourself straight must leave you weak in another place. I *must* and will think well of women — everything done, and everything said

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against them is a stone on her dead body. Could *you* sit, and listen to it?’ As though driven by his own question, he rose, and paced up and down. He came back to the seat at last.

‘You are so kind,’ he said, ‘I wanted to tell you. She had a little daughter — Lucy has her now. My friend Dalton is dead; there would have been no difficulty about money, but, I am sorry to say, that he was swindled — disgracefully. It fell to me to administer his affairs; he never knew it, but he died penniless; he had trusted some wretched fellows — had an idea they would make his fortune. As I very soon found, they had ruined him. It was impossible to let Lucy — such a dear woman — bear that burden. I have tried to make provision; but you see,’ he took hold of my sleeve, ‘I, too, have not been fortunate; in fact, it’s difficult to save a great deal out of a hundred and ninety pounds a year; but the capital is perfectly safe — and I get forty-seven pounds ten shillings a quarter, paid on the nail. I have often been tempted to reinvest at a greater rate of interest, but I’ve never dared. Anyway, there are no debts — I’ve been obliged to make a rule not to buy what I could n’t pay for on the spot. Now I am really plaguing you — but I wanted to tell you — in case — anything should happen to me.’ He seemed to take a sudden scare, stiffened, twisted his moustache, and muttering, ‘Your great kindness! Shall never forget!’ turned hurriedly away.

He vanished; his footsteps, and the tap of his stick, grew fainter and fainter. They died out. He was gone. Suddenly I got up and hastened after him. I soon stopped — what was there to say?

VIII

The following day I was obliged to go to Nice, and did not return till mid-

night. The porter told me that Jules le Ferrier had been to see me. The next morning, while I was still in bed, the door was opened, and Jules appeared. His face was very pale; and the moment he stood still, drops of perspiration began coursing down his cheeks.

'Well!' he said, 'he is dead. There, there! How stupid you look! My man is packing. I have half an hour before the train; my evidence shall come from Italy. I have done my part, the rest is for you. Why did you have that dinner? The Don Quixote! The idiot! The *poor* man! Don't move! Have you a cigar? Listen! When you followed him, I followed the other two. My infernal curiosity! Can you conceive a greater folly? How fast they walked, those two! feeling their cheeks, as if he had struck them both, you know; it was funny. They soon saw me, for their eyes were all round about their heads; they had the mark of a glove on their cheeks. I tell you, they were like monkeys on a stick.'

The color began to come back into Jules's face; he gesticulated with his cigar, and became more and more dramatic. 'They waited for me. "*Tiens!*" said one, "this gentleman was with him. My friend's name is M. le Baron de —. The man who struck him was an odd-looking person; kindly inform me whether it is possible for my friend to meet him?" Eh!' commented Jules, 'he was offensive! Was it for me to give our dignity away? "Perfectly, monsieur!" I answered. "In that case," he said, "please give me his name and address."

'I could not remember his name; and as for the address, I never knew it! I reflected. "That," I said, "I am unable to do, for special reasons. "Aha!" he said, "reasons that will prevent our fighting him, I suppose?" — "On the contrary," I said. He was

puzzled. "I will convey your request to him," I said; "I may mention that I have heard he is the best swordsman and pistol-shot in Europe. Good-night!"

'I wished to give them something to dream of, you understand. Ah! my dear! Patience! Well, I was coming to you, but I thought I would let them sleep on it — there was plenty of time!

'Well, yesterday morning I came into the Place, and there he was on the bench, with a big dog. I declare to you he blushed like a young girl. "Sir," he said, "I was hoping to meet you; last evening I made a great disturbance. I took an unpardonable liberty" — and he put in my hand an envelope. My friend, what do you suppose it contained — a pair of gloves! — Señor Don Punctilioso, *hein?*' Jules scratched his cheek. 'It seems to me I must have been bitten by some mad fly, otherwise how is it possible that I am putting my foot into it all the time. But, you know, he was the Devil, this friend of yours; he fascinated me with his gentle eyes and white moustachettes, his humility, his flames — poor man! "If anything comes of this," I said, "make use of me!" In fact, I told him I had been asked to take him a challenge. "Is that so?" he said. I declare, he seemed to brighten. "I am most grateful for your kind offer. Let me see — it is so long since I fought a duel. The sooner it's over, the better. Could you arrange to-morrow morning? Weapons? Yes; let them choose." You see, my friend, there was no hanging back here; *nous voilà en train.*'

Jules took out his watch. 'I have sixteen minutes. It is lucky for you that you were away yesterday, or you would be in my shoes now. I fixed the place, — right hand of the road to Roquebrune, just by the railway cutting; and the time — five-thirty of the morning. It was arranged that I should call for

him. Disgusting hour! I have not been up so early since I fought Jacques Tirbaut in '85. At five o'clock I found him ready, and drinking tea with rum in it — singular man! he made me have some too, — brrr! He was shaved, and dressed in that old frock coat. His great dog jumped into the carriage, but he bade her get out, took her paws on his shoulders, and whispered in her ear some Italian words; a charm, *hein!* and back she went, the tail between the legs. We drove slowly, so as not to shake his arm. He was more gay than I.

'All the way he talked to me of you: how kind you were! how good you had been to him! I said to him, "You do not speak of yourself! Have you no friends, nothing to say? Sometimes an accident will happen!" — "Oh!" he answered, "there's no danger; but if by any chance — well, there is a letter in my pocket." — "And if you should kill *him*?" I said. — "But I shall not," he answered slyly. "Do you think I am going to fire at him? No, no; he is too young." — "But," I said, "I am not going to stand that!" — "Yes," he replied, "I owe him a shot; but there is no danger — not the least danger."

'We had arrived; already they were there. Ah! bah! You know the preliminaries, the politeness — this dueling, you know, it is absurd, after all. We placed them at twenty paces. It is not a bad place. There are pine trees round, and rocks; at that hour it was cool and gray as a church. I handed him the pistol. How can I describe him to you, standing there, smoothing the barrel with his fingers. "What a beautiful thing a good pistol!" he said. I was nervous. I said, "Only a fool or a madman throws away his life." — "Certainly," he replied, "certainly; but there is no danger." And he regarded me, raising his moustachette.

'There they stood then, back to back, with the mouths of their pistols

to the sky. "*Un!*" I cried, "*deux! tirez!*" They turned. I saw the smoke of his shot go straight up like a prayer; his pistol dropped. I ran to him. He looked surprised, put out his hand, and fell into my arms. He was dead. Those fools came running up. "What is it?" cried one. "As you see," I said; "you have made a pretty shot. My friend fired in the air. Messieurs, you had better breakfast in Italy."

'We carried him to the carriage, and covered him with a rug; the others drove for the frontier. I brought him to his room. Here is his letter.'

Jules stopped; tears were running down his face. 'He is dead; I have closed his eyes. Look here, you know, we are all of us cads — it is the rule; but this — this, perhaps, was the exception.' And without another word he rushed away.

Outside the old fellow's lodging a dismounted *cocher* was standing disconsolate in the sun. 'How was I to know they were going to fight a duel?' he burst out on seeing me. 'He had white hair — I call you to witness he had white hair. This is bad for me: they will ravish my license. Aha! you will see — this is bad for me!'

I gave him the slip and found my way upstairs. The old fellow was alone, lying on the bed, his feet covered with a rug as if he might feel cold; his eyes were closed, but in this sleep of death, he still had that air of faint surprise. At full length, watching the bed intently, Freda lay, as she lay nightly when he was really asleep. The shutters were half open; the room still smelled slightly of rum. I stood long looking at the face: the little white fans of moustache brushed upwards even in death, the hollows in his cheeks, the quiet of his figure; he was like some old knight. The dog broke the spell. She sat up, and resting her paws on the bed, licked his face. I went downstairs — I could

not bear to hear her howl. This was his letter to me, written in a pointed handwriting: —

MY DEAR SIR, — Should you read this, I shall be gone. I am ashamed to trouble you — a man should surely manage so as not to give trouble; and yet I believe you will not consider me importunate. If, then, you will pick up the pieces of an old fellow, I ask you to have my sword, the letter inclosed in this, and the photograph that stands on the stove, buried with me. My will and the acknowledgments of my property are between the leaves of the Byron in my tin chest; they should go to Lucy Tor — address thereon. Perhaps you will do me the honor to retain for yourself any of my books that may give you pleasure. In the *Pilgrim's Progress* you will find some excellent recipes for Turkish coffee, Italian and Spanish dishes, and washing wounds. The landlady's daughter speaks Italian, and she would, I know, like to have Freda; the poor dog will miss me. I have read of old Indian warriors taking their horses and dogs with them to the happy hunting-grounds. Freda would come — noble animals are dogs! She eats once a day — a good large meal — and requires much salt. If you have animals of your own, sir, don't forget — all animals require salt. I have no debts, thank God! The money in my pockets will bury me decently — not that there is any danger. I am ashamed to weary you with details — the least a man can do is not to make a fuss — and yet he must be found ready.

Sir, with profound gratitude,
your servant,
ROGER BRUNE.

Everything was as he had said. The photograph on the stove was that of

a young girl of nineteen or twenty, dressed in an old-fashioned style, with hair gathered backward in a knot. The eyes gazed at you with a little frown, the lips were tightly closed; the expression of the face was eager, quick, and willful; above all, young.

The tin trunk was scented with dry fragments of some herb, the history of which in that trunk man knoweth not. There were a few clothes, but very few, all older than those he usually wore. Besides the Byron and *Pilgrim's Progress* were Scott's *Quentin Durward*, Captain Marryat's *Midshipman Easy*, a pocket Testament, and a long and frightfully stiff book on the art of fortifying towns, much thumbed, and bearing date 1863. By far the most interesting thing I found, however, was a diary, kept down to the preceding Christmas. It was a pathetic document, full of calculations of the price of meals; resolutions to be careful over this or that; doubts whether he must not give up smoking; sentences of fear that Freda had not had enough to eat. It appeared that he had tried to live on ninety pounds a year, and send the other one hundred pounds home to Lucy for the child; in this struggle he was always failing, having to send less than the amount — the entries showed that this was a nightmare to him. The last words, written on Christmas Day, were these: 'What is the use of writing this, it records nothing but failure!'

The landlady's daughter and I were at the funeral. That same afternoon I went into the concert-room, where I had spoken to him first. When I came out, Freda was lying at the entrance, looking into the faces of every one that passed, and sniffing idly at their heels. Close by, the landlady's daughter hovered, a biscuit in her hand, and a puzzled, sorry look on her face.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STATE UNIVERSITIES

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

IN no other form of popular activity does a nation or a state so clearly reveal its ideals or the quality of its civilization as in the system of education which it sets up. The schools of Prussia, the school system of France, the universities and schools of Scotland, epitomize Prussian, French, and Scotch civilization.

The school system is at once the result and the cause of the forces which make for intellectual and moral progress. Sometimes the idealism of the people outruns its expression in the schools; sometimes the school gives a new birth to popular ideals and a new quickening to the popular conscience. The school system of any state is the surest barometer of its intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, and there will always be a constant interaction between the educational system of a commonwealth on the one hand, and the forces of civilization for which education stands on the other.

It is also true that nations, like individuals, are temperamental in their moral and intellectual attitudes. And in no way is the national temperament more clearly shown than in the expression of a nation in its schools. The German people are essentially nationalistic in their temperament; they prefer to do things under definite conventions and by formal organization. The English are essentially individualistic. In what other way are these lasting qualities of national temperament so clearly set forth as in the school systems of the two peoples? The Univers-

ities of Berlin and Oxford epitomize the German and English conceptions of civilization in smaller compass than they can be represented in any other way. And in each case the university is at once the effect and the cause of the very influences which it sets forth.

It is an interesting incident of the educational development of the nations that what might be called educational consciousness is a much later growth in some nations than in others, a result depending in large measure on the fact that civilization is a product of national temperament no less than of national thought. By an educational consciousness in a given people, I mean that such a people has come to a stage in civilization in which they conceive of education as a natural and necessary activity of the state itself; they assume the obligation of its support as a natural and necessary part of the cost of progress; and they look upon the schools which represent education, — from the highest to the lowest, — not as isolated or individual enterprises seeking each its own good, but as parts of one related national effort. All stages in the progress toward such an educational consciousness can be noted among the nations of to-day. And however true it may be that there are dangers in pushing this ideal too far, however necessary it is to retain the individualistic point of view, it must be admitted that the attainment of such a national consciousness in the matter of education marks a high plane, not only of

intellectual and moral ability, but of efficiency as well. No nation is likely to be educationally efficient until it has grown into some fair possession of a national educational consciousness.

Perhaps in no other nation are there more marked inequalities in the progress toward such an educational consciousness than among the commonwealths of our American Union. Our older New England states began their educational history under the influence of the English traditions, which retained in the attitude of the colleges and academies of the new England all that individualistic idealism which has been at once the strength and the weakness of the old England. Each college and academy was a separate and independent unit, having little or no relation to any other school. Such a school system does not necessarily mean the failure to attain in time to an educational consciousness. In fact, the process of development has usually been through such individualistic schools, which, in a new country at least, form the almost necessary starting-points for any system of education. In New England, however, individualism is strong, and for two hundred years the progress in education has been largely influenced by the conceptions of a college with which their schools began. No one can say what would be the form of the school system of to-day in New England had it started with a Scotch university instead of an English college.

However this may be, it is interesting to note that the stirring of an educational consciousness larger than that of loyalty to a single college is already being felt in the New England states. This is partly the outgrowth of new industrial conditions, which present new problems in civilization; but it indicates also the coming of an educational conception larger than that of

any one college, and based on the conviction that all institutions of learning are part of the state's system of education. Maine has already a state university, and Massachusetts is beginning to demand one. It is not likely that a state university will be set up in the old commonwealth, but its coming will depend in great measure on the wisdom and farsightedness of the existing institutions of higher learning; upon their ability to relate themselves effectively to each other, and to the general school system; and upon their success in meeting the new questions in education opened up by the modern industrial life. A modern democracy will not permanently be satisfied with an educational system into whose higher schools the sons and daughters of the plain people can enter only through payment of burdensome tuition charges, or upon scholarships which at least suggest charity. Education as a charity is essentially foreign to any state whose people have risen to a true educational consciousness. Such a democracy claims the opportunity to enjoy the highest forms of education as a right.

The contrast in the rapidity with which this spirit has been developed in the older states, and in our Central and Western states, is one of the most interesting and suggestive phenomena of our national progress. The states of the Central West almost simultaneously adopted state systems of education, beginning with the elementary school and culminating in a university. No such exhibition of well-formed and definite educational consciousness was ever before seen in the organization of new states or provinces. The ideal for which the people of Michigan and Wisconsin and Missouri and Iowa and California aimed in the establishment of these systems of education rested upon definite convictions — that ideal stood for a conscious duty of the state

to open the door of education to every citizen, an education free of every political and ecclesiastical control. The men of these new states represented a stage in democracy which was a half-century in advance of that of our forefathers of the Revolution. The democracy of that early day was intensely individualistic and morbidly suspicious. It feared to delegate authority to any agency. The fathers would have looked upon a state university which crowned a compulsory public-school system as an autocrat dangerous to liberty. The men of that day believed that freedom could be preserved only by infinite division of power, to such a degree that no one authority could be dangerous.

To-day, in education, as in every other field of national activity, democracy must deal with the perplexing problem of preserving the spirit and the right of the individual, while at the same time creating agencies with the power to do the work of civilized life efficiently. The democracy of 1786 met this question by seeking to reduce all agencies to a harmless inefficiency. The democracy of 1850 had reached another step in the evolution of the government of the people by the people. As men of common sense, they saw that the business of civilization could be done effectively only by agencies which had the power to do this work. They therefore went ahead to create such agencies, realizing that in democracy public opinion was in the last analysis the controlling force. The state university became thus an educational trust, but one governed by and responsible to the people. Harvard University is also a trust, — perhaps the largest trust in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, — but it is not the creature of the commonwealth, nor related directly to the educational system of its state. As it is engaged, however, in large meas-

ure in interstate commerce, it may be that, if President Taft's recommendations are carried out, it will take out a federal license and be subject to the scrutiny of the Interstate Commerce Commission, like other trusts!

The outcome of a half-century of growth under this new conception of democracy shows still a striking difference between the educational status of these Western states and the status of those of the Eastern seaboard. Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, California, Minnesota, represent a different stage of educational consciousness from that which one sees in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware. Pennsylvania, for example, is one of the oldest and richest of the states of the Union. It has no debt, and an enormous income. In no other state has the individualistic conception of education lingered longer. As a whole, the state has never come into a conception of education from the standpoint of the whole people. As a consequence its public-school system is still in the rudimentary stage; its normal schools are private enterprises whose stock is in the hands of individuals, and the normal schools and many of its colleges are engaged in the work of secondary education. The only evidence of a state-wide interest in education is to be seen in a series of appropriations to private institutions, — colleges, hospitals, and charitable concerns, — which makes education in that old and rich state a part of the politics in which Pennsylvania has achieved so bad an eminence.

No one can estimate the consequences of the educational movement begun in the Southern states, but first put in motion about the middle of the last century in the great commonwealths of the Central West. Here for the first time on new soil was inaugurated a series of schools reaching from the high-

est to the lowest, created by the conscious act of the whole people and responsible to them.

Of the school system thus inaugurated the state university which crowned it was the most striking achievement, and remains to-day the best evidence that we have in our democracy of the ability of the people to create and conduct the agencies which they need for their own development. In no other nation of the world, at any time in its history, have institutions of the higher learning so essentially democratic, and on the whole serving so well the needs of a democracy as do the best of our state universities, been developed so quickly. If our American democracy were to-day called to give proof of its constructive ability, the state university and the public-school system which it crowns would be the strongest evidence of its fitness which it could offer.

This does not mean that the path of the tax-supported university has been always amid the green pastures, or that it has always lain within the straight and narrow way. For many years even the best of these institutions led a precarious existence, and to-day only a few have risen to the independence and the dignity of true university life.

The state university of fifty years ago was launched upon the uncertain sea of politics. It has been a part of the work of every state university to educate the people of its state to the conception that partisan politics could not be mixed into the administration of a university without poisoning the very spirit for which it stood. It took years for this lesson to be learned. There are many states in which a public opinion capable of supporting and nurturing a true university is still in the making. The regents of the University of Oklahoma, the political experiment station of our Union, began their administration two years ago by turning out a

competent president and some of the best teachers, and appointing in their places personal selections of the board. This body of trustees still conducts the institution on the theory that the trustees are to administer as well as to govern.

In the University of Florida last year an able president was forced to resign, against the wishes of his own board of trustees, by the use of political pressure and in deference to the cry for numbers. The fine old Commonwealth of Kentucky — the state of brave men and fair women — is educationally near the bottom of our list of states. The president of its state university has recently resigned. In no other state is educational leadership more needed at this moment than in Kentucky. It was a situation in which the trustees had the opportunity to do a great service to their state by finding such a leader and calling him to the presidency. They responded to this opportunity by choosing a politician who was entirely out of touch with educational methods, and who has given no promise whatsoever of educational leadership.

In these and many other states the coming of the university into its true place must wait upon the development of a virile and sensitive public opinion which will hold trustees to a strict account. There is no more concrete test of the stage of civilization of an American state than a state university controlled by the state, but free of partisan politics; and there is no surer mark of a high order of civic efficiency in a state than its ability to produce a competent board of trustees for a great university.

The nearness of the state university to the political life of the people is at once its danger and its opportunity. The older colleges of the Eastern states — Harvard, Columbia, Dartmouth —

started as quasi-state institutions. They threw off the connection later, partly on account of denominational influence, but mainly because of their distrust of any government directly from the people,—a phenomenon not uncommon in a democracy. It is the great glory of the stronger state universities that they have met this issue and won. Every decade has seen a growing public opinion in every state which holds the university above partisan politics and still keeps it in close relation to the whole body of the people. Every decade sees these universities stronger forces in democratic leadership. And notwithstanding such disappointments as those to which I have referred, the stronger state universities are to-day independent of partisan political pressure, and in every state—it may be slowly and with discouragement—the state university is finding its way to a leadership of the intellectual and moral forces of the state. In no section of our country has this progress been so marked in the last decade as in the Southern states. To-day in all these states the state university and the system of public schools are going forward at an astonishing pace. There is no more inspiring movement in our nation than this educational renaissance throughout the South.

During its fifty years of history the state university has also suffered, as to its standards and ideals, from the same causes which have affected other universities—the prevailing American superficiality and the rage for numbers. Very slowly are we coming to admit, whether in tax-supported colleges or in those on private foundation, that bigness and greatness are not synonymous terms. Success has not yet come to be a function of educational righteousness in the mind of the people.

In this matter the state institutions have sometimes found themselves un-

der stronger temptations than even the privately endowed colleges. The strongest appeal to the legislator has hitherto been on the score of numbers. When the member of the legislature has been told that the state university, or the state school of agriculture and mechanic arts, was overcrowded by the hundreds of students who thronged its halls, he has not generally given any thought to the methods by which these students were brought there; still less has he appreciated that in many cases they were obtained by the rankest advertising and by openly robbing the high schools. For the purpose of impressing the legislature, a student is a student, whether he happens to be studying elementary arithmetic in the sub-freshman classes, or scientific agriculture in the college. The registration-lists of students in some of these colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts remind one of the inventory of the Kansas farmer, who, in advertisement of an auction sale, announced thirty-two head of stock. When the stock came to be sold, the thirty-two head were found to embrace two horses, one mule, one cow, and twenty-eight hens. No institution which approaches a legislature with such an argument can reasonably object when the politicians seek to play the same game with the college.

The most serious result of this unlimited competition for students has been that in many states the state university has been led into a betrayal of its duty to the secondary-school system. There is no obligation which in a state-supported university is more clear and more important than that of nurturing and developing the secondary schools. The only method by which the state university can do this is to maintain for itself honest and reasonable standards of admission, and to respect the field of the high school, not to trench

upon it. The state university which itself undertakes to conduct secondary-school work — unless as a temporary measure in a period of educational adjustment — is hindering the development of a true secondary-school system. The university helps the secondary school best when it sets up fair standards and enforces them; when it holds the high schools responsible for good results, — not when it undertakes to do the high schools' work for them; when it gives the secondary-school system a wise, fair, and sympathetic scrutiny, and leads it to increasing thoroughness and efficiency. One decent high school at a county seat is worth more to that county in the way of intellectual stimulus than a few scattered students sent up to a secondary school maintained by a weak-kneed university.

In the effort to maintain such standards, and to lead the high schools to uniform and reasonable standards, the state universities of many states have been embarrassed by the pressure of a large number of weak colleges which, while bearing the name college, are in effect secondary schools, and in many cases very poor secondary schools. It is no exaggeration to say that in many cases the entire educational progress of a state is delayed by the overmultiplication of weak colleges — set in motion by state, denominational, or personal initiative. Particularly is this true in the South, where some of the weakest and most demoralizing educational ventures, with high-sounding names, are maintained by the help of sympathetic givers in New England and New York, who have given no thought to the educational effect of the enterprise they are supporting. There is a singular fallacy current that all colleges are desirable agents in civilization, and should be helped; that all colleges are good colleges; and that the men who conduct them are in some mysterious

way altruistic and unselfish beyond the ordinary standard of intelligent men in other vocations.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The standards of morals vary between the best and the worst colleges as widely as between the best and the worst business enterprises. A very large number of the so-called colleges are in fact business enterprises, started without reference to educational needs and possibilities. Even when a large measure of devotion goes into the enterprise, it is in many cases accompanied by no real study as to what the institution can and ought to attempt. To give money indiscriminately to such agencies is comparable to that form of personal charity which would stand on the street-corner and give gold-pieces to any passer-by who was willing to ask for them.

It would be far from my purpose to give the impression that the state university is the only institution whose academic virtue is virile. Human nature is not materially different in state, denominational, or independent colleges. In some states a strong college has forced the state university to some sort of decent standards; in others, the colleges have been led by the state university; in still others, the state university and a small group of strong colleges working together have brought up simultaneously the standards of the colleges and of the secondary schools; for no college and no university can maintain such standards without first developing to a reasonable status the secondary-school system.

The state university, being the visible head of the public-school system, has generally felt more distinctly its obligation to the secondary schools than have the colleges on private foundation. There is, however a growing recognition on the part of all the better colleges and universities on private foundation

that they are public institutions. There are no private colleges, and the endowed college, no less than the tax-supported college, is under obligation to respect the integrity of the high school and to relate itself intelligently to it.

As might have been anticipated, the greatest weaknesses in the maintenance of good standards by the state universities have been exhibited in those states where the state institutions of higher learning are conducted in two or more colleges instead of being united into a single institution. In such cases it has almost inevitably happened that an unwise competition has sprung up, demoralizing alike to the institutions themselves and to the public-school system. Generally, the rivalry appears in the form of a competition between the state university and the state school of agriculture and mechanic arts. Duplicate courses are established at the two institutions, and low standards of admission, and log-rolling with the legislature, are the natural outcome.

For example, in states like Kansas, Washington, and Oregon, the state university and the competing colleges of agriculture conduct rival schools of engineering. In each of these cases the college of agriculture obtains numbers by conducting a large secondary school, a practical lowering of college standards. Pupils are thus brought from the high schools and enrolled as 'students' in the state college. In Oregon, for example, a considerable number of high-school pupils leave the well-equipped high schools of Portland to attend the secondary school of the State College of Agriculture at Corvallis. This whole process of competition between state colleges is demoralizing. It means low standards, political log-rolling, and waste of the state's money. Could anything be more unjustifiable, for example, than two schools of mines, in a sparsely settled state like Oregon, in

two state-supported institutions thirty-five miles apart. The common sense and patriotism of those who direct the state governments, and of those who direct education in the state, should join to do away with such a situation.

From this temptation the University of California is happily delivered. When the law-makers of 1868 provided for a state institution to crown its public-school system, they wisely made the school of agriculture and the school of mines parts of a single institution. It may be that California virtue is so high that it might have dealt successfully with a divided university. But if the history of other states points any moral, one may suspect, at least, that, had the wise law-makers of that period established a state university at Berkeley and a college of agriculture and mechanic arts at Los Angeles, the state would by this time have upon its hands two weak competing institutions instead of a single strong university which stands to-day in the very first rank of American institutions of the higher learning.

Perhaps there is no other state in the Union in which the unlimited competition between denominational, state, and local institutions has so fully done its perfect work as Ohio. Ohio is said to have the most fertile soil for statesmen to be found in the Union. All forms of politics and of religion abound within its borders. There is a tradition that any twig of doctrine transplanted to the Western Reserve will flourish like a green bay tree. However that may be, it is certainly true that Ohio is the most becolleged state in the Union. Over fifty institutions have been chartered by that generous commonwealth with the power to confer the learned and professional degrees; and I am told that a man may get more kinds of college degrees in Ohio for less money than in any other region, unless it be in

Chicago, Illinois, or Washington, D. C. The state itself helps along in this matter by sustaining three state universities, which carry on a three-cornered campaign for students and for appropriations. Under such conditions it is not to be wondered at that the public-school system of the state is inferior to that of nearby states, and the facilities for the training of public-school teachers are inadequate.

The relations between the state universities and the privately endowed colleges for years involved a certain amount of uncomfortable rivalry. It was not easy for the older college, dependent on tuitions, to admit the presence of a state-supported institution offering free tuition. The adjustment between the two groups of institutions of higher learning has now been in many states well effected. Where the state university is strong, and the system of public schools well developed, the colleges find their greatest opportunity. The feeling between the privately endowed college and the tax-supported university arises in almost every case from the desire for numbers, and the failure of one or the other, in the search for students, to maintain decent standards and to respect the integrity of the public school.

In this respect once more the great State of California has had a singular good fortune. The privately endowed institutions of this state are led by a strong university with high ideals and abundant facilities. The relations between the state university and its rich and vigorous neighbor have been conducted upon a high plane, above the petty form of rivalry which has characterized this stage of education elsewhere. It is the chief function of a university, whether supported by taxation or by endowment, to set before the eyes of the people right standards, — not only standards of scholarship, but

standards of intellectual sincerity, of civic honesty, of spiritual aspiration. It is the good fortune of this young and rich commonwealth that in its educational firmament glow two stars of the first magnitude.

It must be clear to any student of American education that the debt which the country owes to the detached colleges is beyond estimate. They were the pioneers. They served their day with full faith and devotion. They were founded generally under the individualistic conception of education. To-day they find themselves confronted with a conception of education as the duty of the state. If they are to live, they must intelligently relate themselves to the state system of schools. They cannot much longer cut below the standards set up by the state system of education. For many of the older, weakly endowed colleges which served education in an older generation, one cannot but feel a sincere sympathy. It is clear, however, that the duty of such institutions is to meet the issue squarely. There is only one honest course, and that is to do sincerely the work which is feasible. If that is the work of a secondary school, then the institution should frankly call itself by the right name. The people of this country are rapidly learning to estimate at their real value the colleges which affect to be universities, and the academies which pretend to be colleges.

I visited not very long ago an institution whose total income was less than twenty thousand dollars a year. After meeting the Dean of the College, and the Dean of the Scientific School, I was introduced in rapid succession to the Dean of the School of Education, and finally to the Dean of the Graduate School. With some hesitation I inquired of this last functionary what the duties of Dean of the Graduate School in such an institution might be.

The Dean spoke up like a man. He said that he taught elementary Latin to those beginning that study. The next morning, as I took leave of a hard-headed member of the Board of Trade of that fair city, he said to me, 'Colonel' (it was in a latitude where the conferring of a military title was merely a mark of confidence and affection), 'Colonel,' said he, 'how much of the stock of our university is on a dividend basis, and how much of it is water?'

That is not a bad question to put to any university.

I have ventured to allude in some detail to the weaknesses and the difficulties in which our state universities are at present involved, for the reason that the picture of the state university of to-day which does not include these problems of its environment, is no true picture; and because, in addition, the great and immediate need is to face courageously these difficulties. That man is the best friend of the state university who, believing sincerely in its mission and in its future, insists that the weaknesses of the present shall be dealt with frankly, — not covered up. And those who direct the purpose of these great enterprises of the democracy cannot be too often reminded that the highest function of a university is to furnish standards for a democracy, and that the standards which a democracy most needs are not merely the intellectual tests which govern the entrance to college. A democracy demands first of all of its university standards of honesty, simplicity, sincerity, and thoroughness.

Notwithstanding the failings which all students of education admit; notwithstanding the lack of a virile public opinion in many states, without which a true university cannot exist; notwithstanding the fact that a governor and a board of trustees now and again play politics with a state university,

it is still true that the rise of these great universities is the most epoch-making feature of our American civilization, and they are to become more and more the leaders, and the makers of our civilization. They are of the people. When a state university has gained solid ground, it means that the people of a whole state have turned their faces toward the light, it means that the whole system of state schools has been welded into an effective agent for civilization. The rise of a great college on private foundation means for its state the growth of institutional loyalty. The rise of a great state university, of the people and by the people and for the people, means the birth of an educational patriotism.

The American people have accepted this view of the mission of the state university. They believe in it as they believe in themselves. There is to-day only one serious note of question concerning the ultimate achievement of the American state university, and this has to do with its spiritual and religious life. I do not refer to that crude criticism of twenty years ago which called those universities godless institutions, nor do I refer to the occasional expressions of some denominational schools. The great body of Christian people of all denominations have risen above such appeals. They send their sons and daughters in increasing numbers to the state university. The expression to which I refer comes from a very different group of men, and it is directed rather against the modern American conception of a university than against any group of institutions — against Harvard and Chicago no less than against Wisconsin and California.

No institution, it is urged, can in the long run touch the imaginations and fulfill the aspirations of a great people which does not nurture faith, as well as

science and art and literature. A university, it is said, is a great piece of machinery. It can accomplish much, but it does not warm the heart and touch the emotions and kindle the imagination. Therefore, it will not lead the civilization of the democracy. That can be done only by inspiring the youth of the democracy with a true, vibrant, living faith. Only in the fellowship of such a faith do art and poetry and religion live; and these make civilization.

I believe that there will be no difference of opinion as to the part which faith plays in human progress. We speak sometimes of the age of faith. All ages which are creative are ages of faith. Faith always will be the motive-spring of our best humanity, for the substance of things hoped for is always fairer than that of the things attained, the evidence of things not seen is always more inviting than the evidence of those things which we hold in our hands. It has always been so. If by faith the men of old subdued kingdoms, quenched the violence of fire, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, by faith no less Charles Darwin and Louis Pasteur wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, and gave to women their dead raised to life again. To-day, as always, faith leads men on, and the university which is without such a living faith is dead. I believe the American university to be the home of a living, triumphant faith, a faith which in the largest and truest sense is also a Christian faith. I venture to give the grounds for this belief.

The last generation has seen an epoch-making change in the attitude of men, not toward faith itself, but toward the traditional forms of faith. It has seen a transformation in the social and industrial relations of mankind such as the world has never experienced before in a thousand years. Coincident with this, the intellectual processes of

civilized men have been changed. Their point of view with respect to the past is new. They only to-day, after the lapse of a generation, are orienting themselves with respect to it. The new conception of truth at first puzzled and confused more than it helped. Old landmarks and old standards in science, history, and religious faith, were swept away. Faith was not lost, but it was puzzled and confused, and knew not whither to look.

Perhaps no other epoch in the world's history has presented in so short a period such remarkable changes in men's ideals, unless it be that which came in with Julius Cæsar. The old religions of the Roman world were dead, and the very principles upon which human society had been constructed were dead also. A new industrial civilization and a new faith had to grow up together. In the interval of uncertainty there remained in the world only a minimum of moral and spiritual conviction. Civilization concerned itself with little else for a time except the meagre provisions under which wealth and luxury, and the right to work, were offered to men's ambitions. In time, faith again rose to triumph over the commonplace.

In the last generation, notwithstanding our marvelous progress in material advances, the world has passed through another period of the commonplace. The faith of humanity has hesitated and wavered, not altogether sure of the past, not yet confident of the future. To-day, faith is once more assuming its rightful place in human consciousness, and with it appears the dawn of a broader, richer, and nobler civilization. That faith is the faith of science; it is a Christian faith, and its home is in the university.

What is science, and what is the faith of science?

To-day, science is a word to conjure

with, and yet there is perhaps no other subject of men's talk over which there is more confusion, or concerning which there is more credulity; for, as Lecky has well pointed out, scientific credulity is quite as common among men as religious credulity.

The common misconception is that which confuses the term 'scientific' with the term 'technical,' notwithstanding the brilliant efforts of Clifford and Huxley to state in simple terms the distinction.

A bright boy was recently asked, 'Who won the battle of New Orleans?' 'Corbett,' answered the well-informed youth.

'Why did he win?'

'Because he had more science.'

This sounds crude enough, and yet it is not much more crude than the conception of scientific research which one sees in many of our colleges and universities. We Americans have shown great technical proficiency; we have been almost pitifully deficient in true scientific work.

The science which has remade our philosophy of life, and which is rekindling the faith of men, is not a process of technical skill, but it is rather an attitude and process of the mind with respect to all truth. It is no new way, but the old way by which mankind has always found whatever truth it has gained. Our age is scientific, only because the attitude and the method of science have become the attitude and method of mankind; for truth and the ways of seeking truth, as the leaders of mankind know them, inevitably permeate the great mass of mankind. The mass of men to-day unconsciously view the universe from the standpoint of science.

That standpoint and that attitude are nothing more than this: Truth is the property of no party, of no creed, of no source of authority; it is to be

seen only by him who looks at it with the open mind; it is to be reached only by squarely facing all the facts and following patiently whithersoever the facts lead. There has never been any other way to truth than this of the open mind, and the patient, reverent, and persistent search. The revolution in the way we look at the universe which has come with this generation is due, not to the newness of the conception, but to the fact that it has become the general possession of mankind.

The first effect of the general adoption of the scientific method upon the faith of the last generation was to raise up, not faith, but doubt. It has taken us a generation to realize that doubt was the vestibule to a sure faith, and to understand the profound significance of the philosophy contained in Tennyson's lines: —

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,

And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!

Humanity had grown to believe that the forms of faith were faith itself. Slowly the minds of men have grown accustomed to the new light, and the science which a generation ago was called the destroyer of faith is to-day the inspirer of a new faith which is filling the hearts and the minds of men.

And what does science offer to inspire a true human faith?

Science standing before the mystery of human life pretends to no other knowledge than can be gained by way of the open mind and the patient search. Whence life came, and whither it goes, science knows not; and frankly admits a mystery which it does not understand, and which perhaps it can never understand.

Looking clear-eyed upon the universe, science sees, however, the working of universal law. The stone which falls to the earth, the planet revolving about the sun, the stellar systems so distant that the light-beams from them

consume years in coming to our eyes, move in obedience to the same universal, simple laws.

When we search with our spectroscopes the most distant stars, we find exactly the same physical elements as those which exist upon our earth and in our sun, and no others. The physical unity of the universe, and its obedience to universal law, points science inevitably to the faith that back of all matter and of all force stands an omnipresent power, in whom we live and move and have our being. Faith in God, not as a magnified human being, but as the maker of the universe, is a part of the faith of science.

Looking back over the history of our race under the governance of the laws which its author has set up, science shows a sure and continuing progress upward. Man rising out of his brute inheritance has, in the slow passing of the ages, gone steadily forward in the development of social, intellectual, and spiritual powers. Notwithstanding the presence of brute qualities, notwithstanding the crime, the selfishness, the inertia of the human inheritance, science points ever hopefully to the fact that progress of the great mass of mankind has been steadily upward. Slowly, century by century, the common people have come into a larger share in the general prosperity of the earth, a larger opportunity in its intellectual and spiritual attainments. The great function of science is not in the inventions which the physical sciences have contributed, not even in the mastery over disease and suffering which its study has developed. The great service of science to humanity is to search out the laws of the universe, and to point men to the consequences of their disobedience; to deliver men from fear, and to bring mankind into a larger and clearer faith.

That faith finds its highest inspira-

tion in the contemplation of the finest of human lives. The general progress of the race gives us belief that all is well, for the world grows better; but when that hope is illumined by the devotion, the courage, the wisdom, of the best exemplars of mankind, it glows with the fervor of a living faith and the inspiration of a divine call to the service of God and of humanity. More than all else, science has quickened the faith of men by uncovering once more to their eyes the simple figure and the simple words of Jesus Christ. The men of our day know him and his words as they have not been known since that first generation of Christians passed away, who had talked with him face to face. For nearly two thousand years his face and his words have been obscured by the traditions of credulous humanity, and by the dogmas of rival organizations. It is by way of the open mind and the honest search that science has taught us in these last decades to look upon the real Christ, to understand that he formulated no creed, that he founded no system of theology, that he organized no church, but that the Christianity he taught was summed up in love of God and service to man.

It is from this simple figure that the faith of science catches its warmest glow and its highest convictions. To this faith the words and the life of Jesus are their own best evidence. The Sermon on the Mount has for it more significance than the story of the virgin birth, or the account of the miraculous transfiguration. In these words, and exemplified in this life, science finds that typical man who is the hope of the world, our elder brother, conquering the weaknesses of humanity and leading it to the highest plane of service and of devotion. It is this figure to which the faith of science turns lovingly to-day, a faith broad enough to welcome alike Jew and Gentile, Catholic

and Protestant, bond and free, wherever the light of truth shines into the hearts of men.

The American university is to-day the home of that faith. It is a faith which is real and vital, which takes hold upon the emotions as well as upon the minds of men, which stirs their hearts and their imagination. It is the

faith of humanity and in humanity. Under its inspiration great works are to be done. Science and art and literature shall become alive. And the American university, which embodies the intellectual aspirations of a free people, is becoming day by day the representative of their spiritual aspirations as well.

THE SECRET OF GOLF

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

'To succeed in keeping the eye unswervingly upon the ball is the one and only real secret of success in golf.' — So says J. H. Taylor, Professional, Champion, and Author of a big book on golf. This is a notable and an important utterance by a noted and a practical golfer. But here Taylor leaves us. *How* can we keep our eye on the ball? And *why* must we keep our eye on the ball? Whence arises the necessity? Wherein consists the peculiar efficacy of fixing the gaze on that humble little sphere at our feet — or at its top — or at its back — or at the turf behind, as the case may be? What happens if we do look? What happens if we do not look? These be important problems. (Such niceties as whether you should look rather at the grass behind your ball than at the ball, or at what particular part of your ball you should look for a particular kind of shot, I do not discuss here; are they not all written in the book of *The Complete Golfer*?)

I attempt here a brief analysis (1) of the 'How,' and (2) of the 'Why.'

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I

This little puzzle, how to keep one's eye on the ball, may be said to possess a little psychology all its own. We 'perceive' an object, say the psychologists, when not only 'our attention is drawn' to that object, but when 'all the other impressions that are exciting sensations at the same moment fall into the field of inattention'; in plain words, when we are oblivious of everything but the thing perceived. It is this inattention or oblivion that the golfer has most carefully to practice. If, during that infinitesimal period of time which elapses between the beginning of the upward swing of the club and its impact with the ball, the golfer allows any one single sensation, or idea, to divert his attention — consciously or unconsciously — from the little round image on his retina, he does not properly 'perceive' that ball; and of course, by consequence, does not properly hit it. Unfortunately, always and in all circumstances, a multiplicity of sensations and feelings

and ideas are clamoring for attention. There are nerves all over the body, — and inside the body, — and the mind is ceaselessly, not only receiving impressions from these nerves, but issuing orders through other nerves. If, for example, I, at this moment, while trying to write this sentence, were to attend to, say, my paper, or my pen, or my ink, or even the feel of my clothes or my boots, or the temperature of the room, or the unsteadiness of the table, or the presence of my companions, why I should never get the sentence written — and the writing of it is child's play compared with keeping one's eye on the ball. Luckily, I could re-write the sentence if I made a mess of it. But alas, the golfer can never re-hit his ball. And he, poor soul, the while he is addressing himself to that exacting task, is beset with as many sensations as am I. So it comes to this, that to play golf well, to play golf at all, one must school one's self to be absolutely blind to unnumbered sensations and impressions, and to concentrate one's whole undivided attention on that meek little object at one's feet.

There is one simple anatomical reason for this inability to see your ball when you are thinking of something else instead of looking. Everybody has heard the phrase 'a vacant stare.' When one's thoughts are absorbed in something other than the object looked at, the eyes lose their convergence; that is to say, instead of the two eyeballs being turned inwards and focused on the thing, they look straight outwards into space; with the result, of course, that the thing looked at is seen indistinctly. 'We must will to see,' says the great psychologist Höffding, without the remotest cognizance of the extreme applicability of this maxim to the game of golf, — and without apparently, we may add, the remotest cognizance of the extreme corroborations

which the game of golf gives to this maxim, 'We must will to see, in order to see aright.' As a matter of fact, golf is the most rigid tester of will-power in the world. It is this that makes it so interesting. It is this that makes it so important. It is this that makes it so educative, so edifying. For it does edify: that is, build up; it builds up character, because it strengthens will-power; for will-power is the foundation of character.

Which little fact leads to another curious little fact. Often I have heard a man say, 'There! I was afraid I should do that.' Precisely. He was not 'perceiving' his ball; his mind was in reality wandering; and, such are the intricacies and profundities of the human mind, — so little do we seem to be masters of our own minds, — that this, that, or the other little, vague, inchoate, and recondite notion or suggestion, of the very existence of which the mind is not aware, rises to the surface, proclaims itself supreme, and dominates and tyrannizes over the entire man. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and the physiological and psychological structure of the so-called rational human being is past finding out. The whole thing seems so childishly simple; yet the achievement of that whole thing is so abominably difficult. No wonder we make mistakes in golf. We make mistakes in every department of life: we bet on the wrong horse, or the wrong cards; we buy the wrong stock; we back the wrong friend; we marry the wrong wife. Is it any wonder we make the wrong stroke? And golf is more exacting than racing, cards, speculation, or matrimony. Golf gives no margin: either you win or you fail. You cannot hedge; you cannot bluff; you cannot give a stop-order; you cannot jilt. One chance is given you, and you hit or miss. There is nothing more rigid in life. And it is

just this ultra and extreme rigidity that makes golf so intensely interesting.

But 'interesting' is hardly the word by which to describe the lure of golf. The human masculine mind loves to assert itself, to show itself supreme, to prove to itself—and to others—its mastery over circumstance, its domination over the things or persons by which or by whom it is opposed. Well, here on the links it is opposed by a quiet little ball lying within a known distance of a quiet little hole, and the thing to be done is to put one into other. You have not to pore over turf news, or remember long or short suits, or scan the city article, or make yourself agreeable at afternoon teas. You have to hit. But ah, that hit! that one precise and particular hit! How it taxes the human soul!

What takes place, or what ought to take place, in the human soul at every stroke, is, I imagine, a seven-fold process:—

1. *Sensation*—a clear image of the ball on the retina;

2. *Perception*—the cerebral reception and recognition of that image;

3. *Cognition*—a clear understanding of what you wish to do;

4. *Imagination*—a picturing to yourself of how to do it;

5. *Attention*—the concentration of the whole self on the ball;

6. *Volition*—the issuance of the orders to strike; and lastly,

7. *Action*—the resulting movements of the arms, legs, and trunk.

Now, the most important of these seven processes is Attention; for, unless you *attend*, (1) the image is blurred; (2) the mental recognition dim; (3) the understanding vague; (4) the imagined movements obscure; (5) the attention diverted; (6) the orders to the motor-centres confused; and (7) the stroke ineffective.

Attention!—I do not know whether

you are aware of the fact, my dear reader, but it may console you to know that if this little question of how to attend has puzzled us unlearned and untechnical golfers, it has puzzled a great many very learned and very technical men also. To the problem of 'attention' psychologists without number have of late been devoting *their* attention—and, if all accounts are true, not with much avail: Ach and Bair; Külpe and Kaes; Kohn and Kraepelin and Kelchner; Fick and Féré and Fechner; Czermak and Ziehen; Gürber and Goltz and Geissler and Geiger; Pilzecker, Pentschew, Pflaum; Henrich and Henri and Hammer; Müller, Münsterberg, and Meumann; Wiersma, Kafka, Munk, Wundt, Stumpf (you must not laugh: these are real names of real people); all these and hosts of others have been doing their best to find out what 'attention' is, and what the laws by which it works; and, if all accounts are true, they differ not a little among themselves both as to one and as to other.

What, then, is this thing called 'attention,' a thing to which whole big books have been devoted? It is very difficult to find anywhere a clear, precise, coherent, and adequate definition. 'Attention,' says Mr. Pillsbury, 'means largely that some one element of consciousness is picked out from the others, and given an advantage over them.' How many elements are there? Who or what picks one out? And what sort of advantage is bestowed upon this one? In its way, we might say that attention was the concentration of the whole mind upon the particular thing that one wishes to do. But here again, what is the 'whole mind'? and if there are several particular things that one wishes to do, all at one and the same time, how and on which is that whole mind to be concentrated? Who or what is it that

'wishes' to do this, that, or the other; and how does this 'who' or 'what' differ from the 'whole mind'? Is not my 'whole mind' just *me*? Why cannot I do what I wish to do? How is it that I cannot compel myself to keep my head steady, to keep my eye on my ball, to follow through?

Pillsbury does his best to be definite and precise. Listen —

1. 'The conditions of any act of attention are to be found in the present environment (objective conditions) and in the past experience of the individual (subjective conditions).'

2. 'The main objective conditions are the intensity, extent, and duration of the stimulus.'

3. 'The subjective conditions are to be found in the idea in mind at the time, in the mood of the moment, the education, previous social environment, and heredity of the individual.'

This is a large order! But every golfer has found himself compelled to book and ship this order at every stroke in the course.

Professor Edward Bradford Titchener, in his *Lectures on the Elementary Psychology of Feeling and Attention*, points out 'the labile, instable character of attention.' In plain language, it is extremely difficult to keep the mind from wandering. 'I have caught myself,' says Titchener, 'time and again, slipping from the prescribed object of attention to some secondary circumstance.' It needed no learned psychologist to tell any golfer that! Lastly he asks, almost in desperation, 'Is attention intrinsically intermittent, and is it impossible to hold a single, simple content [he means a thing that the mind knows has to be done or attended to] steadily in the focus of consciousness?'

But let us try to come to close quarters with the thing.

Mr. James Sully has pointed out

that there are two kinds of attention: (1) that which is turned to outside objects; (2) that which is turned to the processes inside the mind. The division, I think, is legitimate, even obvious. For example, when one is reading proof-sheets, one's attention is concentrated upon the printed words and one pays little heed to the meaning of the words; but when one is reading an interesting novel, one pays little or no heed to spelling or punctuation, but very much heed to the story and the characters. Now, golf, it seems to me, makes demands upon both kinds of attention at one and the same moment of time: it calls upon you to concentrate your faculties on that little external object, your ball; but it also calls upon you then and there to concentrate all your faculties upon how the stroke shall be played. It is here that the difficulty lies. Every proof-reader knows that it is next to impossible to follow the thread of the author's argument when he is attending to commas and semi-colons; and few novel-readers could pass an examination in the peculiarities of their author's punctuation and spelling. And yet the golfer is expected to do both! He simply cannot hit if he does not attend to his ball; and yet also he simply cannot hit unless he pays attention to his stroke! This is *the* difficulty in golf. But I doubt very much whether this thing called 'attention' can be exercised upon more than one thing at a time. It is probably just because you try to make your consciousness exercise itself upon two, three, four, or five things at one and the same time that you fail to do one or other of them.

But if only one thing can be 'attended' to at a time, what precisely ought we to attend to at the moment of impact of club with ball? Well, if you ask me, I say, *the image of the ball*. I firmly believe that what is necessary

is the external, not the internal, the sensorial, not the ideational, form of attention. I firmly believe that if you can keep your eye on the ball — keep it there, mind you — and ‘attend’ to that one thing alone at the moment that you hit, the hit will ‘coom aff’ as a Scotchman said to me once. Indeed a noted psychologist bears me out in this: “‘Keep your eye on the ball’ in golf,” says Mr. Pillsbury, ‘is a familiar statement of the fact that the movement of the arms is controlled immediately by attention to some object in the field of vision. There is little or no thought of the movements to be made, or of anything else except the place upon which the blow is to be delivered.’ All of which merely means that the attention to ‘the movements to be made’ must be finished and done with before the attention is fixed upon ‘the place upon which the blow is to be delivered.’

And now to sum up on this problem of attention. I suspect that to concentrate the attention is a natural gift. Some men can do it; some men cannot. If you cannot be utterly absorbed in what you are doing, be it only looking at your ball — well, I can only recommend you to go out day after day — day after day — and attend to nothing else whatsoever but the look at your ball. When you have persuaded some cerebral centre to do that automatically, you can begin to train other centres to do other things.

But apart from all these anatomical, physiological, and psychological theories, I have sometimes thought that there are two simple and especial reasons for this difficulty of keeping one’s eye on the ball: first, because there is nothing to stimulate the attention; secondly, because one has to attend so long. In cricket, tennis, racquets, the stimulus is extreme: by consequence your eye follows the ball like a hawk.

In billiards there is no stimulus, but you never or rarely take your eye off your ball in billiards. Why? I think because (1) the ball is much nearer to your eye, and therefore the image is clearer and the stimulus stronger; and (2) because the period of time requisite for the stroke is so short. In golf the stimulus is weaker and the period longer. In all probability the intensity of the attention very soon tires the delicate cerebral cells so attending. I imagine these cells to be in a state of tremendous tension, and that this tremendous tension can be kept up for only a very short period of time. No doubt the tension depends upon the blood-supply. Well, there are about seventy-two pulse-beats in the minute. One fraction of a second, therefore, may alter the character and the intensity of the tension.

‘But what will *make* me attend?’ you ask. Ah! now we strike real difficulty. Difficult as the psychological analysis of the stroke has been, it is child’s play compared with the problem, how to make one’s self attend. One has to put a force upon one’s self. One has to be determined. And how is this to be done? Well, Aristotle held that virtue was a *ἕξις*, a habit; that we became virtuous by practicing virtue, as we learned to play on the kithara by playing on the kithara. There is a profound truth in this. *Nemo*, says an old Latin adage, *repente fuit turpissimus*: no man is a blackguard all at once. Neither is a man a saint all at once. Neither is a man a good attender all at once. To attend, one must practice attention. It is not a thing to be come at in a day, or a week, or a month. Some men are more moral than others. Some men have more ‘will-power.’ Attention is a virtue. To be acquired, it must be cultivated. So culpable an entity is the mind of man that only by constant and rigorous practice and discipline can it

be brought under subjection and made to attend to one thing only when many things claim attention.

How culpable an entity the mind is, and how often it disobeys the simplest of injunctions, the following narrative will show. I had a little conversation recently with one of the most scrupulously careful of players; a gentleman who, during his pupilage at all events, read book upon book on golf, and laboriously endeavored to carry out the precepts therein contained; who at every tee spent an interminable period of valuable time in planting his feet, measuring his distance, making sure of the grip of each particular digit of each particular hand; in wagging, and considering, and taking thought with himself before actually making his stroke. (There really ought to be a time-limit for the address.) I had a little conversation with this gentleman. He had been last year somewhat off his game, and had been taking lessons. 'And what,' said I, 'does your Professional say is the matter?' 'Well,' was the answer, somewhat hesitatingly enunciated, 'he says I am taking my eye off the ball.' If these things are done in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry?

And this leads to yet another point. My friend Mr. Kenyon-Stow, in an interesting conversation I had with him, averred (and I partly agree with him) that the whole and sole virtue of the follow-through depends upon the fact that that follow-through is the result of keeping your eye on the ball. If you *don't* keep your eye on the ball, your stroke is cut short the moment you take your eye off, and you do not follow-through; if you *do* keep your eye on the ball, your stroke is not cut short and you do follow-through. I think that this is incontestable, though I very much doubt whether that immortal genius who crystallized this

diamantine axiom into a sexiverbal maxim quite understood what portentous though elemental truths he was consolidating into a single sentence.

Mr. Kenyon-Stow's theory seems to throw a light and to be an advance upon the theory of Braid. Braid thinks the optic nerve works faster than the arms, and that therefore the eyes look up before the arms have finished their business. The fact probably is that if the mind is really attending to the retinal image of the ball, the orders issued to the motor-centres of the arms will continue just so long as the image of the ball upon the retina continues; and as the retinal image remains for about one-fortieth of a second after the object has departed, the stroke is continued for that one-fortieth of a second, and the follow-through is established. This, at all events, is indisputable: any photograph showing a good follow-through shows the player looking at the spot where the ball was, long after the ball had left it.

But above all, you must address the ball in the imperative mood, not in the subjunctive or interrogative. Remember this. You must say to yourself, 'Do it'; not, 'How shall I do it?' or 'I wonder whether I can do it.' That way failure lies; for it proves that you are not sure of yourself, and never upon this earth was anything done by any one who was not sure of himself. In fact, your theorist is not apt to make a good golfer. He has not enough steadiness of purpose, his temperament is not equable enough. I would back Horatio against Hamlet on the links. Perhaps of all the *dramatis personæ* of *Hamlet* the best golfer would be the First Grave-digger, that absolute knave, so precise, so sure, so slow, so careful; and the worst assuredly would be that water-fly Osric.

Nor does even this exhaust the list of obstacles to be overcome if one

wishes to look properly at one's ball. A host of psychological experimenters have tried to find out how long the act of attention can be kept up without fatigue. We must remember that the act of attention is performed by a cell or cells in the brain, situated somewhere in the frontal lobes, I believe. Of course these cells, like muscles, easily tire. Well, if the novice or the duffer knew that these psychological experimenters had come to the conclusion that 'the duration of a single act of attention is from three to twenty-four seconds; most usually five to eight seconds,' he would be extremely careful not to tire out those cells in his frontal lobes by prolonged and futile fidgeting before he strikes. The fact is, as Stout has pointed out, 'attention is mental activity.' Of course. The mind never stands still, never stops working — except in sleep. All consciousness, all thought, is a flux of ideas or feelings. We cannot hold any one single isolated idea in the field of consciousness for any length of time. Yet this is precisely what the golfer, when he sets himself to keep his eye on the ball, is called upon to do.

If I am right in this, we may say, not that the optic nerve works faster than the arms, but that the flux of ideas in the mind is more rapid than the swing. This, you see, is why that slow, sure, careful, absolute knave, the First Grave-digger, would play well, and that volatile, shallow-pated, feather-brained water-fly Osric would not. Archimedes would have been a good attender (and, therefore, looker-at-the-ball), he who — so the legend goes — was, in the siege of Syracuse, slain by a soldier while intent on a mathematical problem. Socrates would have been a good attender, he who — so Plato tells us through the mouth of Alcibiades — could stand fixed in thought from dawn till dawn. Izaak Walton

would have made a good attender, he who studied to be quiet, and angled and wrote of angling while England was torn with the conflict between Royalist and Roundhead. Hegel would have been a good attender, he who composed the concluding pages of his *Die Phaenomenologie des Geistes* while the artillery of Napoleon thundered on the field of Jena.

So much for the 'How.' Let us now discuss the 'Why.'

II

It was left to Mr. Walter J. Travis to hit the nail of the 'Why' on the head. 'The time-honored injunction laid down by all writers and teachers to "keep your eye on the ball" — which eye, by-the-way? — would be more aptly expressed by insisting upon the head being kept absolutely still and in the same position as in the address until the ball is struck — or even a moment after. . . . If the head is kept in the same position throughout the swing, the player may even go so far as to absolutely shut his eyes and be reasonably certain of getting the ball well away, provided no jerk is introduced.' So says Mr. Travis. Mrs. Gordon Robertson, Golf Professional at Princes' Ladies' Golf Club, Mitcham, England, goes, indeed, further still: 'Before a beginner attempts to handle her clubs there is one thing which she is always told, and that is, "Keep your eye on the ball." In the course of my teaching I have noticed something which, in my opinion, is even still more important. . . . It is this: "Keep your head still." By doing this it is impossible to take your eye off the ball.' (But Mrs. Gordon Robertson will permit me to point out that one could, by rolling the eye-balls, keep the eyes on the ball, yet move the head.)

Both would be absolutely right if it

were not that, to ensure that steadiness, and to ensure the proper swing of the arms, it seems necessary to look. This, with great deference to such eminent authorities, I believe to be the case. Ophthalmologists tell us that it is through the two organs of vision chiefly that we form an idea of solidity, of distance, of the spaces between things, and of the number of inches, feet, or yards at which objects are situated from our bodies. They say that the image of an object in one eye is slightly different from the image in the other eye; and that it is somehow owing to this difference that we get an idea of distance. To look at a small object near you, the eyeballs have to converge or point inwards. If you look at your nose, the right eye sees the right-hand side of the nose, and the left eye sees the left-hand side — and you conclude that your nose is very near your eyes. Well, when you look at your ball, your right eye sees more of the right side of it, the left more of the left — and you conclude that the ball is just so far away — how far, only long and persistent practice will tell you.

Now, I hold that unless the eyes are accurately taking note of this difference, are accurately measuring distance, not only at the moment of impact of club with ball, but during the whole swing of the arms, during the whole stroke — the arms will fail to swing accurately. The arms do not judge distance (save when we are actually touching something), nor does the body, nor does the head. The judging is done by the eyes, and the judging must be done during the whole act of striking, otherwise the arms will strike, literally, blindly. The muscles obey the eyes. If the eyes look up before the ball is hit, the muscles do not receive the proper orders to hit, and the most important part of the stroke is done blindly.

But surely almost every movement of our bodies proves that the muscles are obedient to the eyes, cannot act properly unless guided by the eyes. Why, at this very moment I may be said to have taken my stance and be 'addressing' my ink-pot. (I address it for hours every day.) I know exactly where it is, and I am keeping my head steady. Yet every time I want ink I *have* to look at that ink-pot. Could one even light a pipe blindfolded?¹

However, it matters precious little *why* one must keep one's eye on the ball: the golfer who does not keep it there soon enough finds out, empirically as the philosophers say, that unless he can and does, the ball never goes right. It is extraordinary how extremely difficult to many men this extremely easy thing is. The novice, of course, knows nothing about the difficulty. He is so intensely interested in the business — so new to him — that he stares hard at the ball, and very often, accordingly, plays (for a time) remarkably well. When he arrives at that dangerous stage of the game at which he begins to be anxious about his stance, and his grip, and his stroke, when he wonders what he ought to do and how he is going to do it — ah! then to fix his attention on fixing his eyes (or his head) becomes not so easy a matter. Then perhaps he will think upon this, otherwise, I admit, intolerable, disquisition. As to the layman, he to whom golf appears to be a pastime most puerile, he will consider that this disquisition is a waste-time most pitiful.

It is a pity that so many literary elucidators and explicators of the game of golf devote so many pages to the subsidiary circumstances connected

¹ Not, I think, unless one hand helps to guide the other by holding the bowl, however steady the head. — Try it, reader.

with the game. They descant, most learnedly and delightfully I admit, on how you should stand and how you should strike, on the kind of club you should use and on the kind you should not. I wonder if they would pardon me if I said that, as a matter of simple fact, if one *attended to the game* (with all that that means), almost one could stand and strike as one chose, and almost with any kind of club. If one never, never transgressed any of the primary rules of golf, almost one could play with a pole-axe!

But, after all, are psychological analyses such as these of any practical avail on the links? Probably not, unless they impress upon the reader thereof the necessity of looking at his ball. But if they do impress upon him that necessity — with all that it entails — it is quite possible that these analyses will be of use to him. But, I beg of you, golfer, think on these things when you are dressing, when you are shaving, when you are putting on your

boots. Think not on them when you are on the links. On the links you must *will*, not think. But will-power is either a natural gift, or an intellectual trait, or a moral attribute, or a mental habit, or an inherited temperament. It is probably all five. Whatever it is, in golf it is necessary and supreme.

What a piece of work is man! And how golf intensifies our amazement at that piece of work! Extraordinary, indeed, it is to think that a natural gift, an intellectual trait, a moral attribute, a mental habit, an inherited temperament, will determine the nature of the game you play. In a sense, of course, a man's character will always determine the manner in which he will play any game; or, to put it conversely, the way a man plays any game will always be an index to his character. Well, is there any game so indicative of character as is golf? At bottom, perhaps, the secret of golf lies somewhere imbedded in character.

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

BY E. S. BATES

It is a most unsatisfactory thing — reading about what you would like to see; but if seeing sixteenth-century Europe implied spending the nights in sixteenth-century inns, there is much to be said for preferring the experience in print only. Luxury of a kind certainly was to be had. At the Vasa d'Oro at Rome were gorgeous beds, hung with silk and cloth-of-gold, worth four hundred to five hundred crowns each; at the Ecu at Chalons, silken bedding, too; and Germany occasionally provided sheets trimmed with lace four-fingers'-breadth wide, in paneled rooms. By 1652 Amsterdam possessed a hotel reckoned the best in Europe, every room in which was floored with black and white marble and hung with pictures, with one room containing an organ and decorated with gilded leather in place of tapestries. But these superfluities did not imply that a comfortable abiding-place was easily found. In any case, accommodation divided itself into bedroom and dining-room; of anything approaching a sitting-room there is rarely a word. The chief exception to this is the five or six halls, decorated and furnished like those of a rich gentleman, at the inn outside Sinigaglia. This was the finest hotel in Italy when, shortly before 1578, it was built by the Duke of Urbino, who allowed no other in the neighborhood. Its forty bedrooms, with no more than two beds in each, all opened by separate doors on one long gallery.

Often before the inn came in sight, the traveler would see his Italian host.

Sometimes the host would have touts as far away as seven or eight leagues, to buttonhole foreigners, carry their luggage, promise anything, and behave with the utmost servility — till the morning of departure. But with all this, to expect them to provide clean sheets was to expect too much, and as the nation was grievously afflicted with the itch, it was desirable for the visitor to carry his own bedding. In many cases, we find the tourist sleeping on a table in his clothes to avoid the dirtiness or the vermin of the bed. Still, in Italy, as a rule, you shared your bed with these permanent occupants only. In Spain you were sure to do so: one man, one bed, was the custom there. In Germany the custom was just the reverse; in fact, if the tourist did not find a companion for himself, the host chose for him, and his bed-fellow might be a gentleman, or he might be a cart-er; all that could safely be prophesied about him was that when he came to bed he would be drunk. The bed would be one of several in a room; the covering, a quilt warm enough to be too warm for summer, and narrow enough to leave one side of each person exposed in winter. That is, supposing there were beds.

In northern Germany, rest for the night would be on a bench in a 'stove,' — as they called the room, because the stove was so invariably part of the furniture that the words 'room' and 'stove' became synonymous. To retain the heat, windows were never opened at night; all the travelers, women and

men, gentlemen and 'rammish clowns,' lay as near the stove as they could manage. The heat was such that the effect on one unaccustomed to it was 'as if a snake was twining about his legs.' Further, 'if several met together,' says a Frenchman, 'one might as well try to sleep in the market-place on market-day.' In upper Germany, the bedrooms were separate, without fire or the means of making one. As many beds were put in a room as the room could hold; fairly clean ones, however, as the Germans treated them with some disinfectant. In Saxony, there were no beds, no benches; not even a stove. The guests lay in the straw among the cows, the chief advantage of this state of affairs being that one's pillow was liable to be eaten in the night. In Poland, the same conditions prevailed, and meant a cold and dangerous night, in the rural districts, at least, for any one who did not adapt himself to the custom of the country by using the long coat lined with wolf-skins which served the Pole as cloak by day and bedding by night.

As a relief from the general statements, a particular instance may be quoted to exemplify a night by the way in Poland. The sleeping-room struck the writer as something between a stable and a subterranean furnace. Six soldiers lay on the ground as if dead; the peasant-tenant, his wife, children, and servants, lay on benches round the walls, with coverings of straw and feathers; in one corner slept a Calvinist, a baron's secretary; in another, on the peasant's straw pallet, an ambassador's chaplain, a Roman Catholic; and between the two, to save each, it seemed, from the heels of the other, was lying a huge Tartar, a captain in the Polish army, who had made up a bed of hay for himself. About the room were dogs, geese, pigs, fowls; while the corner by the oven was conceded to a woman who

had just given birth to a child. The baby cried, the mother moaned, the tired servants and soldiers snored; and early in the morning the writer rose from the shelf he was sharing with some leggings, spurs, and muskets, and escaped.

Speaking generally, there were no beds to be found in the North. In Muscovy everything must be taken along; without a hatchet, tinder-box, and kettle, there was no hot food for the wayfarer till he reached a monastery or a town; nor was there shelter to be had unless he happened to come across somebody's one-story cabin, which had no outlet for the smoke except the door, and accommodation below the level of the average stable: one room shared between the family, visitors, and live stock. When Sir Jerome Horsey was at Arensburg, in the island of Oesel, near the Gulf of Riga, in 1580, snakes crept about bed and table, and the hens came and pecked at them in the flour and the milk.

The German host was too apt to think that a heavy meal and honesty were all that could be expected from him. The honesty was indeed remarkable: more than one stranger was astonished by the recovery of property mislaid, — sent after him, sometimes, before he had discovered his loss, and no reward taken; but, indirectly, it was dearly paid for through the insolence born of virtue in a class that is naturally below the standard of the ten commandments. The customer was made to feel that the favor was to, not from, him. An exception to this is the experience of Van Buchell, the antiquary, who found German hosts sending hot water up to a traveler's bedroom, if it were noticed he was tired; and there were herbs in the water, such as camomile, for strengthening the feet; and this even at Frankfurt-am-Main in Fair-time, as well as elsewhere. But

there was no such thing as hastening on or delaying a meal-time, and no use in expressing dissatisfaction with the food: the bill must be paid without question, not a farthing abated.

And generally, indeed, the help of the law did not seem to avail against the innkeeper. Tourists speak of successful appeals to the law on other points and curse the inns without ceasing, but a successful tourist's lawsuit against his host remains to be found. In the Tyrol, in fact, the plaintiff would find the defendant not only on, but controlling, the bench; and in Spain most innkeepers were officers of the 'Santa Hermandad,' — a 'Holy Brotherhood' whose *raison d'être* was to act as country police, with the result that the complainant would probably be arrested at the next stopping-place on some trumped-up charge. In short, when the bill came to a hundred per cent too much in Spain, the cheapest way was to pay it.

Of all the ill-feeling that the tourists harbored against Spain, the bitterest was on account of the inns. From Andrew Boorde, in the middle of the century, we learn that 'hogs shall be under your feet at the table, and lice in your beds'; while another traveler tells how he preferred to hire three Moors to hold him in their arms while he slept. Those who come later tell the same tale: at Galleretta, on the border of Castile, a German finds the stable, the bedroom, the kitchen, the dining-room, the pig-sty, one and the same room; and a Papal envoy sleeps on straw one snowy night without a fire. And from a traveler at the end of the century we learn that the sight of the inns was more than enough. There was but one way to reconcile one's self to the way-side inn of Spain, and that was — to try those of Portugal.

Over all these inns the Turkish 'khan' had this advantage, that there

was no host. A khan was a building which some compare to a barn, and one to a tennis-court, with a platform running round inside the walls about four feet broad and usually from three to four feet high, but sometimes ten. At intervals of about eight feet were chimneys. The platform was for the travelers; the inner space for their beasts; while the chimneys enabled each party to cook its food. Such was the normal form of the khan, seeming to an uninstructed traveler just a stable, in which idea he would be confirmed by the scents in the early morning. The average Christian found that the noises and the lights prevented sleep; but the Turk carried a rug to sleep on, used his saddle as a pillow, and his great rain-cloak as a covering, and found it comfortable enough till daybreak, when (greatly to the disgust of the Christians present) he thought it suitable to get up. Or, if the moon were very bright, he might arise earlier by mistake; for he carried no watch, nor believed one when he saw it.

But as time went on, far more magnificent places arose, capable of holding nearly a thousand travelers and their belongings, — with many rooms, and covered ways leading to mosques across the road. The finest of all lay along the road leading from Constantinople to Christendom. The fact that the term 'khan' is applied indiscriminately by most Franks to all inns, is evidence that they were not on speaking terms with the natives, to whom many of these rest-houses were known as 'imaret,' — those, that is, which provided food free. Among the richer Turks, all lodgings were a form of good works, a practical attempt to disarm the customary suspicions of the Grand Signor or the well-justified wrath of Allah; and free food was an extension of this appeal. The food was mostly barley porridge, or porridge of some other

grain, with meat in it, and bread, and sometimes honey; nor was there any idea of poverty associated with taking it; Jew and viceroy were alike recipients. There is no need to dwell on the marvelous provision for travelers, and even for the care of stray animals, in Constantinople: the free food, free lodging, free medical attendance for men of all creeds, as unfolded in detail by the Turk traveler, Awliyáí Effendí, since the Frank knew of its existence but dimly and by hearsay only, for he would be lodging over the water at Pera with his nation's ambassador.

The Turk himself never traveled alone. Had he done so, he would have found the non-existence of the inn-keeper a nuisance. Near Constantinople there was a khan for each stage of every journey; but not so, farther away: from Aleppo to Damascus was a nine days' journey, and there were only five khans on the way. But the traveler who accompanied a caravan was well taken care of. At the end of the day's journey, a quadrangle was formed, the travelers inside among the wagons; the lines of the square were formed by the beasts, their heads tethered inwards, and at night there was an outer line of fire; by the side of the fires, the watch; outside the fires, the patrol. Thus the night was spent until the three loud strokes on the drum which gave the signal for starting.

And so we return to the inns, leaving the bedroom, to consider the fare; and, since, in nine cases out of ten, a sign-board spells a drink, let us consider drinks first. Spaniards and Turks drank water; the rest of Europe thought it unhealthy; in fact, as often as not, people cleaned their teeth with wine. Still, drinking-fountains were not unknown; for we have a record of one German at Paris who sampled sixteen.

The consumption of cider, wines, and

light and heavy beer, seems to have been localized, even as to-day. The Turks alone had coffee and sherbet, and only the Spaniards chocolate, the drinking of which, however, was a fashion recently introduced on account of its supposed medicinal results; but in the sixteenth century chocolate was to be had only where the most expensive kind of business was done. Among spirits, Irish was reckoned the best whiskey, but was seldom found outside Ireland, where it was known as the 'King of Spain's daughter.' In Muscovy, *aqua vitæ* was the favorite drink: every meal began and ended with it; but for quantity consumed, hydromel came first, with mead second. Besides being consumed neat, hydromel was often mixed with water in which cherries, strawberries, mulberries, or raspberries had been soaked for twenty-four hours or more; with *aqua vitæ* substituted for water, with raspberries, the drink is recommended as marvelous.

Drunkenness — especially in Germany — was infinitely more common than to-day. More stringent laws had, it is true, been passed, during the past century, as a result of the victories of the teetotal Turks; but there was no one to enforce them. Every German's conversation was punctuated with 'I drink to you,' 'as regularly,' says Fynes Moryson, 'as every psalm ends in a "Gloria"'; and among a number of princes whom he saw at a funeral feast, not one was sober. 'What would they have done at a wedding?' he queries; adding that during the year and a half he spent in Germany, though he attended church regularly, he never heard a clergyman say a word against intemperance. When abroad they lived up to their reputation. We read that once when some Germans halted at a village in Spain, there was a riot; the peasants were really afraid, before-

hand, that the price of wine would go up!

Turning our attention to meals, we find breakfast less of an established custom than it is at present. In France it was more, in Germany less, usual than elsewhere. In Germany, indeed, breakfast was not taken at the inn, but bought in the shape of 'branntwein' and gingerbread at shops, existing partly for that purpose, at the town gates. French customs generally were more considerate toward the new-comer; something to eat would often be brought him as he dismounted, and water for a wash; just as in Flanders a bright-faced girl would frequently be ready at the door with beer or wine, very ready to drink at the traveler's expense and to start first; elsewhere he would be expected to wait till dinner, as dusty, inside and outside, as when he came in. A French breakfast consisted of a glass of wine and just a mouthful of bread; sometimes, as in Normandy, buttered toast, sometimes even meat, was kept ready; but the sole instance of a traveler finding himself expected to eat a substantial meal the first thing in the morning was at the inn of St. Sebastian, — 'the best inn on the Paris-Lyons road,' says Golnitz, — kept by a mother and two daughters.

The English custom of taking for granted that the guest saved some of his supper to serve as breakfast next morning, does not seem to have been in use abroad. In Italy it was customary to begin the day at a wine-tavern where boys waited to serve cakes as well as wine, on which foundation the economical Italian would very often last till supper.

Practically, eating resolved itself into two meals a day, and this was in general what the travelers were used to at home. Very fortunate it was that they were used to it; to us it seems like alternately starving and over-eating. In

Germany the starving was the more common; in fact, it is not easy to see how the second meal was fitted into the day. At Berne there was a law against sitting at table more than five hours; at Bâle, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. was the maximum permitted; but the town council was unable to practice its own counsels of perfection, and on great occasions finished in private. In Saxony the innkeeper was forbidden to serve more than four dishes at one meal; and there public opinion was some check, inasmuch as it was common to compare the Saxon dishes, served as they were, one by one, to the tyrants of Sicily, each one of whom was a more fearful monster than his predecessor.

The neighbors of the Saxons, on the contrary, set everything on the table at once in a 'two-decker' on three iron feet; in the top-story was the inevitable sauerkraut, and beneath, roast meat, poultry, puddings, and whatever else was to be had; a collection which an Englishman likened to Noah's ark, as containing all kinds of creatures. As to these German 'puddings,' there is no hard-and-fast rule to be drawn between them and sausages; and accordingly one cannot be sure whether it was pudding or sausage which Fynes Moryson had for supper one night near Erfurt; but the ingredients are of little importance compared with the size, for it was as big as a man's leg, conforming to the phrase in which the German expressed his idea of happiness, *Lange Würsten, kurz Predigen* (long sausages and short sermons). One who journeyed through Hessen describes his diet as 'mostly cole-worts'; but a Saxony dinner ordinarily began with stewed cherries or prunes, continued with poultry or meat, the pot for which was set on the fire but once a week, and concluded with bacon to fill up the corners, a consideration as important for the host as

for his guests, as there was no greater reproach to hurl at an inn than *Ich hab' mich da nicht satt gefressen* (I did n't eat my belly-full there).

Bacon was of great account in Germany, so great that the owners were wont to bless their pigs when the latter trotted out of a morning, to ensure their safe return; and a servant was told off to wash them as they passed the fountain on their way home. But while a well-fattened sow commanded a fancy price (as much as the equivalent of fifty pounds was paid at Heidelberg in 1593 for one which had become unable to eat a whole raw egg at a meal), sucking pigs were unknown as eatables; an Englishman who bought one for food was forced to kill and prepare it himself on account of the unwillingness of the servants to touch it. What Saxony really lacked was everything dependent on the yield of a cow; throughout Germany there was little cheese except that made from goat's milk.

A common *hors d'œuvre* was what were called *Neun Augen* — little lamprays that had nine eyes. Birds other than poultry were unusual; of veal and beef there was a moderate supply, of dried venison rather too much, as was the case at Hamburg with salmon. Dried fish one might expect, with many sauces, all designed to create thirst. Fresh fish was commonly on view alive beforehand in the kitchen; no German inn lacked a wooden fish-tank, kept under lock and key and supplied with running water. In case the sauces failed of their effect, the desired thirst was sure to come at the end of the meal by the help of little bits of bread, sprinkled with pepper and salt. Fruits were habitually preserved, especially apples and pears, which were halved, dried in the oven, and served up with cinnamon and butter. Black cherries were put in a brass pot, mixed with the best pears cut into small pieces and boiled

and stirred till the contents were thick; then pressure was applied which sent the juice through holes in the bottom of the pot. This juice cooled solid, kept well, and after it had been liquefied again, was in every-day use as sauce for meat.

In France, for some reason, Normandy seems to have made foreigners more comfortable than other localities; yet Picardy, so little distant, did just the opposite. At this time, however, Picardy was stamped with the character of the border-country more disastrously than any other district of France. To the country as a whole, indeed, nothing remained, as regards cooking, but a reputation for entrées, or, as they were called then, *quelques-choses*. 'A hard bed and an empty kitchen' was a common experience in different districts; a party arrived at Antibes, on the Riviera, in 1606, to find one melon constituting all the provisions of the only inn.

Comparison of the fare in the various countries of Europe shows striking variations in the butter-supply. In Poland, butter was so plentiful as to be used for greasing cart-wheels; in France, so scarce and so bad that English ambassadors used to import theirs from home. In Spain, it was still scarcer, except in cow-breeding Estremadura. A German who wanted to buy butter was directed to an apothecary. This man produced a small and very rancid supply, preserved in a she-goat's bladder for use as an ingredient in salves; and informed his customer that there was not such another quantity in all Castile.

England was a land of plenty in those days; Poland no less so. The sum of the experience of those who had first-hand means of comparison suggests that Poland was as great an importer of luxuries as any country in Europe. Muscovy did not import, but was well off

nevertheless, with plenty of beef, mutton, pork, and veal; and there was all the more of these good things for foreigners, since, on account of the numerous fast-days, the natives had become so used to salt fish that they ate little meat; although the salt fish, insufficiently salted, was often in a state like that of the fish which the good angel provided for Tobit to protect him from a demon, the scent whereof was so terrible that it drove the fiend into the uttermost parts of Egypt. During Lent, butter was replaced by caviare. An ambassador's secretary has a pleasant picture to draw of wayside fare: whenever his party reached a village, the local priest would appear with gooseberries, or fish, or a hen, or some eggs, as a present. The good Father was rewarded with *aqua vita*, and generally went home drunk.

At sea, the food-question was complicated, for on small boats no fires were allowed. In the Mediterranean, one was limited to biscuit, onions, garlic, and dried fish. On the bigger ships there was garlic again, to roast which and call it 'pigeon' was a stock joke with the Greek sailors. On an Italian ship of nine hundred tons one traveler of whom we have record fared well. There were two *table-d'hôte* rates; he chose the higher one. Knife, spoon, fork, and a glass to himself, were provided. Fresh bread was furnished for three days after leaving a harbor, fresh meat at first and afterwards salt meat, and on fast-days, eggs, fish, vegetables, and fruit. An English idea of victualing a ship included wheat, rice, currants, sugar, prunes, cinnamon, ginger, pepper, cloves, oil, old cheese, wine, vinegar, canary sack, *aqua vita*, water, lemon juice, biscuit, oatmeal, bacon, dried neats' tongues, roast beef preserved in vinegar, and legs of mutton minced and stewed and packed in butter, in earthen pots; together with a few luxuries, such as marmalade and almonds.

Finally, there is the food to be met with in Ireland, concerning which it is enough to quote: 'Your diet shall be more welcome and plentiful than cleanly and handsome; for although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheer their country yieldeth for two or three days, and take not anything therefor.'

Except in Italy, fingers invariably did the work of forks, and often of knives, too. The French were the only people in the habit of washing before they sat down to table; but this is by no means so much to their credit as it seems at first sight, for it was the result of their previously getting themselves into such a state as to render them intolerable even to themselves. Except for the effects of drunkenness, the Germans appear to have been the pleasantest table-companions, in spite of all sitting at one round table, or rather, because of it: for men were the more careful to behave in such fashion that they would have no objection if their neighbors imitated their own table-manners. Moreover, Germans made a practice of having a bath every Saturday night. From this common table no one in Germany was excluded except the hangman, for whose exclusive use a separate table was reserved. The rest of the dining-room furniture consisted of a leather-covered couch for those who were too drunk to do anything but lie down.

As to plates and vessels, no general statement would serve, even for a single country, owing to the rapidity with which the supply of silver increased during these centuries. In 1517 an Italian notes of the Flemish that all their vessels, of the church, the kitchen, and the bedroom, were of English brass; but that statement is confirmed by no later traveler. Wood was common in proportion to the unpretentiousness of the inn, except in Muscovy, where it was

almost invariably made use of through the frequency of the destructive fires, which necessitated the use of the most easily replaceable material; the few silver tankards possessed by the Muscovites were rendered unattractive by the custom of cleaning drinking-vessels but once a year.

Inseparable from the inns are the bathing-places. In most cases the baths formed part of the premises of the inn. At Abano, near Padua, the chief bathing-resort of Italy, were private rooms with a *guardaroba* adjoining, through which latter a stream of the water could be turned on. Baden, in Switzerland, was exceptional in having baths under public control, for poor as well as for rich, besides those in private hands.

The inn at which Montaigne stayed had eleven kitchens; three hundred persons were catered for each day, one hundred and seventy-seven beds were made, and every one could reach his room without passing through any one's else. Montaigne's party engaged four rooms, containing no more than nine beds; two of the rooms had stoves; and a private bath adjoined. Swiss Baden possessed sixty baths, German Baden three hundred. Spa was much visited, but most of the watering-places have been practically forgotten, so far as the water is concerned: for instance, Pougues-les-Eaux, the chief centre in France; and Aachen, where there existed forty baths outside the town, although the chief ones were within.

The object of the visitors was nominally medicinal, but we read that 'Many come thither with no disease but that of love; and many times find remedy.'

Quite apart from bathing customs, however, decidedly free-and-easy as they were, the position of the lady traveler must frequently have been embarrassing. Many a husband, perhaps,

may disbelieve that ladies ever did travel, in the days when no hot-water bottles existed; but that would be a mistake; there is record of at least two substitutes: one, a bag of heated semolina, or millet; the second, a dog. A more serious objection was that the privacy of the bedroom was not respected. Even in France, a murderer was lodged in Gölnitz's room for the night, together with the six guardians who were escorting him to the place of trial; and in Picardy, bedrooms were merely partitioned off, doors and windows lying open all night with no means of fastening them. But a permanently open window would have been welcome on occasion: as when, in 1652, Mademoiselle de Montpensier lodged at an inn in Franche-Comté with no window at all in her room, and consequently had to do her hair at the door.

Again, respectable women would not be traveling alone, and as bedrooms were so few, they would always have to be prepared to share the room with their escort, even if no other man were admitted; a condition which persisted up to far more recent times. In 1762, a lawyer, traveling through Périgord with a lady who was a client of his, her son, and a girl, had to put up at an inn which owned but two beds, and those both in one room. This room, by the way, possessed two doors, one opening upon a meadow and with joinery so imperfect that a dog could have crept in underneath; no dog took the chance, it is true, but the wind did.

Of lodgings and *pensions* and houses for hire, it is unnecessary to speak, because, apart from the conditions of living that have already been indicated, there is nothing to distinguish them from those of to-day. *Pensions* are doubtless still to be found in the same variety now, as two hundred and fifty years ago, at Blois — 'dainty, magni-

ficent, dirty, pretty fair, and stinking.'

Supervision over the inns was far stricter than at present, especially in Italy. At Lucca and at Florence all the inns were in a single street; and in many towns the new arrival was taken before the authorities by the guard at the gates before he was allowed to choose his inn, to which he would be conducted by a soldier. At Lucca, too, was a department of the judiciary, called *della Loggia*, which was specially concerned with strangers; and to this the innkeepers had to send a daily report of each guest. Yet to judge by the tourists' accounts, the supervision might well have been carried further, and reports upon the innkeepers required from the tourists. Such a system of double reports would have been a check on the murdering innkeeper, to whom there are occasional references. A landlord at Poitiers was detected, in the middle of the seventeenth century; and at Stralsund, so runs another tale, eight hundred (!) persons had disappeared at one inn. They had reappeared, it is true — but pickled. Another variety of innkeeper, who ran less risk but was equally dangerous, was

he who was in league with robbers; it was common enough, if travelers may be believed, for robbers to have spies at the inns. At Acciaiuolo, near Naples, another device was practiced by the keeper of an atrocious inn. He had an understanding with the captains of coasting-vessels, the result of which was that the latter found it impossible to get any farther that night and would not allow the passengers to sleep in the boat.

But what a one-sided account this is — and must remain. The travelers may have suffered then, but those few who have thought fit to leave us record of their sufferings have not a man to answer them now. Dead are their persecutors, and dead the jolly host, and the even jollier hostess, and the ladies-in-waiting, and the willing 'boots,' who so rarely get a word of recognition in these yellow pages; dead without a word. And rare are the tourists who give themselves away like Benvenuto Cellini, the blackguard! who admits that he ripped up forty crowns' worth of bedding because he was asked to pay his bill overnight instead of in the morning; and then ran for his life.

THE CLAM-FARM:

A CASE OF CONSERVATION

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

OUR hunger for clams, and their present scarcity, have not been the chief factors in the new national movement for the conservation of our natural resources; nor are the rising prices of pork and lumber and wheat immediate causes, although they have served to give point and application to the movement. Ours is still a lavishly rich country. We have long had a greed for land, but we have not felt a pang yet of the Old World's land-hunger. Thousands of acres, the stay for thousands of human lives, are lying to-day as waste places on the very borders of our Eastern cities. There is plenty of land yet, plenty of lumber, plenty of food, but there is a very great and growing scarcity of clams.

Of course, the clam might vanish utterly from the earth and be forgotten; our memory of its juicy, salty, sea-fat flavor might vanish with it; and we, ignorant of our loss, be none the poorer. We should live on, — the eyeless fish in the Mammoth Cave live on, — but life, nevertheless, would not be so well worth living. For it would be flatter, with less of wave-wet freshness and briny gusto. No kitchen-mixed seasoning can supply the wild, natural flavors of life; no factory-made sensations the joy of being the normal, elemental, primitive animal that we are.

The clam is one of the natural flavors of life, and no longer ago than when I was a freshman was considered one of

life's necessities. Part of the ceremony of my admission to college was a clam-bake down the Providence River — such a clam-bake as never was down any other river, and as never shall be again down the Providence River, unless and until the Rhode Island clam-diggers take up the barren flats and begin to farm.

This they will do; our new and general alarm would assure us of that, even if the Massachusetts clam-diggers were not already leading the way. The clam shall not perish from our tidal flats. Gone from long reaches where once it was abundant, small and scattering in its present scanty beds, the clam (the long-neck clam) shall again flourish, and all of New England shall again rejoice and be glad.

We are beginning, as a nation, while still the years are fat with plenty, to be troubled lest those of the future come hungry and lean. Up to the present time our industrial ethics have been like our evangelical religion, intensely, narrowly individualistic, — *my* salvation at all costs. 'Dress-goods, yarns, and tops' has been our industrial hymn and prayer. And religiously, even yet, I sing of my own salvation: —

While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu;

— a most un-Christian sentiment truly, and all too common in both religion and

business, yet far from representing, to-day, the guiding spirit of either business or religion. For the growing conception of human brotherhood is mightily expanding our narrow religious selfishness; and the dawning revelation of industrial solidarity is not only making men careful for the present prosperity of the ends of the earth, but is making them concerned also for the future prosperity of the Farther-Off.

Priests and prophets we have had heretofore. 'Woodman, woodman, spare that tree,' they have wailed. And the flying chips were the woodman's swift response. The woodman has not heard the poet's prayer. But he is hearing the American public's command to let the sapling alone; and he is beginning to heed. It is a new appeal, this for the sapling; there is sound scientific sense in it, and good business sense, too. We shall save our forests, our water-sheds, and rivers; we shall conserve for time to come our ores and rich deposits; we shall reclaim the last of our Western deserts, adopt the most forlorn of our Eastern farms; we shall herd our whales of the Atlantic, our seals of the Pacific, number and multiply our truant schools of mackerel that range the waters of the sea; just as we shall restock with clams the waste, sandy shores of the sea, shores which in the days of Massasoit were as fruitful as Eden, but which through years of digging and no planting have become as barren as the bloodless sands of the Sahara.

It is a solemn saying that one will reap, in the course of time, what one sows — even clams if one sows clams; but it is a more solemn saying that one shall cease to reap, after a time, and for all eternity, what one has not sown — even clams out of the exhausted flats of the New England coast, and the sandy shores of her rivers that run brackish to the sea.

Hitherto we have reaped where we have not sown, and gathered where we have not strawed. But that was during the days of our industrial pilgrimage. Now our way no longer threads the wilderness, where manna and quails and clams are to be had fresh for the gathering. Only barberries, in my half-wild uplands, are to be had nowadays for the gathering. There are still enough barberries to go round without planting or trespassing, for the simple, serious reason that the barberries do not carry their sugar on their bushes with them, as the clams carry their salt. The Sugar Trust carries the barberries' sugar. But soon or late every member of that trust shall leave his bag of sweet outside the gate of Eden. Let him hasten to drop it now, lest once inside he find no manner of fruit, for his eternal feeding, but barberries!

We have not sown the clam hitherto: we have only digged; so that now, for all practical purposes, that is to say, for the old-time, twenty-five-cent, rock-weed clam-bake, the native, uncultivated clam has had its day; as the unenterprising, unbelieving clambers themselves are beginning to see.

The Providence River fishermen are seeking distant flats for the matchless Providence River clams, bringing them overland from afar by train. So, too, in Massachusetts: the distinguished Duxbury clams come out of flats that reach all the way from the mouth of the St. Johns, on the down-east coast, to the beds of the Chesapeake. And this, while eight hundred acres of superb clam-lands lie barren in Duxbury town, which might be producing yearly, for the joy of man, eighty thousand bushels of real Duxbury clams!

What a clam-bake Duxbury does not have each year! A multitude of twice eighty thousand might sit down about the steaming stones and be filled. The thought undoes one. And all the

more, that Duxbury does not hunger thus alone. For this is the story of fifty other towns in Massachusetts, from Salisbury down around the Cape to Dighton — a tale with a minus total of over two million bushels of clams, and an annual minus of nearly two millions of dollars to the clambers.

Nor is this the story of Massachusetts alone, nor of the tide-flats alone. It is the story of the whole of New England, inland as well as coast. The New England farm was cleared, worked, exhausted, and abandoned. The farmer was as exhausted as his farm, and preferring the hazard of new fortunes to the certain tragedy of the old, went West. But that tale is told. The tide from New England to the West is at slack ebb. There is still a stream flowing out into the extreme West; rising in the Middle Western States, however, not in the East. The present New England farmers are staying on their farms, except where the city buyer wants an abandoned farm, and insists upon its being abandoned at any price. So will the clammer stay on his shore acres, for his clams shall no more run out, causing him to turn cod-fisher, or cranberry-picker, or to make worse shift. The New England clam-digger of to-day shall be a clam-farmer a dozen years hence; and his exhausted acres along shore, planted, cultivated, and protected by law, shall yield him a good living. A living for him, and clams for us; and not the long-neck clams of the Providence River and Duxbury flats only: they shall yield also the little-neck clams and the quahaug, the scallop, too, the oyster, and, from farther-off shore, the green-clawed lobster in abundance, and of a length the law allows.

Our children's children may run short of coal and kerosene; but they need never want for clams. We are going to try to save them some coal, for

there are mighty bins of it still in the earth, while here, besides, are the peat-bogs — bunkers of fuel beyond the fires of our imaginations to burn up. We may, who knows? save them a little kerosene. No one has measured the capacity of the tank; it has been tapped only here and there; the plant that manufactured it, moreover, is still in operation, and is doubtless making more. But whether so or not, we still may trust in future oil, for the saving spirit of our new movement watches the pipes that carry it to our cans. There is no brand of economy known to us at present that is more assuring than our kerosene economy. The Standard Oil Company, begotten by Destiny, it would seem, as distributor of oil, is not one to burn even its paraffine candles at both ends. There was, perhaps, a wise and beneficent Providence in its organization, that we might have five gallons for fifty-five cents for our children's sake — a price to preserve the precious fluid for the lamps of coming generations.

But should the coal and kerosene give out, the clam, I say, need not. The making of Franklin coal and Standard Oil, like the making of perfect human character, may be a process requiring all eternity, — longer than we can wait, — so that the present deposits may sometime fail; whereas the clam comes to perfection within a summer or two. The coal is a dead deposit; the clam is like the herb, yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth. All that the clam requires for an endless and an abundant existence is planting and protection, is — conservation.

Except for the North Pole, the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, or the cost of things, the vast smallness of our navy (I have a Japanese student in a class of mine!), 'and one thing more that may not be' (which, probably, is the 'woman ques-

tion') — except, I say, for a few of such things, I were wholly glad that my lines have fallen unto me in these days, when there are so many long-distant movements on foot; glad though I can only sit at the roadside and watch the show go by. I can applaud from the roadside. I can watch and dream. To this procession of Conservators, however (and to the anti-tariff crowd), I should like to join myself, should like to take a hand in saving things by planting a sapling along my roadside, at least, or by sowing a few 'spats' in a garden of clams. For here in the opposite direction moves another procession, an endless, countless number that go tramping away toward the desert Future without a bag of needments at their backs, without a staff to stay them in their hands.

The day of the abandoned farm is past; the time of the adopted, of the *adapted*, farm has come. We are not going to abandon anything any more, because we are not going to work anything to death any more. We shall not abandon even the empty coal-mines hereafter, but turn them into mushroom cellars, or to uses yet undreamed. We have found a way to utilize the arid land of the West — a hundred and fifty thousand acres of it at a single stroke, as President Taft turns the waters of the Gunnison River from their ancient channel into a man-made tunnel, and sends them spreading out

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks
and the low-lying lanes,

And the *desert* is meshed with a million veins, —

in order that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by the prophet, saying, 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.'

We are utilizing these arid lands, re-

claiming the desert for a garden, with an effort of hands and a daring of soul, that fall hardly short of the original creative work which made the world — as if the divine fiat had been: 'In our image, to have dominion; to subdue the earth; and to finish the work we leave undone.' And while we are finishing these acres and planting them with fruit at so lavish a cost, shall we continue stupidly and criminally to rob, despoil, and leave for dead these eleven thousand acres of natural clam-garden on the Massachusetts coast? If a vast irrigating work is the divine in man, by the same token are the barren mountain-slopes, the polluted and shrunk rivers, the ravished and abandoned plough-lands, and these lifeless flats of the shore, the devils in him — here where no reclaiming is necessary, where the rain cometh down from heaven, and twice a day the tides flow in from the hills of the sea!

There are none of us here along the Atlantic coast who do not think with joy of that two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-acre garden new-made yonder in the distant West. It means more, and cheaper, and still fairer, fruit for us of the East; more musk-melons, too, we hope; but we know that it cannot mean more clams. Yet the clam, also, is good. Man cannot live on irrigated fruit alone. He craves clams — clams as juicy as a Redlands Bartlett, but fresh with the salty savor of wind-blown spray.

And he shall have them, for the clam-farm — the restocked, restored flat of earlier times — has passed the stage of theory and experiment, being now in operation on the Massachusetts shore, a producing and very paying property.

The clam-farm is not strictly a new venture, however, but up to the present it has been a failure, because, in the first place, the times were not ripe for it; the public mind lacked the necessary education. Even yet the state

and the local town authorities give the clam-farmer no protection. He can obtain the state's written grant to plant the land to clams, but he can get no legal protection against his neighbor's digging the clams he plants. And the farm has failed, because, in the second place, the clam-farmer has lacked the necessary energy and imagination. A man who for years has made his bread and butter and rubber boots out of land belonging to everybody and to nobody, by simply digging in it, is the last man to build a fence about a piece of land and *work* it. Digging is only half as hard as 'working'; besides, in promiscuous digging one is getting clams that one's neighbor might have got, and there is something better than mere clams in that.

But who will plant and wait for a crop that anybody, when one's back is turned, and, indeed, when one's back is n't turned, can harvest as his own? Yet this the fishing-laws of Massachusetts still allow. Twenty years ago, in 1889, grants were made for clam-farms in and around the town of Essex, but no legal rights were given with the grants. Any native of Essex, by these old barnacled laws, is free to help himself to clams from any town flat. Of course the farm failed.

Meantime the cry for clams has grown louder; the specialists in the new national college of conservators have been studying the subject; 'extension courses,' inter-flat conventions, and laboratory demonstrations, have been had up and down the coast; and as a result, the clam-farm in Essex, since the reissue of the grants in 1906, has been put upon a hopeful, upon a safe and paying basis.

It is an interesting example of education, — a local public sentiment refined into an actual, dependable public conscience; in this case largely through the efforts of a state's Fish and

Game Commission, whose biologists, working with the accuracy, patience, and disinterestedness of the scientist, and with the practical good sense of the farmer, made their trial clam-gardens pay, demonstrating convincingly that a clam-flat will respond to scientific care as readily, and as profitably, as a Danvers onion-bed, or the cantaloupe-fields at Rocky Ford.

This must be the direction of the new movement for the saving of our natural resources — this roundabout road of education. Few laws can be enacted, fewer still enforced, without the help of an awakened public conscience; and a public conscience, for legislative purposes, is nothing more than a thorough understanding of the facts. As a nation, we need a popular and a thorough education in ornithology, entomology, forestry, and farming; and we want sectionally, by belts or states, a scientific training for our specialty, as the shell-fish farmer of the Massachusetts coast is being scientifically trained in clams. These state biologists have brought the clam-men from the ends of the shore together; they have plotted and mapped the mollusk territory; they have made a science of clam-culture; they have made an industry of clam-digging; and to the clam-digger they are giving dignity and a sense of security that make him respect himself and his neighbor's clams — this last item being a most important change in the clam-farm outlook.

With so much done, the next work — framing new laws to take the place of the old fishing-laws — should be a simple matter. Such a procedure will be slow, yet it is still the only logical and effective one. Let the clam-digger know that he can raise clams; let New England know that the forests on her mountains must be saved, and within a twelvemonth the necessary bills would

be passed. So with the birds, the fish, and every other asset of our national wealth. The nation-wide work of this saving movement will first be educative. We shall hasten very slowly to Congress and the legislatures with our laws. The clam-flat is typical of all our multitudinous wealth; the clam-digger is typical of all of us who cut, or mine, or reap, or take our livings, in any way, directly from the hands of Nature; and the lesson of the clam-farm will apply the country over.

We have been a nation of wasters, spoiled and made prodigal by over-easy riches; we have demanded our inheritance all at once, spent it, and as a result we are already beginning to want — at least for clams. At this moment there are not enough clams to go round, so that the market-man sticks the end of a rubber hose into his tub of dark, salty, fresh-shucked clams, and soaks them; soaks them with fresh water out of rusty iron pipes, soaks them, and swells them, whitens them, bloats them, sells them — ghastly corpses, husks, that we would fain fill our soup-bowls with; for we are hungry, and must be fed, and there are not enough of the unsoaked clams for a bowl around.

But there shall be. With the coming of the clam-farm there shall be clams enough, and oysters and scallops, for the whole mollusk industry, in every flat and bar and cove of the country, shall take to itself a new interest, and vastly larger proportions. Then shall a measure of scallops be sold for a quarter, and two measures of clams for a quarter, and nothing, any more, be soaked.

For there is nothing difficult about growing clams, nothing half so difficult and expensive as growing corn or cabbage. In fact, the clam-farm offers most remarkable opportunities, although the bid, it must be confessed, is pretty plainly to one's love of ease and one's

willing dependence. To begin with, the clam-farm is self-working, ploughed, harrowed, rolled, and fertilized by the tides of the sea; the farmer only sowing the seed and digging the crop. Sometimes even the seed is sown for him by the hands of the tide; but only on those flats that lie close to some natural breeding-bar, where the currents, gathering up the tiny floating 'spats,' and carrying them swiftly on the flood, broadcast them over the sand as the tide recedes. While this cannot happen generally, still the clam-farmer has a second distinct advantage in having his seed, if not actually sown for him, at least grown, and caught for him on these natural breeding-bars, in such quantities that he need only sweep it up and cradle it, as he might winnow grain from a threshing-floor. In Plum Island Sound there is such a bar, where it seems that Nature, in expectation of the coming clam-farm, had arranged the soil of the bar and the tidal currents for a natural set of clam-spats to supply the entire state with its yearly stock of seed.

With all of this there is little of romance about a clam-farm, and nothing at all spectacular about its financial returns. For clams are clams, whereas cobalt and rubber and wheat, and even squabs and ginseng roots, are different, — according to the advertisements. The inducements of the clam-farm are not sufficient to cause the prosperous Middle-West farmer to sell out and come East, as he has been selling out and going on to the farther West, for its larger, cheaper farms, and bigger crops. Farming, mining, lumbering, whatever we have had to do, in fact, directly with Nature, has been for us, thus far, a speculation and a gamble. Earnings have been out of all proportion to investments, excessive, abnormal. We do not earn, we *strike* it rich; and we have struck it rich so

long in this vast rich land, that the strike has lost its element of luck, being now the expected thing, which, failing to happen, we sell out and move on to the farthest West, where there is still a land of chance. But that land is passing, and with it is passing the lucky strike. The day is approaching when a man will pay for a Western farm what he now pays for an Eastern farm — the actual market value, based upon what the land, in expert hands, can be made yearly to yield. Values will rise to an even, normal level; earnings will settle to the same level; and the clam-farm of the coast, and the stock-farm of the prairie, will yield alike — a living; and if, when that day comes, there is no more 'Promised Land' for the American, it will be because we have crossed over, and possessed the land, and divided it among us for an inheritance.

When life shall mean a living, and not a dress-parade, or an automobile, or a flying-machine, then the clam-farm with its two or three acres of flats will be farm enough, and its average maximum yield of four hundred and fifty dollars an acre, profits enough. For the clammer's outfit is simple — a small boat, two clam-diggers, four clam-baskets, and his hip-boots, the total costing thirty dollars.

The old milk-farm here under the hill below me, with its tumbling barn and its ninety acres of desolation, was sold not long ago for six thousand dollars. The milkman will make more money than the clam-man, but he will have no more. The milk-farm is a larger undertaking, calling for a larger type of man, and developing larger qualities of soul, perhaps, than could ever be dug up with a piddling clam-hoe out of the soft sea-fattened flats. But that is a question of men, not of farms. We must have clams; somebody must dig clams;

and matters of the spirit all aside, reckoned simply as a small business, clam-farming offers a sure living, a free, independent, healthful, out-door living — and hence an ample living — to thousands of men who may lack the capital, or the capabilities, or, indeed, the time, for the larger undertakings. And viewed as the least part of the coming shell-fish industry, and this in turn as a smallest part of the coming national industry, due to our reclaiming, restocking, and conserving, the clam-farm becomes a type, a promise; it becomes the shore of a new country, a larger, richer, longer-lasting country than our pioneer fathers found here.

For behold the clam crop, how it grows! — precisely like any other crop, in the summer, or more exactly, from about the first of May to the first of December; and the growth is very rapid, a seed-clam an inch long at the May planting, developing in some localities (as in the Essex and Ipswich rivers) into a marketable clam, three inches long, by December. This is an increase in volume of about nine hundred per cent. The little spats, scattered broadcast over the flat, burrow with the first tide into the sand, where with each returning tide they open their mouths, like young birds, for their meal of diatoms brought in by the never-failing sea. Thus they feed twice a day, with never too much water, with never a fear of drouth, until they are grown fat for the clammer's basket.

If, heretofore, John Burroughs among the uncertainties of his vineyard could sing, —

Serene, I fold my hands and wait, —

surely now the clammer in his cottage by the sea can sing, and all of us with him,

The stars come nightly to the sky;

The tidal wave unto the sea;

Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,

Can keep my own away from me.

hij

THE TURBINE

BY HARRIET MONROE

Look at her — there she sits upon her throne
As ladylike and quiet as a nun!
But if you cross her — whew! her thunderbolts
Will shake the earth! She's proud as any queen,
The beauty — knows her royal business too,
To light the world, and does it night by night
When her gay lord, the sun, gives up his job.
I am her slave; I wake and watch and run
From dark till dawn beside her. All the while
She hums there softly, purring with delight
Because men bring the riches of the earth
To feed her yearning fires. I do her will
And dare not disobey, for her right hand
Is power, her left is terror, and her anger
Is havoc. Look — if I but lay a wire
Across the terminals of yonder switch
She'll burst her windings, rip her casings off,
And shriek till envious Hell shoots up its flames,
Shattering her very throne. And all her people,
The laboring, trampling, dreaming crowds out there —
Fools and the wise who look to her for light —
Will walk in darkness through the liquid night,
Submerged.

Sometimes I wonder why she stoops
To be my friend — oh yes, who talks to me
And sings away my loneliness; my friend,
Though I am trivial and she sublime.
Hard-hearted? — No, tender and pitiful,
As all the great are. Every arrogant grief
She comforts quietly, and all my joys
Dance to her measures through the tolerant night.
She talks to me, tells me her troubles too,
Just as I tell her mine. Perhaps she feels
An ache deep down — that agonizing stab

Of grit grating her bearings; then her voice
Changes its tune, it wails and calls to me
To soothe her anguish, and I run, her slave,
Probe like a surgeon and relieve the pain.

But there are moments — hush! — when my turn comes,
Times when her slave commands, becomes her master,
Conquering her he serves. For she's a woman,
Gets bored there on her throne, tired of herself,
Tingles with power that turns to wantonness.
Suddenly something's wrong — she laughs at me,
Bedevils the frail wires with some mad caress
That thrills blind space, calls down ten thousand lightnings
To shatter her world and set her spirit free.
Then with this puny hand, swift as her threat,
Must I beat back the chaos, hold in leash
Destructive furies, rescue her — even her —
From the fierce rashness of her truant mood,
And make me lord of far and near a moment,
Startling the mystery. Last night I did it —
Alone here with my hand upon her heart
I faced the mounting fiends and whipped them down;
And never a wink from the long file of lamps
Betrayed her to the world.

So there she sits,
Mounted on all the ages, at the peak
Of time. The first man dreamed of light, and dug
The sodden ignorance away, and cursed
The darkness; young primeval races dragged
Foundation stones, and piled into the void
Rage and desire; the Greek mounted and sang
Promethean songs and lit a signal fire;
The Roman bent his iron will to forge
Deep furnaces; slow epochs riveted
With hope the secret chambers: till at last
We, you and I, this living age of ours,
A new-winged Mercury, out of the skies
Filch the wild spirit of light, and chain him there
To do her will forever.

Look, my friend,
Behold a sign! What is this crystal sphere —
This little bulb of glass I lightly lift,

THE PLEASURES OF A BOOK-MAN

This iridescent bubble a child might blow
 Out of its brazen pipe to hold the sun —
 What strange toy is it? In my hand it lies
 Cold and inert, its puny artery —
 That curling cobweb film — ashen and dead.
 But see — a twist or two — let it but touch
 The hem, far trailing, of my lady's robe,
 And lo, the burning life-blood of the stars
 Leaps to its heart, that glows against the dark,
 Kindling the world.

Even so I touch her garment,
 Her servant through the quiet night. Even thus
 I lay my hand upon the Pleiades
 And feel their throb of fire. Grandly she gives
 To me unworthy; woman inscrutable,
 Scatters her splendors through my darkness, leads me
 Far out into the workshop of the worlds.
 There I can feel those infinite energies
 Our little earth just gnaws at through the ether,
 And see the light our sunshine hides. Out there
 Close to the heart of life I am at peace.

THE PLEASURES OF A BOOK-MAN

BY H. BUXTON FORMAN

THE pleasures of a book-man, like those of any pursuer of hobbies or other fallow deer, may be divided into several classes: there are the pleasures of the chase, the pleasures of possession, the pleasures of creation, the pleasures of association, and the pleasures of contemplation.

The crude zest of making a collection of books for any the most elementary purpose is clearly a pleasure of the chase. But if, behind the object

of self-education by means of books which shall be always at one's disposal, there is some definite aim such as most book-men have, the chase is more exciting than that of merely finding means to get and to house the books you want to read and re-read. If you collect in order to illustrate a period, or a department of literature, there will always be books enough of a rare or elusive kind to stimulate the huntsman's appetite for pursuit; but it is perhaps when rar-

ity itself really adds to the charms of a book a sort of beauty which is certainly in the eye of the gazer, that the spirit of Nimrod enters most completely into the book-man. When one has bought as a boy for fourpence a large-paper *Poems by Two Brothers*, turned it out in a subsequent clearance of rubbish at about the same price, and then, suddenly learning it was by the Tennysons, has run the same copy to earth a second time, one feels a glow of triumph; and when, after years of patient insistence, one has got an idle old bookseller, whose stock should, if there be any virtue in reasoning, include Shelley's *Swellfoot the Tyrant*, to search his loft and produce a copy of that pamphlet, spotless and not even cut open, — price one shilling, — then indeed one feels that one is worthy to be called 'a mighty hunter'; and for me the pleasures of the chase have included these and many other such incidents.

In the subsequent enjoyment of a few triumphs of that class, and many minor ones of like kind, I have experienced the pleasures of possession in an acute form; and I take my own case to be typical, although book-men are divided on the question whether you actually love more the books which have cost you much or those which have cost you little. The pleasures of possession are not connected with the most amiable of our qualities; and yet there is much to justify them. The knowledge that our treasures cannot reasonably be alienated from us, or abused by others, is a perfectly justifiable source of satisfaction if we do anything with our books beyond putting them on our shelves, as any money-pig can do. But I will not dwell upon the pleasures of possession, because I am not disposed to risk the charge of hypocrisy in pleading among those pleasures that of lending one's most cher-

ished books to other people. Frankly, I hate lending any books that are not, expressly, lending copies; I have lent in my time hundreds of volumes, and have had scores returned damaged, and dozens never returned at all. Whose the lost ones shall be in the Kingdom of Heaven, I know not; — whose the spoiled ones, I care not; but here on earth I get no satisfaction out of them.

The pleasures of creation are not for all book-men. And yet, I think, most book-men deserving of the name must have moments when sparks of the divine fire fly off in the course of their proceedings. Just as the coherent arrangement of building-materials may become architecture and highly creative, so the arrangement of a library may readily present a creative side; and the moment the book-man employs his or another's library for the purposes of some work in literature, science, or philosophy which is a real contribution to the world's intellectual wealth, then that book-man has a right to say that he has tasted of the highest pleasure allowed to his kind — the pleasure of creation. It is my belief that the poet is the book-man of all book-men — perhaps the man of all men — who tastes most fully that supreme pleasure, and confers on the world the highest and most lasting delight. He is the ideal creative book-man; and it is not to be imputed to him for anything but righteousness that, when he has gone through the several phases of creation and has his poem down in black and white, in its final form of words, he cannot put aside the desire that it also shall increase and multiply by means of the press, so that others may share the pleasure of those impressions which have clamored in his soul for creation.

The pleasures of association even in their cruder form are far from mean. Why is it that the rational first-edition man among collectors wants to have

the first edition rather than the best? It is because he desires to associate the creative personality of the author with the visible, tangible thing created. The invisible, intangible thing which is the true creation — the conception embodied, with spiritual stress and conflict, in imperishable combinations of words — he can only associate with the author in his mind, by spiritual touch and psychic vision. But after all there was a form in which the author first saw his work embodied and made communicable to his fellow men; and that is the visible, tangible thing created which the book-man may hope to possess for the satisfaction of his craving after some common ground on which his soul and the artist's soul may stand.

If the book-man is also an autograph collector he can get closer yet to the author: the soul of the Shelley-man — *crede experto* — is closer to the soul of Shelley when he reads *Julian and Maddalo* in the tiny holograph manuscript written at Este in 1818, than when he reads it as first printed by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems* of 1824, — or even than when he reads *Adonais* or *The Cenci* as printed in Italy under the poet's supervision. The pleasures of association grow with the book-man's growth, and change with his knowledge; the time comes when he will no longer be content with the author's first issues preserved in sumptuous, adventitious bindings, and changed in form to suit some other's taste; he must have them in the very clothing which they first wore, — paper boards or cloth covers, printed labels or blocked designs; and if he can get copies written upon by the author, whether for presentation or for correction, or for both, he will obtain a still more intimate association with the author than he had dreamed possible when he started years before on the quest. This

is no far-fetched *apologia pro vita Philo-bibli*: it is all literally true; and the pleasures of association on which I have touched are mainly, though not wholly, spiritual.

Having said thus much in our mutual defense, I will admit that by comparison with the best and holiest pleasures of a book-man, even the spiritual pleasures at which I have been glancing, and certainly all the grosser ones, can but be classed as the frivolities of a book-man. In the pleasures of contemplation are to be found the highest synthesis of joyful impressions to be experienced in the book-man's Paradise. All those who have read much have carried away from the printed pages, not only some impression of what the author was talking about, but also some impression of the author's personality. If you have known him, you have his face, his form, his voice, his action, and his garb, and maybe something of his character; all of which you inevitably contemplate as your mind dwells upon his work. But in any case your soul is in communion with his soul when you read or think about his works, whether he be Sophocles, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Burns, Shelley, whom on the one hand you cannot have seen; or Tennyson, Browning, Morris, Rossetti, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, whom on the other hand you may perchance have seen or known.

When I am asked why I love to walk out alone and lose myself in woods and solitudes, I answer, 'Because I am such good company,' — and this not in any arrogance of egotism, but because in virtue of half a century of commune with the great of many lands and ages, the words and records they have left have become a part of me; and when I am alone I am free to summon up from that part of me just which mighty 'spirit from the vasty deep' of all time I may choose to commune with and

make the subject of my contemplation. It is in my mind, as I think, that the older we grow, the less we shall love our visible tangible books, and the more we shall love the fellow book-men who created them. It is in my mind that there will come for all of us who are spared from foundering in the eclipse of those final tortures which, alas! usher so many of us through what should be for all the stately and comfortable portals of death, a time when we shall still care greatly for the great makers of books, but very little for the books themselves. For me that time has not yet come; but the thought of what others may do to my library when I need it no more, has no terrors for me; I have pleased myself in the matter of collecting it; let my executors e'en please themselves in the matter of dispersing it or keeping it whole.

To-day I have 'the mania of owning things' acutely enough; and the books I most love are treasures which no money would induce me to give up. But I can believe that such wielders of the book-man's rake as I am, if spared from any of the more poignant and protracted horrors through which this mortality is dissolved, — if permitted to pass into a serene and sane old age, — will not at last be greatly moved with solicitude as to their possessions. I can believe that, although wild horses may be wholly incompetent to-day to tear my bibliographical treasures from my grasp, I shall not, in that serene and sane old age that I am figuring to myself, greatly care what is to be the ultimate (or say the next) resting-place of the things I have taken so much pleasurable trouble to get together.

So long as Shelley, still and forever only twenty-nine years old, walks about with all his coruscating splendors behind this wrinkled forehead and steadily-calcifying skull, what shall it be

to me — when I can see and handle them no more — who is to own Shelley's copies of *Laon and Cythna* and *Queen Mab*, altered in his own affluent handwriting into *The Revolt of Islam* and *The Dæmon of the World*? So long as the pathetic figure of Keats, dead of passion and phthisis at twenty-five, and whom yet 'no hungry generations' shall ever 'tread down,' still chants his haunting melodies within them, what shall I care whether student or millionaire, national librarian or dainty blue-stockinged maiden, shall be the custodian, after me, of his own books given by his own hand to Fanny Brawne, his own pocket Dante carried in his knapsack through Scotland, or the copy of *Foliage* given to him by Leigh Hunt and by him to her who was in some sort his undoing? With Byron's tremendous if not wholly lovable personality to ramp through my brain and quicken my flagging pulses with those masculine strokes in which he was wont in his intellectual maturity to 'paint your world exactly as it goes,' how should I be preoccupied with solicitude as to who shall next pluck from the burning that peccant little quarto volume of his young lordship's wild oats which the Reverend Mr. Becher saved for himself from the holocaust of 1806 — the holocaust which he himself forced upon the budding poet?

Perhaps my readers will say, 'How the old leaven sticks!' if I hark back one moment on the pleasures of the chase, and recall a little sacred volume of verse — sacred in more senses than one — of which I know no extant copy save that in my own library, acquired in circumstances of a most exhilarating kind. It is the *Divine Poems of Edmund Waller, Esq.*, — a little collection of what may be called devotional poetry issued by the old poet, politician, and reprieved traitor to his country, in the year 1685, when he was already over eighty years

old. Not a hundred miles from my parish church, the Church of St. Mary-lebone, I bought this treasurable tract a few years ago, bound-up with a bundle of those base reprints of 1708 and 1709 with which most of us are familiar. With great joy I paid prompt cash for my acquisition: no less a sum than three shillings and sixpence in good and lawful money of my late sovereign lady, Queen Victoria; and I have never yet repented or regretted that I did not offer a bonus to the dear innocent man who sold me that jewel of gold in a swine's snout. The snout is gone the way of all such flesh; but the *Divine Poems*, in a suitable morocco binding, perennially rejoice my bookish soul. I read them on Sundays till I come to the end of the 'Reflections upon the several Petitions in the Lord's Prayer' with which the tract closes; and as I put down the book, I feel that the old man whose intellect and creative energy still lived on to such result when he was so far gone in general decay that he must needs dictate to an amanuensis this beautiful copy of verses, was a spectacle for the envy and emulation of all good book-men.

In the next year, as we know from another copy of verses appended to the reprint of the *Divine Poems* in the fifth edition of his works, the old man still possessed his intellectual and creative faculty, however sparingly used. The 'Reflections on the Lord's Prayer' are followed by a poem (also dictated) 'On the Last Verse, in the Book,'—a poem which opens thus:—

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite.

In this noble couplet lies the thought to which I have been endeavoring to wade, through the clogging medium of the book-man's grosser pleasures. What can be a happier aspiration than that of the old book-man whose visible,

tangible possessions are no longer of moment to him? He can neither read nor write; but his thoughts, the thoughts of the great men who have come and gone before him, rise up still in his mind, and he can even lay them out in new combinations for his own satisfaction, and peradventure for the delight of future ages.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their Eternal home:
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the Threshold of the New.

Those splendid verses are absolutely the last of Waller's that have come down to us, though who shall say what melodious thoughts sang in that unique brain even as he crossed the Threshold, with no breath to dictate withal?

Some of us live in the conviction that, when our turn comes to cross that threshold, we shall meet Waller and the rest of the men who have built up the glories of English literature. Others hold that

There is no God found stronger than death;
and death is a sleep.

If we are to meet again the book-men we have known, and become acquainted with those whom we have not known, so much the better. I for one am equal to either fortune—ready when my time comes to wake or sleep as it may be. If to wake, well! If to sleep, well also; but not so well. In either case, I shall have no further use for my books; and I am convinced that that is the frame of mind in which best to enjoy while still able the pleasures—even the more frivolous pleasures—on which I have been touching.

The ideal book-man's old age and death are those recorded of Edmund Waller; and in utter seriousness I wish for every one such 'a happy issue out of all the afflictions' which are inseparable from our present mainly pleasurable pursuits.

THE ROMAN LADY

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

All men rule over women, we Romans rule over all men, and our wives rule over us. — CATO THE CENSOR.

I

THE Romans, who were notoriously willing to consider their genius for conquest as compensation for some sorts of genius that were denied them, were nevertheless unable completely to conquer their women. With the best will in the world, they never succeeded in simplifying the problem as the Greeks had done. Though the Roman lady was theoretically in the same position as the Greek lady, she was in practice a different species. Ordinary usage speaks of 'the women of Greece and Rome' as if they were interchangeable. In this regard, as in too many others, it is popular to dwell on certain formal points of likeness between the two great rival races rather than on essential points of difference. Greece and Rome have in fact suffered the fate that, according to Madame Cardinal, has overtaken Voltaire and Rousseau: '*Il paraît que, de leur vivant, ils ne pouvaient pas se sentir, qu'ils ont passé leur existence à se dire des sottises. Ce n'est que depuis leur mort que les deux font la paire.*'

In regard to the present question, the formal likeness which they have in common with other patriarchal societies is that both held women to be perpetual minors. In Rome as in Athens, a woman was subject to her father or his representative until she became subject to her husband. But

while at Athens the spirit of the law prevailed and harmonized with the general social sentiment, in Rome it was in opposition to social sentiment, and was gradually modified by legal fictions and other compromises until it bloomed into one of those complete anomalies that make us feel how similar ancient society was to our own.

This feeling is much more frequently evoked by the history of Rome than by that of Greece. The Greek is, after all, too exceptional and too uncompromising to be quite companionable. But with the Roman there come into history many of the limitations, the cross-purposes, the makeshift substitutes for high intelligence; the feeling, for instance, that it is more gentlemanly to be able to buy pictures than to be able to paint them; the Philistinism, in a word, that makes the world seem homelike.

Apart from the tendency to blend her with the Greek lady, another historical fallacy has been at work to obscure the features of the lady of Rome. She has suffered more than most from representation by types. In thinking of her one recalls chiefly extreme cases. The imagination flits bewildered from Lucretia to Messalina; from Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, to Agrippina, mother of Nero. Tradition and the partisan have done their best to fix upon her a rather inhuman character, whether for virtue or for vice. It is a study of some interest to try to discover the human meaning of her various presentations, and to form a picture of her

out of more reconcilable elements than mere antitheses.

Although the documents for early Greek history carry us much further back in time than do those for Roman history, the rising curtain nevertheless reveals the Roman in an earlier social stage than the Greek, for he is apparently still marrying by capture. While women have to be stolen by a community, their numbers will be relatively small; there will probably not be enough to go around. Among the Romans the natural results seem to have comprised a certain social importance for women, and a strict monogamy for men as well as for women. Under these conditions it was apparently not necessary to seclude a wife; at any rate the Roman matron of all periods enjoyed personal freedom, entertained her husband's guests, had a voice in his affairs, managed his house, and came and went as she pleased. In early days she shared the labors and the dangers of the insecure life of a weak people among hostile neighbors. It may not be fanciful to say that the liberty of the Roman woman of classical times was the inherited reward of the prowess of her pioneer ancestress, in the same way as the social freedom of the American woman to-day comes to her from the brave colonial housemother, able to work and, when need was, to fight. It would have been as difficult to find the lady in early Italy as in early Massachusetts. There were no courtesans for her to be distinguished from, and there were relatively but few slaves; nor was there so much wealth as to fix a gulf between rich and poor.

There is nothing in Roman traditions that corresponds in the least with Homer's lady. The lady came fast enough upon the Roman with all his other troubles, but before that time the strong woman of the plain old days had become a fixed tradition,

endowed with heroic attributes, and invoked to shame the singular product of wealth and cosmopolitanism that took her place. The historic Roman idealized the virtues of early society as shown by his ancestors, precisely as he idealized them when he encountered them again among the Germans. The reverence for women, their chastity, and their physical courage, seemed in each case a wonderful deviation from human nature as he knew it. The conditions that produced the lady, as well as most of the other complexities of his life, were in general the result of his contact with alien civilizations.

One creative act, however, which he accomplished independently, helped to produce the lady: the early organization, namely, of Roman society on an aristocratic basis. As the group of tribal elders hardened into the Roman senate, it gave rise to the patrician class with the characteristic of hereditary privilege. Thus the Roman introduced pride of birth as a social motive. While he was still poor and illiterate he became 'noble,' and his wife became, in the most artificial sense possible, a lady. We see her, of course, through the softening medium of literary treatment; her industry, her physical courage, her self-devotion to the family and the clan, her appreciation of honor from the man's point of view, were traits that grouped themselves harmoniously about the great names of Hersilia and Lucretia and Valeria and Volumnia. Shakespeare's vision of her is hardly more enthusiastic than Plutarch's, — from which indeed it was derived. Plutarch roundly declared that he could not subscribe to Thucydides' famous definition of the virtue of women — that it should consist in their being spoken of as little as possible, whether for praise or blame. 'The Roman practice is best,' he said, 'by which the funeral eulogy is publicly pronounced

over a dead woman as freely as over a dead man.' And his pages are full of references to the excellences of the dead women of old.

This early Roman lady, shining with tribal virtues, survived only sporadically in history. We may almost say that Cornelia supports unaided the weight of the majestic tradition. The fragments of her letters to her surviving son after the murder of his brother, may easily be genuine; and they bear out the view of her character taken by posterity. Unquestionably Cornelia proves something for the existence of the old type, but it must not be forgotten that she would be an exceptional person in any age. Single episodes are reported in which other ladies behaved as the theoretical *domina* should; Porcia and Arria hand on the torch. But they excite among their contemporaries the wonder always roused by an anachronism. Just as the Western world stood aghast at the prodigies of Japanese warfare, in which the most modern science was used as the weapon of a tribal psychology long outgrown elsewhere, so the Rome of Claudius's time marveled at Arria's smoking dagger. In general, it must be confessed that when the Roman lady comes upon the historic stage she has already developed some of the characteristics that were to make her a perplexing element of society. Her force of character, and the freedom to which she had been accustomed, were certain to play havoc with the patriarchal system as soon as circumstances should give opportunity, — and opportunity was given almost as soon as history begins.

From the beginning of Roman expansion in the third century before Christ, the Roman husband was frequently and for long periods away from home. The wars with Carthage, the wars in the East and in Spain, the wars

in northern Europe, drew the patrician abroad as systematically as the Crusades drew the knights of later Europe. In each case profound changes resulted in the character, or at any rate in the demeanor, of the lady. The first breaking down of her old social status seems to have been in the direction of allowing her to hold property. The marriage ceremony, which passed her as a ward from the hand of her father to that of her husband, was so modified as to leave a married woman theoretically subject to the *patria potestas*, and therefore to prevent her property from passing to her husband. The effect of this arrangement appears on the whole to have been her financial independence. She could evidently receive legacies, for special legislation was needed at the end of the Punic wars to prevent women of the wealthiest class from doing so.

The feeling of patriarchal society is always strongly against the economic independence of women. Aristotle believed its prevalence in Sparta to be one of the causes of decadence. The ancient lady could in no wise create property for herself, and the men who had acquired it by labor or conquest felt the unfairness of allowing it to be controlled by a parasite. Just after the close of the Second Punic War, in which Rome's economic sufferings were very great, the Roman ladies rebelled against certain sumptuary legislation which specifically curtailed their expenditure. The famous speech of Cato, opposing the repeal of the Oppian law, is, as reported by Livy, an expression of the ever-recurrent uneasiness of the male in the presence of the insurgent female, and in particular of the dislike of women, which we shall find a pretty constant factor in the Roman's temperament.

'If, Romans,' said he, 'every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the prerogative and author-

ity of a husband with respect to his own wife, we should have less trouble with the whole sex. It was not without painful emotions of shame that I just now made my way into the Forum through a crowd of women. Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, I should have said to them, "What sort of practice is this, of running out into public, besetting the streets, and addressing other women's husbands? Could not each have made the same request to her husband at home? Are your blandishments more seductive in public than in private, and with other women's husbands than your own?"

'Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should transact any, even private business, without a director. We, it seems, suffer them now to interfere in the management of state affairs. Will you give the reins to their untractable nature and their uncontrolled passions? This is the smallest of the injunctions laid on them by usage or the laws, all of which women bear with impatience; they long for liberty, or rather for license. What will they not attempt if they win this victory? The moment they have arrived at an equality with you, they will become your superiors.'

The love of excitement, which was a temperamental trait of the Roman lady of history, became a dangerous matter. It was natural that strong-willed women, exceedingly like the men of their race in body and mind, should seek for some equivalent of the adventures their husbands were engaged in, the world over. They had not been tamed, as had the ladies of Athens, by the slow action of long ages of masculine encroachment. They were much nearer the soil and freedom. The men had not had time to bring them thoroughly into subjection, and yet were

both unable and unwilling to set them free.

Both sexes were in a false position, and overt acts of warfare became common. Livy reports three cases of husband-murder in noble families in thirty years. Divorce became a general practice. Not only the frivolous used it, but the staid. Men had to be persuaded into matrimony as a duty. The excellent Metellus Macedonicus started a propaganda of marriage on patriotic grounds, and his pessimistic argument became a classic: 'If we could get along without wives,' he is reported to have said, 'we should all dispense with the nuisance. But since Nature has decreed that we can neither live very comfortably with them, nor at all without them, we should consult rather our permanent good than our temporary happiness.'

All these things were table-talk while Cornelia was still living. All about her was a welter of feminine discontent. Gradual amelioration of the marriage law was accompanied by an invention whereby even an unmarried woman might hold property and control it; she could contract a fictitious marriage, dissolve it at once, choose a guardian to suit herself, and through him as a dummy administer her own estate. These changes, however, while enlarging the lady's power, gave her nothing to satisfy her ambition and keep her out of mischief. Ethically, her situation was a dangerous one, and many elements of safety were withdrawn when wealth, culture, exciting new religions, diseases, slaves, and philosophy, were brought to Rome as spoils of war.

II

The unfortunate reaction upon the Romans of their achievements is a commonplace of history. The best of them were reduced in numbers by cen-

turies of constant warfare, and the survivors were assailed by those bacilli of civilization which always ravage a fresh race with a virulence unknown among the peoples that have become adapted to them. And the conditions that proved in the long run fatal to the noble Roman worked rapidly and perniciously upon his wife. With the introduction of slavery, what occupation the lady had was gone. She resigned the care of her house, the care of her children, the care of her person, to Greek slaves who understood all these matters a great deal better than she did. The time that was left on her hands she filled with the pseudo-activities of the *nouveau riche*. Through her efforts, 'society' was organized for the first time in Europe. What people wore, what they ate and drank, what sort of furniture they had, and how much their horses cost, were questions that then for the first time acquired the importance they have ever since retained.

The Greeks, who, to be sure, had nothing in their dwellings that was not beautiful, had still supposed that great works of art were for public places. With the Romans began the private collection of *chefs-d'œuvre* in its most snobbish aspect. The parts played by the sexes in this enterprise sometimes showed the same division of labor that prevails very largely in a certain great nation of our own day that shall be nameless: the husband paid for the best art that money could buy, and the wife learned to talk about it and to entertain the artist. It is true that the Roman lady began also to improve her mind. She studied Greek, and hired Greek masters to teach her history and philosophy. Ladies flocked to hear lectures on all sorts of subjects, originating the odd connection between scholarship and fashion which still persists. Their annexation of the field of letters was exceedingly annoying to their hus-

bands. 'I hate the woman,' says Juvenal, 'who is always turning back to the grammatical rules of Palæmon and consulting them; the feminine antiquary who recalls verses unknown to me, and corrects the words of an unpolished friend which even a man would not observe. Let a husband be allowed to make a solecism in peace.' A husband naturally preferred in woman the kind of culture attained by the amiable Calpurnia, Pliny's wife. He says of her that she delighted to read and read again her husband's works, having no other schoolmaster than love. Like Rousseau's Sophie, the Roman lady should have had 'du goût sans étude, des talents sans art, du jugement sans connaissance.'

A woman of fashion, we are told, reckoned it among her ornaments if it were said of her that she was well-read and a thinker, and that she wrote lyrics almost worthy of Sappho. She too must have her hired escort of teachers, and listen to them now and then, at table or while she was having her hair dressed, — at other times she was too busy. And often while the philosopher was discussing high ethical themes her maid would come in with a love-letter, and the argument must wait till it was answered.

Nothing very important in the way of production resulted from all the lady's literary activity. The verses of Sulpicia, if Sulpicia's they be, are the sole surviving evidence of creative effort among her kind; and, respectable as they are, they need not disturb Sappho's repose. It was indirectly that the Roman lady affected literature, since kinds began to be produced to her special taste; for it is hardly an accident that the *vers de société* should expand, and the novel originate, in periods when for the first time women were a large element in the reading public. If, however, we consider the main

body of Latin literature with an eye to the reflection in it of the lady, we find at once one of the profound differences that contrast it with the literature of Greece. The feminism of the Greek is not here.

Beyond any other literature we have, that of Rome is masculine. As Cornelia is pretty nearly an isolated case in Roman history, selected for a type because she is so far from typical, so Dido stands practically alone in Latin literature as a woman sympathetically drawn. Virgil, the most Hellenized of Romans, owes a very considerable part of his great prestige to the fact that he achieved the solitary love-story of Latin poetry. But even Virgil did not venture to make his heroine a Roman lady; and her regrettable lack of self-control served but to emphasize the hard core of Roman temperament in the hero. Lavinia was what a Roman always felt a woman should be: a somewhat cold embodiment of the virtues most serviceable to men, and devoid of that charm which he deemed in early days unnecessary, and in later days pernicious. Apart from Dido, there is nothing in Latin letters that corresponds with the women of Greek tragedy, or even with Homer's women. The comedians, beginning where Greek comedy left off, deal with 'little' women; the few ladies of their scenes are but indifferently rendered. The lyrists sing of light loves, humorous and sensual loves, and of disillusion and fatigue. The husband appears as the conventional *mari* of literature, the somewhat fatuous government against which the wife and the lover are perpetually in brilliant opposition.

The smouldering hostility between male and female of this strong-willed race breaks now and then into flame. Juvenal's nerves are set on edge by the 'new woman' of his day, just as Cato's had been three hundred years before.

His indictment of her vices loses its effect by including her foibles, and even her good points. He couples homicide with a taste for literature, superstition with an interest in public affairs, as alike reprehensible. Cicero's attack on Clodia, Catullus's simultaneous love and hate, Martial's sinister epigrams, are the most powerful expressions the Roman knew of his feelings toward woman. Imaginatively, she did not touch him; practically she was a disturbing element.

The writers of Rome have defamed the Roman lady as the French novelists have defamed the lady of France. Just as honest Frenchmen to-day tell an incredulous Anglo-Saxon world that there are French ladies of high degree who are pure and devoted, so the careful historian of Rome must constantly remind his reader that the city never lacked for blameless ladies. The two true inferences to be made from the prevailing literary tone are that the women of Rome were active-minded, impulsive, and passionate; and that the men of Rome had a certain hardness of fibre that made them very generally anti-feminist.

Cicero was a kindly man, cultivated and thoughtful; his modest fortune and social position excused him from many of the faults of greater men, while the respect justly entertained for his talents and for his character (since all things are relative) gave him a wide range of acquaintance. It is interesting to note in the letters of such a man his reaction against feminism. Cicero was no contemner of women. He disapproved the seclusion of the Greek lady, and had no wish to see it introduced at Rome, but he would have been glad to see a censor established who should teach men how to govern their wives properly. His own wife, Terentia, presented few problems. She seems to have been a rather uninter-

esting person with a fortune of her own, and uncertain health. The bulk of her husband's letters to her, however, are full of confidence and pet-names. He lived with her without substantial difference for nearly thirty years, and then his tone began to change. The later letters are merely formal notes, and the last of them is such, it has been said, as no gentleman would write to his housekeeper. His next step was to divorce his old wife, on what ground we do not know, and to marry the youthful Publilia, to whom he was not much more civil.

There was at no time at Rome anything that could be called a feminist movement. No solidarity existed in a sex split by caste into classes that had no motive in common. The ladies from time to time organized to obtain legislation in their interests; but so far as we know, such legislation dealt only with pecuniary questions. We have no record of any attempt on their part to improve the lot of women in general. Women in general were in fact submerged. An inspection of the literature and the inscriptions of the late Republic and the early Empire gives the odd impression that the Roman women of the lower classes had pretty nearly ceased to exist. The professional woman, if we may so call her, the doctor, the *accoucheuse*, the *masseuse*, the actress, the dancer, the courtesan, the dressmaker, was almost always a Greek. In trade and industry, the same was true; according to the inscriptions, Greek women were the fishmongers, the barmaids, and the laundresses of Rome. No one can doubt that hundreds of thousands of hard-working, god-fearing Roman women lived silent, unrecorded lives, and bore children to carry on the state. But the lady had nothing to do with them. Her struggles were directed to the strengthening of her own position. It was to

this end that Hortensia and her ladies came down to the Forum to argue that taxation without representation is tyranny.

When the Second Triumvirate were driven to every expedient to find money for the war with Brutus and Cassius, they published an edict requiring fourteen hundred of the richest women to make a valuation of their property, and to furnish for the war such portion as the triumvirs should require from each. A body of the women concerned forced their way to the tribunal of the triumvirs in the Forum, a thing no man durst do in those days. Hortensia (daughter of the great Hortensius, a leader of the bar, Cicero's rival, Verres's counsel) was their spokesman. Appian gives us her speech:—

'As is befitting women of our rank addressing a petition to you, we had recourse to your female relatives. Having suffered unseemly treatment on the part of Fulvia, we have been compelled to visit the Forum. You have deprived us of our fathers, our sons, our husbands and our brothers, whom you accuse of having wronged you. If you take away our property also, you reduce us to a condition unbecoming our birth. If we women have not voted you public enemies, have not torn down your houses or led an army against you, why do you visit upon us the same punishment as upon the guilty, whose offenses we have not shared? Why should we pay taxes when we have no part in the honors, the commands, the statecraft, for which you contend? "Because this is a time of war," do you say? Let war with the Gauls or the Parthians come, and we shall not be inferior to our mothers in zeal for the common safety; but for civil wars may we never contribute.'

'When Hortensia had thus spoken,' says Appian, 'the triumvirs were angry that women should dare to hold

a public meeting when the men were silent. They ordered the lictors to drive them away from the tribunal, which they proceeded to do until cries were raised by the multitude outside, when the lictors desisted, and the triumvirs said they would postpone till the next day the consideration of the matter. On the following day they reduced the number of women from fourteen hundred to four hundred.'

Public speaking had no terrors for the Roman lady. We read of women of litigious temperament who were constantly at law, and argued their own cases in the prætor's court and in the Forum. The practice was prevalent enough to need an edict to suppress it. Business on a large scale sometimes provided an outlet for the energies of the restless, able, and idle *domina*. The manufacture of bricks seems to have been largely in her hands, for almost every Roman brick is stamped with the name of its maker, and the names of many great ladies, including even empresses, are handed down to us on the remnants of their product.

III

The great field, however, for the activity of the Roman lady was the exertion of her personal influence, and the development of her power in political and social intrigue. The amorous intrigue, for which she is perhaps most famous, should be subordinated to the other two, for it was apparently in many cases their handmaid. Like the male of her kind, the Roman lady was possessed of great sexual excitability, and she indulged it as freely as he. In her case as in his, love turned easily to hate, and even more easily to ennui. Like him, while indulging passion she despised its object. Like him, she judged power and money to be the great goods. Clodia and Sempronia are men in petti-

coats; they have the hot blood and the cool heads of men; their loveliness is the poisoned weapon with which they carry on the sex war.

The tendency toward concentration of power in the hands of two or three men gave the Roman lady a more dazzling opportunity. Nero wished that the people had but one neck; the lady's more reasonable desire was attained when the governing power had but one heart. The women of the *Triumvirates* are hardly less striking figures than the men. The Empire saw a succession of masterful women, indistinguishable psychologically from the male. Augustus caused public honors to be accorded to his wife and to his sister. Tacitus was struck by the significant novelty of a woman enthroned, when Agrippina was seated near Claudius to review a Roman army. With the Antonines, titles for women began to develop: 'mother of the legions,' 'mother of the senate and the people.' It was debated in the senate whether magistrates sent to govern the provinces should be permitted to take their wives with them, and in the course of the discussion conservative opinion declared that the official ladies were altogether too active in political matters. The governor's wife was a force. All the intrigues of the province centred in her; she had her finger in every pie; even military discipline got into her department. She would appear on horseback beside her husband, inspect, drill, and harangue the troops. Many a sturdy Roman seems to have felt toward this efficient lady as the Rev. Mr. Crawley felt toward Mrs. Proudly, and to have said, as he did, 'Woman, the distaff were more fitting for you!'

The great lady of the Empire was aware that the splendor of her position placed her above criticism, or at any rate above any painful results from it; and this consciousness reënforced the

tendency she had always had to let herself go. Very far indeed she went. As in the case of the man of her kind, very brutal pleasures and very crude vice were necessary to stimulate her nerves. It was an extraordinary age, and produced many phenomena that belong to the department of pathology. Its moralists delighted to paint its blackness; but in more cases than one the moralists knew by hearsay only of the wickedness of great ladies, being themselves surrounded by pure and gentle women.

It is very plain that the Roman resented and dreaded the development, in his womankind, of the desire to please. The old Roman lady, according to tradition, had entertained no such desire. She rested, like a man, on her sterling qualities. To be charming was, in Roman eyes, an admission both of weakness and of ambition. Unless a woman wanted something she ought not to have, she had no need of charm; and if she stooped to its use, it must be because she had not the force of brains and character to reach her end by more manly means. Why did an honest woman wish to be attractive? Whom should she attract but her husband, who, by hypothesis, was sufficiently attracted already? Tacitus says of Livia that she was 'more gracious in manners than would have been approved in a woman of the olden time.' The rhetor Porcius Latro declared that a lady who wished to be safe from insulting advances should bestow only so much care on her toilet as not to be dirty. She should be accompanied by elderly maid-servants whose respectability would warn off the enterprising. She should walk with downcast eyes, and if she met a pertinacious admirer, she should be rude rather than encouraging. But such (said he) was not the conduct of women of the world. They ran to meet temptation. Their faces

were arranged for seduction, their bodies were just covered and that was all, their talk was charming and witty, and their manner was so caressing that any man dared approach them.

The Roman lady had in fact discovered the smokeless powder that put her on a somewhat less unequal military footing with the enemy. Social changes in Rome had brought her from the privacy of her own house into the world of society. She found herself at the head of a great establishment, with town-house and country-house, with a round of magnificent entertainments to offer and to receive, and with more money to spend than Europe had ever seen collected before, or would see again for many centuries. Supposing her to be singly devoted to her husband, she found that she could be of immense assistance to his career. Often, too, she found that she must compete with other women for his admiration. An attractive *demi-monde*, chiefly Greek, had become an institution in Rome. It behooved a wife to be as charming and intelligent as the ladies without the pale. The art of fascination once learned, it was difficult not to keep it in practice at the expense of the first comer.

And when a woman had discovered that she counted for something in her husband's career, she not unnaturally aspired to a career of her own. Seneca expressed succinctly the dilemma in which the Roman found himself: it is hard, said he, to keep a wife whom every one admires; and if no one admires her it is hard to have to live with her yourself.

We have a great deal of detailed information about the ladies of Rome. Many are known to us by name, and we are aware of the impression they made on their contemporaries. We should not be helped in differentiating them from other ladies by opening a

ledger and setting down the good against the bad, Calpurnia against Faustina, and Alcmene against Trimalchio's wife. The trait that is interesting for our purpose is present in good and bad alike. The Roman lady was a person; indeed, she was often what we call a 'character.' She is distinguished from the Athenian lady as a statue in the round is distinguished from a relief. Once for all, she was detached from the

background of family life and, not supported throughout her height by the fabric of society, must see to it that her personal centre of gravity should not lie without her base. She committed her own sins and bore her own punishment. Her virtues were her own, and did not often take the direction of self-effacement. The strong men among whom she lived, who broke everything else, could not break her.

SOME TEDIUMS OF CONVERSATION

BY HOMER H. HARBOUR

I COUNT it among those mercies for which I should be daily more thankful, that I am not easily bored. Plebeian though my immunity may be, I announce it with pride rather than confess it with humiliation, for I hold that man whom most things bore to be as one subject to so many diseases shutting him out from the enjoyment of life.

But, not to give a false impression, I should add without delay that my own comparative freedom from *ennui* is an acquired, and not an innate, virtue. Perhaps the truth is, after all, that I am more than usually sensitive to boredom, and suffer so acutely in its clutches that I struggle desperately to keep out of them, usually with success.

If, for example, I were obliged to confess that I am very frequently bored in a conversation, I should have every reason to be heartily ashamed of myself. The admission would be a damaging one, not only in revealing me

incapable of real friendship, but in exposing my total lack of imagination. Aided by a lively imagination and an adroit use of questions, no man need despair in almost the most arid of conversations. Of course, if one is too stupid, or too proud, or too willful, or merely too lazy, to exert his imagination, he has no one but himself to blame if he is bored well-nigh to death. Like a quarrel, it takes two to make a complete state of boredom.

I allowed myself the loophole of an 'almost' in saying that one never need be bored in a conversation, for I must frankly allow that there are some few subjects of talk, not altogether uncommon, that have hitherto resisted all my efforts to extract profit or amusement from them. Unfortunately, these are not subjects peculiar to natural or professional bores. The wittiest and most charming of talkers occasionally so far forget themselves as to launch into them. If this mild remonstrance should fall under the eyes of any such,

I hope that it may not be altogether offensive and profitless.

The first tedium of conversation that I wish to deplore is the common habit of retailing at more or less length a summary of the plot of a novel or play. The trouble is, the making of a clear synopsis of an involved story is a very difficult thing to do, even for a professional author; yet very few hesitate about jauntily setting out on the enterprise. How often have I suffered from such a summarizing! All goes well for the first minute or two. Then in the full flood of narration some such statement as this comes out:—

‘So you see this common sailor turned out to be the count she met in Venice.’

‘But what count do you mean?’ I interpose mildly.

‘Oh, don’t you remember? I told you all about him, did n’t I?—the one she met on the yacht, you know,’ replies the narrator, with a shade of irritation in his voice.

Now, in nine cases out of ten it will prove that he has not so much as mentioned the count or the yacht before. Or if he has, it has been in such a casual way, and in the midst of such a hodge-podge of names and incidents, that they have merely gone in at one ear and out at the other.

Of course, my friend has in his own mind all the time the full course of the story as he saw it unfolded, on the stage, let us say, and he seems to expect me to carry along this background, too, in order to supply the gaps in his narration. But, as a matter of fact, the whole long remainder of the story after this (to me) inexplicable sailor-count transformation is a mere welter of meaningless names and incidents. I venture no further questions, but keep up a politely hypocritical nodding of, ‘Yes,’ and, ‘I see,’ when what I mean is, ‘No,’ and, ‘I don’t see at all.’

Or, in recounting the plot of a novel,

the narrator will make an impressive pause, and then come out with,—

‘And the long-lost letter, telling who the woman really is, he had kept hidden in that very tobacco-jar all those years!’

‘Well, you don’t seem so very much surprised,’ he will add, a bit pettishly, seeing that I do not go off into a transport of amazement. But in Heaven’s name what is there to be amazed at! My impressions of what the letter is, or ‘who the woman really is,’ or of why the tobacco-jar should be called ‘that very’ one, are of the haziest description. It has all been a mere flux of names to me.

My protest applies with diminished force to summarizers of the arguments of books of philosophy, social ethics, and the like. But here the task is easier; there are not so many cumbering details. Yet, often enough, my informer manages to leave out an important hinge of the argument, an omission that leaves me groping for the rest of the summary.

I am inclined to believe that it is by no accident that so large a proportion of the tediums of conversation occur in talks about books. Books are at best but second-hand versions of life, and become but third-hand ones when criticized in their turn. I would not for a moment be understood as saying that all talk about books tends toward the tedious. Some of the best talk in life is about them. It is merely this summarizing and synopsis of them, without illuminating criticism, that I object to.

I usually find that when incidents of real life are being narrated, there is more chance for a saving exercise of the imagination. The hearer has real events to fall back upon, and re-create for himself, independently of the narrator’s version. And, with all but the most hopeless talkers, one can accomplish much by a judicious questioning,

which serves the double purpose of showing one's own interest in the talk, and eliciting details which are more interesting than any which the narrator would give us of himself. The experience becomes a sort of unequal contest between a desire to be profited and an inclination to bore, and the very battle is diverting.

It is for this reason that I withdraw from the damning category of boredom some of the subjects usually counted most tedious. I am never bored by mothers talking about the virtues of their children, for instance. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, no two mothers, especially if questioned properly, talk about their children in quite the same way. Wonders of enlightening details on the ways of mothers and children may be drawn forth by the right sort of interrogation. So also the returned traveler, often accounted such a bore, may be turned into a fount of information if occasionally turned aside from his flood of enthusiastic platitudes.

But, unfortunately, my theme is of the hopeless tediums of talk, not of the possible modes of extracting interest. Two other themes of conversation occur, which have hitherto been hopeless wastes to me. One of these is money considered in and for itself, made the pivot round which all incidents turn. I have in mind a certain man, a globe-trotter, whose tale is always of what he paid at such a hotel, for breakfast, dinner, and supper, candles, bath, and fees to boots, waiters, and chambermaids, with interminable comparisons with those found in other places, and

so on and on to insufferable weariness. It is almost impossible to turn the flow of his talk from dollars and pounds, francs and thalers. I remember I once asked him in desperation what the peasant children looked like in a certain town in Brittany, of which he had only detailed to me the impositions of the innkeeper.

'Oh, they were beautiful little tots,' he said, with momentary enthusiasm, and I thought I was saved, until he added, 'I got a number of pictures of them, had to pay a franc apiece for them, while in Italy —' And he was off again.

Just one other theme I wish to enter in my black list, and I am done. This is the detailed recounting of dreams, — of some dreams, I had better say, for in my time I have heard dreams narrated in consummately fascinating fashion. But the average dream told in the average way is only a confused upturning of life, a welter of incidents without reason, connection, or sequence, leading nowhere. Here again the listener has no real events to fall back upon, while the narrator has the color and vividness of the dream as he experienced it poignantly in his mind.

By this time I fear that some reader of the *Atlantic* may feel moved to interrupt me and ask if I regard my friends and acquaintances as so many entertainers, and purveyors of information to please my royal pleasure. But though I may have given the impression of deserving this condemnation, I really do not, for as I said in the beginning, I am one of the hardest persons in the world to bore.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

THE American medical school is now well along in the second century of its history. It began, and for many years continued to exist, as a supplement to the apprenticeship system still in vogue during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The likely youth of that period, destined to a medical career, was at an early age indentured to some reputable practitioner, to whom his service was successively menial, pharmaceutical, and professional; he ran his master's errands, washed the bottles, mixed the drugs, spread the plasters, and finally, as the stipulated term drew toward its close, actually took part in the daily practice of his preceptor, — bleeding his patients, pulling their teeth, and obeying a hurried summons in the night. The quality of the training varied within large limits with the capacity and conscientiousness of the master. Ambitious spirits sought, therefore, a more assured and inspiring discipline. Beginning early in the eighteenth century, having served their time at home, they resorted in rapidly increasing numbers to the hospitals and lecture-halls of Leyden, Paris, London, and Edinburgh. The difficulty of the undertaking proved admirably selective; for the students who crossed the Atlantic gave a good account of themselves. Returning to their native land, they sought opportunities to share with their less fortunate or less adventurous fellows the rich experience gained as they 'walked the hospitals' of the old world. The voices of the great masters of that day thus reëchoed in the recent

western wilderness. High scientific and professional ideals impelled the youthful enthusiasts, who bore their lighted torches safely back across the waters.

Out of these early essays in medical teaching, the American medical school developed. As far back as 1750 informal classes and demonstrations, mainly in anatomy, are matters of record. Philadelphia was then the chief centre of medical interest. There, in 1762, William Shippen the younger, after a sojourn of five years abroad, began, in the very year of his return home, a course of lectures on midwifery. In the following autumn he announced a series of anatomical lectures 'for the advantage of the young gentlemen now engaged in the study of physic in this and the neighboring provinces, whose circumstances and connections will not admit of their going abroad for improvement to the anatomical schools in Europe; and also for the entertainment of any gentlemen who may have the curiosity to understand the anatomy of the Human Frame.'

From these detached courses the step to an organized medical school was taken at the instigation of Shippen's friend and fellow student abroad, John Morgan, who in 1765 proposed to the trustees of the College of Philadelphia the creation of a professorship in the theory and practice of medicine. At the ensuing Commencement, Morgan delivered a noble and prophetic discourse, still pertinent, upon the institution of medical schools in America. The trustees were favorable

to the suggestion; the chair was established, and Morgan himself was its first occupant. Soon afterwards Shippen became professor of anatomy and surgery. Thirteen years previously the Pennsylvania Hospital, conceived by Thomas Bond, had been established through the joint efforts of Bond himself and Benjamin Franklin. Realizing that the student 'must Join Examples with Study, before he can besufficiently qualified to prescribe for the sick, for Language and Books alone can never give him Adequate Ideas of Diseases and the best methods of Treating them,' Bond now argued successfully in behalf of bedside training for the medical students. 'There the Clinical professor comes in to the Aid of Speculation and demonstrates the Truth of Theory by Facts,' he declared in words that a century and a half later still warrant repetition; 'he meets his pupils at stated times in the Hospital, and when a case presents adapted to his purpose, he asks all those Questions which lead to a certain knowledge of the Disease and parts Affected; and if the Disease baffles the power of Art and the Patient falls a Sacrifice to it, he then brings his Knowledge to the Test, and fixes Honour or discredit on his Reputation by exposing all the Morbid parts to View, and Demonstrates by what means it produced Death, and if perchance he find something unexpected, which Betrays an Error in Judgement, he like a great and good man immediately acknowledges the mistake, and, for the benefit of survivors, points out other methods by which it might have been more happily treated.'

The writer of these sensible words fitly became our first professor of clinical medicine, with unobstructed access to the one hundred and thirty patients then in the hospital wards. Subsequently, the faculty of the new school was increased and greatly strengthened when

Adam Kuhn, trained by Linnæus, was made professor of *materia medica*, and Benjamin Rush, already at twenty-four on the threshold of his brilliant career, became professor of chemistry.

Our first medical school was thus soundly conceived as organically part of an institution of learning and intimately connected with a large public hospital. The instruction aimed, as already pointed out, not to supplant but to supplement apprenticeship. A year's additional training, carrying the bachelor's degree, was offered to students who, having demonstrated a competent knowledge of Latin, mathematics, natural and experimental philosophy, and having served a sufficient apprenticeship to some reputable practitioner in physic, now completed a prescribed lecture curriculum, with attendance upon the practice of the Pennsylvania Hospital for one year. This course was well calculated to round off the young doctor's preparation, reviewing and systematizing his theoretical acquisitions, while considerably extending his practical experience.

Before the outbreak of the Revolution, the young medical school was prosperously started on its career. The war of course brought interruption and confusion. More unfortunate still, for the time being, was the local rivalry — ominous as the first of its kind — of the newly established medical department of the University of Pennsylvania; but wise counsels averted disaster, and in 1791 the two institutions joined to form a single faculty, bearing, as it still bears, the name of the university, — the earliest of a long and yet incomplete series of medical-school mergers. Before the close of the century three more 'medical institutes,' similar in style, had been started: one in 1768 in New York, as the medical department of King's College, which, however, temporarily collapsed on the British

occupation, and was only indirectly restored to vigor by union in 1814 with the College of Physicians and Surgeons begun by the Regents in 1807; another, the medical department of Harvard College, opened in Cambridge in 1783, and twenty-seven years later removed to Boston, to gain access to the hospitals there; last of the group, the medical department of Dartmouth College, started in 1798 by a Harvard graduate, Dr. Nathan Smith, who was himself for twelve years practically its entire faculty—and a very able faculty at that!

The sound start of these early schools was not long maintained. Their scholarly ideals were soon compromised and then forgotten. True enough, from time to time seats of learning continued to create medical departments, — Yale in 1810, Transylvania in 1817, among others. But with the foundation early in the nineteenth century, at Baltimore, of a proprietary school, the so-called medical department of the so-called University of Maryland, a harmful precedent was established. Before that, a college of medicine had been a branch growing out of the living university trunk. This organic connection guaranteed certain standards and ideals, modest enough at that time, but destined to a development which medical education could, as experience proved, ill afford to forego. Even had the university relation been preserved, the precise requirements of the Philadelphia College would not indeed have been permanently tenable. The rapid expansion of the country, with the inevitable decay of the apprenticeship system in consequence, must necessarily have lowered the terms of entrance upon the study. But for a time only: the requirements of medical education would then have slowly risen with the general increase in our educational resources. Medical education would have been part of the entire movement, instead of

an exception to it. The number of schools would have been well within the number of actual universities, in whose development as respects endowments, laboratories, and libraries they would have partaken; and the country would have been spared the demoralizing experience from which it is but now painfully awakening.

Quite aside from the history, achievements, or present merits, of any particular independent medical school, the creation of the type was the fertile source of unforeseen harm to medical education and to medical practice. Since that day medical colleges have multiplied without restraint, now by fission, now by sheer spontaneous generation. Between 1810 and 1840, twenty-six new medical schools sprang up; between 1840 and 1876, forty-seven more; and the number actually surviving in 1876 has been since then much more than doubled. First and last, the United States and Canada have in little more than a century produced four hundred and forty-seven medical schools, many, of course, short-lived, and perhaps fifty still-born. One hundred and fifty-six survive to-day. Of these, Illinois, prolific mother of thirty-nine medical colleges, still harbors in the city of Chicago fourteen; forty-two sprang from the fertile soil of Missouri, ten of them still 'going' concerns; the Empire State produced forty-three, with eleven survivors; Indiana, twenty-seven, with two survivors; Pennsylvania, twenty, with eight survivors; Tennessee, eighteen, with eleven survivors. The city of Cincinnati brought forth about twenty, the city of Louisville eleven.

These enterprises — for the most part, they can be called schools or institutions only by courtesy — were frequently set up regardless of opportunity or need, in small towns as readily as in large, and at times, almost in the heart of the wilderness. No field,

however limited, was ever effectually preempted. Wherever and whenever the roster of untitled practitioners rose above half a dozen, a medical school was likely at any moment to be precipitated. Nothing was really essential but professors. The laboratory movement is comparatively recent; and Thomas Bond's wise words about clinical teaching were long since out of print. Little or no investment was therefore involved. A hall could be cheaply rented, and rude benches were inexpensive. Janitor service was unknown and is even now relatively rare. Occasional dissections in time supplied a skeleton — in whole or in part — and a box of odd bones. Other equipment there was practically none.

The teaching was, except for a little anatomy, wholly didactic. The schools were essentially private ventures, money-making in spirit and object. Income was simply divided among the lecturers, who reaped a rich harvest besides, through the consultations which the loyalty of their former students threw into their hands. 'Chairs' were therefore valuable pieces of property, their prices varying with what was termed their 'reflex' value; only recently a professor in a now defunct Louisville school, who had agreed to pay three thousand dollars for the combined chair of physiology and gynecology, objected strenuously to a division of the professorship assigning him physiology, on the ground of 'failure of consideration'; for the 'reflex' which constituted the inducement to purchase went obviously with the other subject. No applicant for instruction who could pay his fees or sign his note was turned down. State boards were not as yet in existence. The school diploma was itself a license to practice. The examinations — brief, oral, and secret — plucked almost none at all; even at Harvard, a student for whom a majority of nine professors

'voted' was passed. The man who had settled his tuition bill was thus practically assured of his degree, whether he had regularly attended lectures or not. Accordingly, the business thrived.

Rivalry between different so-called medical centres was ludicrously bitter. Still more acrid were, and occasionally are, the local animosities bound to arise in dividing or endeavoring to monopolize the spoils. Sudden and violent feuds thus frequently disrupted the faculties. A split, however, was rarely fatal: it was more likely to result in one more school. Occasionally, a single too masterful individual became the strategic object of a hostile faculty combination. Daniel Drake, indomitable pioneer in medical education up and down the Ohio Valley, thus tasted the ingratitude of his colleagues. As presiding officer of the faculty of the Medical College of Ohio, at Cincinnati, cornered by a cabal of men only a year since indebted to him for their professorial titles and profits, he was compelled to put a motion for his own expulsion and to announce to his enemies a large majority in its favor. It is pleasant to record that the indefatigable man was not daunted. He continued from time to time to found schools and to fill professorships — at Lexington, at Philadelphia, at Oxford in Ohio, at Louisville, and finally again in that beloved Cincinnati, where he had been so hardly served. In the course of a busy and fruitful career, he had occupied eleven different chairs in six different schools, several of which he had himself founded; and had traversed the whole country, as it then was, from Canada and the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and as far west as Iowa, collecting material for his great work, historically a classic, *The Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America*.

In the wave of commercial exploitation which swept the entire profession, so far as medical education is concern-

ed, the original university departments were practically torn from their moorings. The medical schools of Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, became, as they expanded, virtually independent of the institutions with which they were legally united, and have had in our own day to be painfully won back to their former status. For years they managed their own affairs, disposing of professorships by common agreement, segregating and dividing fees, along proprietary lines. In general, these indiscriminate and irresponsible conditions continued at their worst until well into the eighties. To this day it is as easy to establish a medical school as a business college, though the inducement and tendency to do so have greatly weakened.

Meanwhile, the entire situation had fundamentally altered. The preceptorial system, soon moribund, had become nominal. The student registered in the office of a physician whom he never saw again. He no longer read his master's books, submitted to his quizzing, or rode with him the countryside in the enjoyment of valuable bedside opportunities. All the training that a young doctor got before beginning his practice had now to be procured within the medical school. The school was no longer a supplement; it was everything. Meanwhile, the practice of medicine was itself becoming quite another thing. Progress in chemical, biological, and physical science was increasing the physician's resources, both diagnostic and remedial. Medicine, hitherto empirical, was beginning to develop a scientific basis and method. The medical schools had thus a different function to perform; it took them upwards of half a century to wake up to the fact. The stethoscope had been in use for over thirty years before its first mention in the catalogue of the Harvard Medical School in 1868-69; the microscope is first mentioned the following year.

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The schools simply had not noticed at all when the vital features of the apprentice system dropped out. They continued along the old channel, their ancient methods aggravated by rapid growth in the number of students, and by the lowering in the general level of their education and intelligence. Didactic lectures were given in huge, badly-lighted amphitheatres, and in these discourses the instruction almost wholly consisted. Personal contact between teacher and student, between student and patient, was lost. No consistent effort was made to adapt medical training to changed circumstances. Many of the schools had no clinical facilities whatsoever, and the absence of adequate clinical facilities is to this day not prohibitive. The school session had indeed been lengthened to two sessions; but they were of only sixteen to twenty weeks each. Moreover, the course was not graded, and the two classes were not separated. A student had two chances to hear one set of lectures — and for the privilege paid two sets of fees. To this traffic many of the ablest practitioners in the country were parties, and with little or no realization of its enormity at that! 'It is safe to say,' said Henry J. Bigelow, professor of surgery at Harvard, in 1871, 'that no successful school has thought proper to risk large existing classes and large receipts in attempting a more thorough education.'

A minority successfully wrung a measure of good from the vicious system which they were powerless to destroy. They contrived to reach and to inspire the most capable of their hearers. The best products of the system are thus hard to reconcile with the system itself. Competent and humane physicians the country came to have, — at whose and at what cost, one shudders to reflect; for the early patients of the rapidly-made doctors must have played

an unduly large part in their practical training. An annual and increasing exodus to Europe also did much to repair the deficiencies of students who would not have neglected better opportunities at home. The Edinburgh and London tradition, maintained by John Bell, Abernethy, and Sir Astley Cooper, persisted well into the century. In the thirties, Paris became the medical student's Mecca, and the statistical and analytical study of disease, which is the discriminating mark of modern scientific medicine, was thence introduced into America by the pupils of Louis, — the younger Jackson, 'dead ere his prime,' Gerhard, and their successors. With the generation succeeding the war, the tide turned decisively toward Germany, and thither continues to set. These men subsequently became teachers in the colleges at Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Charleston, and elsewhere; and from them the really capable and energetic students got much. One of the latter, who has in recent years wielded perhaps the greatest single influence in the country toward the reconstruction of medical education, says of his own school, the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, in the early seventies: —

'One can decry the system of those days, the inadequate preliminary requirements, the short courses, the dominance of the didactic lecture, the meagre appliances for demonstrative and practical instruction, but the results were better than the system. Our teachers were men of fine character, devoted to the duties of their chairs; they inspired us to enthusiasm, interest in our studies, and hard work, and they imparted to us sound traditions of our profession; nor did they send us forth so utterly ignorant and unfitted for professional work as those born of the present greatly improved methods of training and opportunities for prac-

tical studies are sometimes wont to suppose. Clinical and demonstrative teaching for undergraduates already existed. Of laboratory training there was none.'

As much could perhaps be said of a half-dozen other institutions. The century was therefore never without brilliant names in anatomy, medicine, and surgery; but they can hardly be cited in extenuation of conditions over which unusual gifts and perseverance alone could triumph. Those conditions made uniform and thorough teaching impossible; and they utterly forbade the conscientious elimination of the incompetent and the unfit.

From time to time, of course, the voice of protest was heard, but it was for years a voice crying in the wilderness. Delegates from medical schools and societies met at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1827, and agreed upon certain recommendations, lengthening the term of medical study, and establishing a knowledge of Latin and natural philosophy as preliminary thereto. The Yale Medical School actually went so far as to procure legislation to this end. But it subsequently beat a retreat when it found itself isolated in its advanced position, its quondam allies having failed to march. As far back as 1835, the Medical College of Georgia had vainly suggested concerted action looking to more decent methods; but no step was taken until, eleven years later, an agitation set up by Nathan Smith Davis resulted in the formation of the American Medical Association, committed to two propositions, namely, that it is desirable 'that young men received as students of medicine should have acquired a suitable preliminary education,' and 'that a uniform elevated standard of requirements for the degree of M.D. should be adopted by all the medical schools in the United States.' This was in 1846; much water has flowed under

the bridge since then; and though neither of these propositions has even yet been realized, there is no denying that, especially in the last fifteen years, substantial progress has been made.

In the first place, the course has now at length been generally graded and extended to four years, still varying, however, from six to nine months each in duration. Didactic teaching has been much mitigated. Almost without exception, the schools furnish some clinical teaching; many of them provide a fair amount, though it is still only rarely used to the best teaching advantage; a few are quite adequately equipped in this respect. Relatively quicker and greater progress has been made on the laboratory side since, in 1878, Dr. Francis Delafield took charge of the newly established laboratory of the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York; in the same autumn, Dr. William H. Welch opened the pathological laboratory of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, from which, six years later, he was called to organize the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore. It is at length everywhere conceded that the prospective student of medicine should prove his fitness for the undertaking. Not a few schools rest on a substantial admission basis; the others have not yet abandoned the impossible endeavor at one and the same time to pay their own way, and to live up to standards whose reasonableness they cannot deny. Finally, the creation of state boards has compelled a greater degree of conscientiousness in teaching, though in many far too largely the conscientiousness of the drillmaster.

In consequence of the various changes thus briefly recounted, the number of medical schools has latterly declined. Within a twelvemonth a dozen have closed their doors. Many more are obviously gasping for breath. Practical-

ly without exception, the independent schools are scanning the horizon in search of an unoccupied university harbor. It has, in fact, become virtually impossible for a medical school to comply even in a perfunctory manner with statutory, not to say scientific, requirements, and show a profit. The medical school that distributes a dividend to its professors, or pays for buildings out of fees, must cut far below the standards which its own catalogue probably alleges. Nothing has perhaps done more to complete the discredit of commercialism than the fact that it has ceased to pay. It is but a short step from an annual deficit to the conclusion that the whole thing is wrong anyway.

In the first place, however, the motive power towards better conditions came from genuine professional and scientific conviction. The credit for the actual initiative belongs thus fairly to the institutions that had the courage and the virtue to make the start. The first of these was the Chicago school, which is now the medical department of Northwestern University, and which in 1859 initiated a three-year graded course. Early in the seventies the new president of Harvard College startled the bewildered faculty of its medical school into the first of a series of reforms that began with the grading of the existing course, and ended in 1901 with the requirement of an academic degree for admission. In the process, the university obtained the same sort of control over its medical department that it exercises elsewhere. Toward this consummation President Eliot had aimed from the start; but he was destined to be anticipated by the establishment in 1893 of the Johns Hopkins Medical School on the basis of a bachelor's degree, from which with quite unprecedented academic virtue no single exception has ever been made. This was the first medical school in America

of genuine university type, with something approaching adequate endowment, well-equipped laboratories conducted by modern teachers, devoting themselves unreservedly to medical investigation and instruction, and with its own hospital, in which the training of physicians and the healing of the sick harmoniously combine to the immense advantage of both.

The influence of this new foundation can hardly be overstated. It has finally cleared up the problem of standards and ideals; and its graduates have gone forth in small bands to found new establishments or to reconstruct old ones. In the sixteen years that have since elapsed, fourteen more institutions have actually advanced to the basis of two or more years of college work; others have undertaken shortly to do so. Besides these, there are perhaps a dozen other more or less efficient schools whose entrance requirements hover hazily about high-school graduation. In point of organization, the thirty-odd schools now supplying the distinctly better quality of medical training are not as yet all of university type. Thither they are unquestionably tending; for the moment, however, the very best, and some of the very worst, are alike known as university departments.

Not a few so-called university medical departments are such in name only. They are practically independent enterprises, to which some university has good-naturedly lent its prestige. The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago is the medical department of the University of Illinois; but the relation between them is purely contractual; the state university contributes nothing to its support. The Southwestern University of Texas possesses a medical department at Dallas, but the university is legally protected against all responsibility for its debts. These fictitious alignments retard the readjustment of

medical education through further reduction in the number of schools, because the institutions involved are enabled to live on hope for perhaps another decade or more. It is important that our universities realize that medical education is a serious and costly venture, and that they should reject or terminate all connection with a medical school unless prepared to foot its bills and to pitch its instruction on a university plane. In Canada, conditions have never become so badly demoralized as in this country. There the best features of English clinical teaching had never been wholly forgotten. Convalescence from a relatively mild over-indulgence in commercial medical schools set in earlier, and is more nearly completed.

With the creation of the heterogeneous situation thus bequeathed to us, it is clear that consideration for the public good has had on the whole little to do; nor is it to be expected that this situation will very readily readjust itself in response to public need. A powerful and profitable vested interest tenaciously resists criticism from that point of view; not, of course, openly. It is too obvious that if the sick are to reap the full benefit of recent progress in medicine, a more uniformly arduous and expensive medical education is demanded. But it is speciously argued that improvements thus accomplished will do more harm than good; for whatever makes medical education more difficult and more costly will deplete the profession, and thus deprive large numbers of all medical attention whatsoever, in order that a fortunate minority may get the best possible care. Any one, however, who has taken the trouble to examine the statistical aspects of medical education in America knows very well that the enormous over-production of doctors in this country precludes any present possibility of such a danger.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

V. THE PRESIDENT 'SWINGS ROUND THE CIRCLE'

[Shortly after the adjournment of Congress a riot occurred in New Orleans in which thirty-seven Negroes were killed and one hundred and nineteen were wounded, while of their white assailants, supposed to have been protected by the local ex-Confederate authorities, only one was killed and but a handful were wounded. Sheridan, in military charge of the Department, in a despatch to Grant referred to the riot as 'an absolute massacre.' The affair made an impression upon the North most harmful to the President's conciliatory policy.]

Tuesday, August 7, 1866.

The President submitted two long telegrams, one from himself to General Sheridan enquiring as to the difficulties at New Orleans, and Sheridan's reply, which was no answer.

Seward and Stanbery had much to say. The latter was very earnest to have the President send immediately to Sheridan, telling him the police must be dismissed. There was, he said, great excitement in the country and the President must at once respond.

I enquired to what he was to respond. On Friday he had directed Sheridan to keep the peace and pursue his investigations. Since that, enquiries had been made which had provoked a feeble and confused response, concluding with a request or suggestion that

the Governor of the State and the Mayor of New Orleans be displaced. Sheridan might be told that the President had no authority to displace these officers; but I expressed a hope that he would not at this distance undertake to give detailed instructions to his generals or agents.

I asked who General Baird¹ was, that he should be charged with this important matter, and how it came about that such a man as was now described, happened to be at such a place at this juncture. As for Sheridan I considered him an honest, bold, impulsive officer, without much knowledge of civil government, or administrative ability, who obeyed orders; but I apprehended him badly prompted after his first telegram, and regretted that we had not men of different calibre there at this time.

Seward said my estimate of Sheridan he thought correct. As for Baird, he knew nothing of him.

The President expressed dissatisfaction with what he heard of Baird. Stanton kept silent.

Stanbery was persistent that the President should instruct Sheridan in regard to the police of the city.

Stanton said application had been made to him for bunting for the building at Philadelphia where the convention was to meet, but he had none for

¹ In immediate command at New Orleans.

them, and said, with a sneer, he would turn them over to the navy. I told him that my bunting had always been promptly shown, and it would be well were he now to let us have a sight of his.

Stanton, who had skulked, was taken aback, colored, and remarked he had no bunting for them.

'Oh,' said I, 'show your flag.'

'You mean the convention,' said he. 'I am against it.'

'I am sorry to hear it, but glad to know your opinion,' said I.

'Yes, I am opposed to the convention,' he continued.

'I did n't know it. You did not answer the enquiry like the rest of us.'

'No,' said he, 'I did not choose to have Doolittle and every other little fellow draw an answer from me.'

The conversation amused the others, as it did me. Seward looked troubled. Whether he knew Stanton's position, I am in doubt. It is, I am satisfied, very recent that he has concluded to avow himself, although I have never doubted that he was as much opposed as any radical to the union movement. I think he would rather have the government overthrown than that the real Unionists should come in power. He seems to have personal apprehensions.

I called on the President this evening to advise caution in his communications with New Orleans, expressed my regret that he had not better officers for the business required at this time in that quarter. He concurred with me, and said Baird, so far as he could learn, had caused the trouble or might have prevented it.

Who, inquired I, placed Baird there? Was it not part of the radical scheme to bring this difficulty upon us? It certainly is unfortunate that we have these men there.

He said he believed Baird was attached to the Freedmen's Bureau.

[The 'National Union' Convention held in Philadelphia August 14, heartily supported President Johnson's policy.]

Friday, August 17, 1866.

Doolittle and Browning called on me this evening fresh from the convention, and overflowing with their success and the achievements of that assemblage. They insisted that I should go with them to the President and hear their verbal, friendly, social report. It was made very gratifying and the President enjoyed it. On our way to the President both gentlemen insisted that Stanton must leave the Cabinet, and said it was the strong and emphatic voice of the convention; that there were committees to communicate with the President on the subject. I told them I would leave that matter with them and the Committee. While we were with the President the subject was alluded to by Browning, but Doolittle immediately took it up and said it would be proper for him, not being a member of the Cabinet, to make known to the President the sentiment of the Convention and the country, etc.

Thursday, August 23, 1866.

Seward is full, arranging for the excursion to Chicago. Wants General Grant and Admiral Farragut should be of the party, especially through Philadelphia, where he apprehends there may be trouble. I have little apprehensions of mischief in Philadelphia, but in these reckless and violent times some rash and ruffianly partisans may place obstruction on the railroad track in the more sparsely populated districts. I therefore suggested to the President several days since that it would be well to take Stanton along, who is in favor of the excursion and has urged it, as he is a favorite with the radicals who would not endanger or hurt him. Seward proposed some other

naval officer than Farragut also, and I named Radford to him and also to the President, provided another was desired. The President was indifferent, — thought we should have plenty of company.

[The President's famous electioneering journey, 'swinging round the circle' as he called it, from which he expected very favorable results, proved highly injurious to his cause.]

Monday, September 17, 1866.

Returned on Saturday, the 15th, from excursion with the President. Our route was via Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, West Point, Albany, Niagara Falls (where we spent our first Sunday), Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago (where we remained Thursday the 6th inst.), Springfield, Ill., Alton, St. Louis (where we spent our second Sunday), Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Baltimore, home.

We only travelled by daylight, excepting when coming from Louisville to Cincinnati by steamer. I have not enumerated the intermediate places of our visit, but having special train, no stops were made except at places of importance.

The newspapers of the day give detailed statements of our journey, the places at which we stopped, the introductions that were made, and caricature statements of speeches which were delivered. Our party consisted of Secretary Seward and myself of the Cabinet. P. M. General Randall was with us part of the time. General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Admiral Radford, Generals Rousseau, Custer, Steadman, Stoneman, Crook, E. T. Welles, J. A. Welles, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Farragut, Judge Patterson, Colonel Moore, and others.

The President made brief remarks

at nearly every stopping-place to the crowds which assembled to meet and welcome him. In some instances party malignity showed itself, but it was rare, and the guilty few in numbers. It was evident in most of the cases, not exceeding half a dozen in all, that the hostile partisan manifestations were prearranged and prompted by sneaking leaders. The authorities in some of the cities — Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Pittsburgh — declined to extend courtesies or participate in the reception, but the people in all these cases took the matter in hand and were almost unanimous in the expression of their favorable regard and respect for the chief magistrate. The governors of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, and Pennsylvania were all absent. In Ohio and Pennsylvania the Secretary of State appeared, and each apologized for the absence of the executive, but extended formal courtesies.

Only one radical congressional representative, Mr. Blow of Missouri, called upon the President. Mr. Spaulding of Cleveland was boarding at the house where we stopped and we, therefore, saw him. But along the whole line of travel of over two thousand miles, and through, perhaps, thirty or forty congressional districts, the radical members absented themselves, evidently by pre-concert, and the radical state and municipal authorities acted in almost every case in concert with them.

The President spoke freely, frankly, and plainly. For the first three or four days, I apprehended he would, if he did not forbear, break down, for it seemed as though no one possessed the physical power to go through such extraordinary labor day after day for two or three weeks. I, therefore, remonstrated with and cautioned him, but he best knew his own system and

powers of endurance. He felt more-over that he was performing a service and a duty in his appeals to his countrymen, and desired to address them face to face on the great issues before the country. It was the method to which he had been accustomed in Tennessee and the Southwest, and he believed it would be effective in the North.

I was apprehensive that the effect would be different, that his much talking would be misapprehended and misrepresented, that the partisan press and partisan leaders would avail themselves of it and decry him. I am still apprehensive that he may have injured his cause by many speeches; but it is undeniably true that his remarks were effective among his hearers, and that within that circle he won supporters.

To a great extent the radicals are opposed to him and his policy; yet when the true issue was stated the people were and are obviously with him. The President himself has sanguine belief that he has so aroused his countrymen that they will sanction his measures for re-establishing the Union on the constitutional lines, and oppose the radicals' revolutionary measures. I have no doubt that the honest sentiments of the people are for the Union, but the radicals have the party organizations and have labored to make those organizations effective for almost a year, while the President has done comparatively nothing.

Speeches to a few crowds, or the same speech essentially to many crowds, are not in themselves, I fear, sufficient. In the meantime there is want of sagacity, judgment, and good common sense in managing the party which supports him. Candidates who are copperheads, *i.e.* who opposed the government during the war, cannot become earnestly engaged or really enthusiastic supporters, yet the radical Republicans hold

back while this class is pushed forward. There is a kinder feeling among Republicans towards beaten rebels than towards copperheads. But these last pay court to the President in the absence of the greater part of the Republicans who have become radicals. It is not strange, while the radicals conspire against him, that he assimilates with those who, if they opposed his election, now doubtfully sustain his policy. It is out of sympathy and charity to them. They, however, are still selfish partisans, and are unpatriotic and in adherence to mere party policy and to a President they did not elect.

Seward, who during the whole session of Congress held off and gave the radical leaders full room for intrigue, yielded to their aggressive conduct and was unwilling to give up his party organization until that party had so fortified itself as to set him at defiance, appears to have finally come to the conclusion that it is not best to repel the Democrats, for the administration must rely upon them. He has throughout the excursion generally seconded the President, assented to all his positions and rather encouraged his frequent speeches, which I opposed, for it was the same speech, sometimes slightly modified.

General Grant, whom the radicals have striven to use and to offset against the President, who generally received louder cheers and called out more attention than even the President himself, behaved on the whole discreetly. Of course he saw, as did all others, the partisan design and schemes of the radicals, but he did not, so far as I could perceive, permit it to move him from his propriety, at least during the first week or ten days. He gave me to understand in one or two conversations which we had that our views corresponded. He agreed with me that he is for re-establishing the Union at once

in all its primitive vigor, is for immediate representation by all the states, etc.; but while he would forgive much to the rebels, he is unsparing towards those whom he denounces as copperheads. Mr. Hogan, the representative of the St. Louis district, accompanied us, by invitation of the President, on our way from St. Louis to Washington. He is a warm, earnest, zealous Democrat, an Irishman by birth, and a devoted friend and admirer of the President. It gave him pleasure with his strong lungs to introduce the President and his associates to the crowds at the stopping-places. General Grant told me in Cincinnati that it was extremely distasteful to him to be introduced to the crowds assembled at the stations by Hogan, who was a copperhead, he said, and rebel sympathizer during the war. He had, he remarked to me, no desire for fellowship with such a man. A rebel he could forgive, but not a copperhead.

The reception was everywhere enthusiastic, and the demonstrations, especially at the principal cities, were in numbers most extraordinary and overwhelming. In Philadelphia, where the radical authorities would not participate, the people filled the streets so that it was difficult to get through them. This proceeding at Philadelphia was the beginning of a series of [manifestations of] petty spite on the part of the radical managers, which was advised and determined upon before we left Washington, and of which, I became satisfied, Stanton was cognizant. Between him and Grant there was, at that time, very little sympathy or friendly feeling, and until we had completed more than half of our journey, Grant clung to the President. Though usually reticent, he did not conceal from me his dislike of Seward. But, first at Detroit, then at Chicago, St. Louis, and finally at Cincinnati, it be-

came obvious he had begun to listen to the seductive appeals of the radical conspirators. The influence of his father, who was by his special request my companion and associate at Cincinnati in the procession, finally carried him into the radical ranks.

The Senate of New York, in session at Albany, deliberately struck Mr. Seward's name from the list of those who were welcomed, and Governor Fenton, in the spirit of a narrow mind, undertook to overslaugh the Secretary of State when we were introduced at the capitol. When ushered through the crowd into the executive rooms, which were filled, Governor F[enton] introduced the President to the senators and the throng. Passing by Secretary Seward, who stood beside the President, he called for General Grant, who was in the rear, and presented him, and was then addressing himself to me; but Seward, who was aware of the action of the senate and Governor, felt the intentional discourtesy most keenly, waited for no further action of the Governor, but stepped to the table and said, 'I am here among old friends and familiar scenes and require no introduction from any one. Here are men and objects that I have known in other days, and have honored and been honored here.' Taking one and another by the hand, with 'How do you do,' he exchanged courtesies with several. Governor F[enton] then introduced me and Admiral Farragut.

At Auburn, Seward's home, where we were to remain overnight, there were little neighborhood bickerings and jealousies. Mr. Pomeroy, the representative of the district, was intensely radical, and had broken away from his old friend and neighbor in his party course. Naturally he carried many with him. There was also a jealous feeling of Mr. Seward himself on the part of the village aristocracy.

At Cleveland there was evidently a concerted plan to prevent the President from speaking, or to embarrass him in his remarks. Grant, I think, had been advised of this and it affected him unfavorably. They did not succeed, but I regretted that he continued to address these crowds. Although it is consistent with his practice in Tennessee, I would rather the chief magistrate would be more reserved, and both Governor Tod and myself suggested to Seward that it was impolitic and injudicious, but Seward did not concur. He said the President was doing good, and was the best stump speaker in the country. The President should not be a stump speaker.

At Chicago and at St. Louis the reception was magnificent. There was in that of the latter place a cordiality and sincerity unsurpassed. We were met at Alton by thirty-six steamers crowded with people, and were escorted by them to St. Louis.

There was turbulence and premeditated violence at Indianapolis more than at any other and all other places. At Indianapolis I became convinced of what I had for some days suspected, that there was an extreme radical conspiracy to treat the President with disrespect and indignity, and to avoid him. Morton, who had early been obsequious to him and was opposed to Negro suffrage and radical demands, had become a radical convert. He fled from us as we entered Indiana, — so too the little governors of Ohio and Pennsylvania, who were purposely absent when we arrived at Columbus and Harrisburg.

Louisville gave us a grand reception.

Mr. Seward had an attack of the cholera on the steamboat after we left Louisville, and was unable thereafter to participate with us. He had a car and a bed to himself from Cincinnati. At Pittsburg we parted, he going with the regular train in a car by himself,

while we had a special train in advance. After reaching Harrisburg and while at supper, we were in a whisper informed that Mr. Seward was in a car at the depot, unable to be moved, and that Doctor Norris was apprehensive he might not survive the night. The President and myself immediately but quietly withdrew from the table and went to the depot, where we found Mr. Seward very low and weak. On the following morning he was little, if any, better, and was certainly weaker than on the preceding evening. He was evidently apprehensive he should not survive, and I feared it was our last interview. His voice was gone and he spoke in whispers. Taking the President's hand he said, 'My mind is clear, and I wish to say at this time that your course is right, that I have felt it my duty to sustain you in it, and if my life is spared I shall continue to do so. Pursue it for the sake of the country; it is correct.' His family, which had been sent for, arrived and joined him at Harrisburg, soon after, and he proceeded to Washington in advance of us and arrived there Saturday P. M.

At Columbus we were reviewed by a large assemblage. Not only the residents of the place, but of the surrounding country, gathered to meet us. Ex-Postmaster-General Dennison, who called upon us in the evening, was in good health, though he says he has been unwell most of the time since he left Washington. One or two of his neighbors say that he was ill in consequence of his resignation and [its] acceptance.

There was here, as I had noted at some other places, some scheming to antagonize General Grant and the President, and make it appear that the interest was specially for the former. Great pains have been taken by partisans to misrepresent the President and misstate facts, and to deceive and pre-

judice the people against him. There is special vindictiveness and disregard of truth by members of Congress everywhere. Hate of the South and the whole people of the South is inculcated, constitutional obligations are wholly disregarded, a new constitution [is promulgated], or such changes in the present as will give us essentially a new central government which shall operate especially against the states and people of the South, while the people there are denied all representation or participation in these changes.

The Democrats of the North and almost the whole South, who might benefit themselves and the country by taking advantage of these errors and follies of the radicals, are themselves demented and absurd in their action. They are devoted to party, regardless of country. Instead of openly and boldly supporting the President and the policy of the administration, showing moderation and wisdom in the selection of candidates, they are pressing forward men whom good unionists, remembering and feeling the recent calamities of the war, cannot willingly support. In this way they have put in jeopardy the success of the cause of the administration, which in most of the states is their own. Prudent and judicious management would have given us a different congress even in the free states, but I think it can scarcely be expected in view of the great mistakes committed in the nominations which have been made. It is to the Democrats and the South a lost opportunity.

Thursday, September 27, 1866.

Sam J. Tilden and De Wolf of Oswego spent the evening with me. Tilden has good sense, intelligence, and honesty, but is a strong party man, sees everything with partisan eyes, yet understandingly. In 1848 and for a time thereafter he was a 'barn-burner,'

going with the Van Burens, but very soon was homesick, sighed for the old organization, and continued to long for the 'leeks and onions' of his political Egypt, until he got once more into the regular Democratic fold. From that time he has clung to the horns of party with undying tenacity. During the war he did not side with the rebels, but he disliked and abjured the administration.

At this time he supports the President, but I perceive he aims to do it as a Democrat rather than as a patriot, and that he is striving to identify the President with the Democratic party organization. I regret that he and other New York extremists should pursue this course. It will be likely to give strength to the radicals and defeat the administration in the coming elections. Tilden speaks of success, which I am confident he cannot feel. He and his party have, it appears to me, alienated, instead of recruiting, men who would have united with them, and thereby given victory to the radicals.

The people of the North are not ready to place the government in the hands of the copperheads, or even of the Democrats who were cold and reserved during the war. This hostility to those who sympathized with the rebels is national. It is an honest feeling which Stevens, Boutwell, Butler, and other reckless partisans, are abusing and striving to work into frenzy. Had the Democrats given up their distinctive organization and worked in with the real Union men against the radical exclusionists, the President and his policy would have been triumphantly vindicated and sustained.

Saturday, November 17, 1866.

Several weeks have elapsed and many interesting incidents have gone which I wished to note, but, employed through the days and until late at night, [I]

have not had the time. The fall elections have passed and the radicals retain their strength in Congress. False issues have prevailed. Nowhere have the real political questions been discussed. Passion, prejudice, hate of the South, the whole South, were the radical element and aliment for re-establishing the Union. Equal political rights among the States is scouted; so is toleration to the people of the South. The papers and orators appealed to the Northern public to know if they would consent to have the rebels who had killed their fathers, brothers, sons, etc., brought into power. President Johnson was and is denounced as a traitor, because he does not repel and persecute the beaten rebels. The passions of the people are influenced to war heat against the whole South indiscriminately, while kindness, toleration, and reason are discarded, and the constitutional changes and all real political questions are ignored.

The Democrats, with equal folly and selfishness, strove to install their old party organization in force, regardless of the true interest of the country. They saw the weakness and wickedness of the radical majority in Congress and believed that they had committed suicide. The public was dissatisfied with the course pursued by Congress and rejoiced that the Philadelphia convention was called. In that convention, so unfortunately mismanaged from its inception, and in subsequent meetings, the Democrats predominated, and they narrowed the contest down to an attempt to fortify and entrench their old organization, not aware that the once proud party had made itself odious by its anti-war conduct and record. The consequence has been that instead of reinstating themselves they have established the radicals more strongly in power.

Never was a political campaign so

poorly managed. When the call was preparing for the Philadelphia convention, I urged that the real issues should be embraced, for otherwise the administration would be placed at disadvantage, and charged (in the absence of avowed principles) with a coalition with rebels for power; we were, I told them, throwing away an opportunity. We could, on the proposed revolutionary constitution changes, meet and whip the radical faction, whereas if we omitted any allusion to them and evaded the true test there would be a general scramble in which the radicals would have the advantage, for they had been organizing and preparing for the contest. But P[ost] M[aster] G[eneral] Randall and others, secretly prompted by Seward, were unwilling to take an open, bold stand. They wanted to satisfy Raymond and the calculating party trimmers, and so let themselves down.

We have, therefore, had elections without any test, statement, or advocacy of principles, except the false one that the radicals have forced, that the administration had united with rebels. It was a contention of partisans, striving for the ascendancy. The President's friends were willing to support him and sustain his policy in the elections if they could get at the question, but a large portion of them would not vote to restore the old obnoxious Democrats to power on old issues.

Thursday, November 29, 1866.

A number of members of Congress have arrived. Thad Stevens and some of the ranting radicals are on the ground early, to block out work for their followers when they assemble on Monday next. Thad is a very domineering and exacting leader and has great control over the radicals, though many of them are unwilling to admit it, and in a cowardly way deny it. Lacking well-

grounded political principles, they want moral courage in the peculiar condition of affairs. Fearing Stevens, they shrink from the avowal of an honest policy. Stevens has genius and audacity, but not wisdom; imagination, but not sagacity; cunning, but not principle. Will ruin his party or country; doubtless injure both.

The threat of impeachment is less loud for the last few days, but the extreme radicals will press it if they have a shadow of hope that they can succeed. It is a deliberate conspiracy which should send the leaders to the penitentiary. If Thad Stevens can get his caucus machinery at work he will grind out the refractory and make the timid guilty participants.

Forney¹ with his 'two papers, both daily,' and a scrub committee which he and the radical leaders have fixed, are trying to get up a great reception for the members of Congress. It is one of the revolutionary demonstrations, and the conspirators have been counting on tens of thousands to be present, but the people are not all fools. These attempts to crowd forward extreme radicalism, embolden it and make it despotic, but do not strengthen them or inspire confidence. Still, after the last long session and its works, the late wretched elections, the weak men of this Congress are not to be relied on for wise, patriotic and judicious legislation.

In the meantime the President is passive, leaning on Seward and Stanton, who are his weakness. Seward has no influence. Stanton has with the radicals, but with no others. Of course, the Executive grows weaker instead of stronger, with such friends.

As Congress has, by excluding two

¹ John W. Forney was a prominent Pennsylvania politician. Combining business with politics, it was his habit frequently to refer, in his public utterances, to 'my two papers, both daily,'—thus advertising the *Philadelphia Press* and the *Washington Chronicle*.

states, a sufficient majority to override any veto, there will, under the law of Stevens, Boutwell, Kelly, etc., be strange and extraordinary legislation. The power and rights of the Executive will be infringed upon, and every effort will be made to subordinate that department of the government, subject it to the legislative branch and deprive the Executive of its legitimate authority. Seward does not manage but will assist them. Stanton, though subtle, is a sly radical prompter and adviser. Yet there are no men in whom the President confides more than in those two men. I shall not be surprised, but disappointed, if Congress proceeds immediately to tie up the hands of the President in every conceivable way, taking from the President the appointments conferred by the Constitution and essential to an efficient executive, passing laws regardless of the Constitution, and in other ways turning down the government.

This is Thanksgiving Day. A fast, if either observance is religious and proper, would be more appropriate. We may thank Providence for His mercies and goodness, but we should fast, and lament the follies and wickedness of partisans and speculators who are afflicting and destroying the country.

I have given my annual report its final proof-reading. In it I have stated facts and expressed opinions which I might have avoided, indicating, unmistakably, my position and views. It would have been politic, in the usual acceptance of the term, to have omitted these passages; but I feel it a duty to my country, to the Constitution, to truth, to the President, to shrink from no honest expression of my opinion in times like these.

Friday, November 30, 1866.

At the Cabinet meeting the President had his message read by Colonel

Moore, his private secretary. All expressed their approval. Stanton said he would have been glad to see an approval of the amendment to the Constitution in it. I expressed my gratification that it was not, and that I had never supposed it possible that the President would approve it. Browning and Randall were equally strong, particularly the former. I ought not to say Randall was equally strong, for there was a halting and hesitation that I did not like. Seward's indorsement was formal from the teeth, not from the heart, but yet, on the whole, not against it. The document is sound, temperate, and fine. A sensible congress would receive it in a kind and right spirit.

Saturday, December 1, 1866.

Senator Sumner called on me to pay his usual visit preceding the session. I congratulated him on his marriage. On politics and public matters we said but little. He was subdued and almost dejected on account of the displacement of his brother-in-law, Dr. Hastings, from the post of physician at the marine hospital. Says it was conferred by Lincoln and Chase as a slight testimonial of regard for himself. Mrs. H. is his only surviving sister, and they two all that remain of nine children. Of course I know nothing on the subject, — had never heard it alluded to. Of this he was well aware. Said it was McCulloch's doings, or the President's, or both, as a hit at him after sixteen years faithful public service.

Friday, December 7, 1866.

The two Houses are passing resolutions of annoyance to the departments, calling for absurd information, often in an unwise and discourteous manner. The more ignorant and blatant, the more offensive and senseless is the call. Most of them that call on me say, 'Resolved that the Secretary of the Navy

be *directed*'; to Stanton that he 'be *requested*'; a designed discrimination made for a purpose. To-day the President showed one that had been sent to him, with a long preamble, insulting and false: whereas it is alleged that the President, etc., etc., with more resolutions appended. Thus far the extremists have been very violent, coarse, and abusive in their language in caucus, and often in regular session. The more discreet and considerate do not yield to this vulgarity, but they have not the stamina to rebuke it. They do not approve, but have not the power to be firm in disapproving.

Sumner has introduced some resolutions which are revolutionary and wholly regardless of the Constitution. There is manifest intention to pull the Republic to pieces, to destroy the union and make the government central and imperious. Partyism, fanaticism rule. No profound, comprehensive, or enlarged opinion, no sense of patriotism animates the radicals. There are some patriotic and well disposed members, but they are timid, have no force or influence, no self-reliance or independence.

Fessenden is nominally one of the leaders in the Senate, yet he is a mere follower. Grimes controls him and has, without Fessenden's dyspepsia, a much more vigorous intellect. Both of them dislike Sumner and his extreme views, yet both are made to follow him and support his measures when pressed to a decision. Grimes is by nature jealous, suspicious, and strongly indoctrinated with many of the pernicious motives of old narrow-minded Whiggery, of which he seems incapable of divesting himself, although I think he feels that it narrows his mind and injures his usefulness. Fessenden, dyspeptic but well meaning, is more influenced by him than by any other man in the Senate, or out of it; more influenced by Grimes

than Grimes is influenced by him, yet they act in concert and I am inclined to think with a purpose.

What will Congress do? is a question often put and never answered satisfactorily. The constitutional amendment cannot be adopted by the required majority of the States. But as States are excluded from Congress in disregard or defiance of the Constitution, the same radicals can with as much authority exclude them from satisfying or passing upon the constitutional changes. Sumner without any pretense of constitutional authority or right has been, and is, for reducing the States of the South to territories or provinces. Fessenden and others have opposed this. But, at a dead lock, unable to go forward and not manly enough

to retreat, there seems no alternative for Fessenden but to follow Sumner whom he dislikes and denounces as a scholastic pedant. These violent proceedings forebode disaster to the country. Such schemes must destroy confidence and break up the union, if attempted to be carried out to their full extent.

If the Southern States should be declared territories, the radicals will not even then accomplish their purpose, for Mordecai the Jew will still be in the way. Andrew Johnson must be disposed of and impeachment must be effected. This the less radical portion are not yet prepared for, but when they have gone so far as to break down the Constitution and the States, they will follow the violent leaders the rest of the way.

(To be continued.)

JANE

A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

THE skeleton in the Pratt closet was Jane, and she looked the part. She was spare and wiry, sharp-featured and sharp-tongued. Poor she was, too, and old, and she would n't take a penny from her rich relations.

Jane was, of course, a widow, as her particular type of skeleton is pretty sure to be. The family were divided on the question of cause and effect, her eldest nephew, James Spencer, declaring that such a disposition as hers was enough to make a widow of any

woman; while Martha, her brother Ben's wife, testified that she had always found a great deal to like in Jane, even if her bereavement *had* made her a bit 'difficult.'

Happily for the family peace of mind, Jane was not a resident of Dunbridge. When, at the age (or youth) of seventeen, now more than fifty years ago, she had freakishly married Henry Bennett, a blameless but impecunious young man, boasting neither antecedents nor prospects, she had migrated

with him to Westville, a fourth-rate manufacturing town some ten miles removed from Dunbridge topographically, while socially it was looked upon as quite the antipodes of that genteel suburb.

Jane's mother, destined later to be known as Old Lady Pratt, had strenuously opposed the match, whereby she had made one of the few blunders of her career; for no one knew better than she that Jane was not to be 'druv.' The wisest have their lapses, however, and when once the keen-witted little monitor had been betrayed into speaking her whole mind, the die was cast.

'No, Jane,' she had declared, 'tain't because this new beau o' yours is a poor man, 'n' ain't got any folks to speak of, — that ain't why I'm so sot ag'in him. It's because you'd think you was doin' him a kindness in marryin' him; 'n' wuss still, he'd think so too. 'N' that would be the plain ruination o' you.'

'I'd like to know why,' Jane flouted, setting her neck at an ominous angle.

'You'd like to know why? Well, I'll tell ye why. Ef you was to marry a man foolish enough to look up to you, you'd git to be so self-satisfied, that instid o' broadenin' out, you'd jest narrer down; 'n' you'd stay narrered down till doomsday.'

Many persons affirmed that Jane was the 'livin' image' of her mother, and never was the resemblance more pronounced than when the two were most at odds. To-day, as Jane straightened her back, while her black eyes flashed defiance, the very look and attitude of her seemed a usurpation, and as such it was regarded.

'You're a smart, likely enough girl,' the mother persisted, with stinging emphasis, 'but what you're in cryin' need of is a master!'

At that moment, had he but known it, Henry Bennett's suit was won.

'A master!' cried Jane, now in open and jubilant revolt. 'I'd like to see myself knucklin' down to a master.'

'So should I!' The retort came back like a whip-lash. 'I'm glad we kin agree on that.'

All this was ancient history now. Both Old Lady Pratt and Henry Bennett, aggressor and *casus belli* in that memorable engagement, had passed beyond the clash of arms, and only Jane, duly 'narrerred down,' and sharply acidulated in the process, remained, a living witness to its enduring consequences. Thanks to a liberal endowment of 'spunk,' she had kept a 'stiff upper lip' through many a depressing experience in the dingy little town where her husband plied his trade of optician, and where, after his death, she and her son, Anson, continued to dwell in obscurity, not to say indigence. Yet, if her relatives had thus been spared the mortification of seeing one of their number grow shabbier and thinner under their very eyes, they had been nevertheless poignantly aware of the circumstance.

Not that the Pratts were peculiarly sensitive to the sufferings of other folks. They were doubtless quite as philosophical as the rest of us when it came to resigning themselves to their neighbors' misfortunes. Only where the family credit was involved were they disposed to take things hard. And that an own daughter of Old Lady Pratt should 'want for anything,' that a near relative, an aunt in fact, of the wealthy banker, William Spencer, should be reduced to doing her own work in her declining years, — it was even whispered that she bought her coal in small quantities! — that did touch them sorely.

Various overtures made from time to time, looking to the amelioration of Jane's condition, had formed a chronicle of failure, in the grim humor of

which the intended beneficiary had found such satisfaction as a well-seasoned family skeleton may be supposed to derive from the embarrassment it causes. And when at last Anson too had passed away (a characteristically spiritless procedure), leaving his mother in still more straitened circumstances, with neither chick nor child to look after her, the situation was felt to reflect grave discredit upon the whole connection.

Perhaps humor is too genial a word to apply to Jane's relish of the general discomfiture. The quality of her perceptions, which were as keen as they were limited, had a tendency to turn things sour; while humor, as we know, is the prime sweetener. Whether or not her grocer was correct in his surmise that 'the Widder Bennett' lived mainly on pickles, — the cheap brand, — morally at least such had been the case now these many years. She lived on pickles, — the cheap brand. What wonder that her sharp little teeth were set on edge?

But Jane was not the only one of Old Lady Pratt's descendants who had a mind of her own, and when, a few months after Anson's death, her sister Harriet went the way of many a less dignified mortal, the heirs, as they were quite justified in styling themselves, determined upon heroic measures.

'It's agreed, then,' said James the executor, in family conclave, 'that we make Aunt Jane a regular allowance.'

'In mother's name,' Lucy threw in. 'She would n't touch it otherwise.'

'Of course, in mother's name,' Arabella declared authoritatively. 'We all know she'd rather starve than be beholden to live folks.'

'She's grown more peaked every year since Henry Bennett died,' James remarked testily.

'Yes,' was his brother Pratt's sardonic comment. 'That's just the

plague of it, — her *looking* starved. We could make out to put up with it if she only had the sense to look as if she had enough to eat and wear.'

'Who's going to see her about it?' asked Lucy, the peacemaker.

'Why not you?' her husband suggested. 'You're a great hand at getting round folks.'

'Nonsense, Frank!' But although she scouted the notion, she did so with her brightest smile; and Lucy's smiles were jewels of the first water.

'The proper person to interview Aunt Jane is undoubtedly the executor,' Arabella adjudicated unhesitatingly.

'What are you thinking of?' cried Susan. 'James could n't keep his temper two minutes.'

'Could n't keep my temper?' James thundered.

'Pratt's the man,' Stephen interposed. 'He understands Aunt Jane better than anybody. He never riles her.'

'Nor he don't try any palaver,' James growled vindictively, and with considerable acumen too. For, in view of the skeleton's eccentricities, — and they were anatomically well-defined, — the diplomatic Stephen was scarcely less disqualified for this particular mission than the explosive James himself.

Pratt, on the other hand, being an avowed misanthrope, might be considered more akin to his aunt than any of the others. His tongue was caustic but never hasty, his temperament bleak, but equable. Furthermore, although he was a lawyer, and a clever one too, he had never made money enough to incur an imputation of that smug self-complacency which Jane was so quick at ferreting out. People said he was too clever to take his clients seriously; they felt that he saw through them, and that made them restive. What they were paying him for was to see through the other fellow. It may also

be mentioned, though he himself would never have owned it, that he was not infrequently handicapped by a sneaking sympathy for the under-dog.

When, a day or two later, the chosen emissary presented himself before his aunt in her dreary little sitting-room, where the winter's chill still lingered, though April was setting things sprouting and simmering outside, — she struck him as looking more than ever like a small, elderly kobold on short rations. The hue and texture of her skin, the cut of her wizened features, all bore out the impression, which was still further accentuated by a certain elfish alertness of glance and gesture, as of a creature not quite domesticated. Jane's hair, which she wore pulled straight back, and fastened in a tight little knob at the nape of her neck, was, like her widow's weeds, of a rusty black. But neither years nor reverses had availed to tarnish the sparkling jet of her eyes, nor to modify the acrid tang of her speech. Touching the latter, indeed, Pratt Spencer used to declare that her waspishness was so purely automatic that no one had any business to take it amiss.

'Well, Pratt,' was her tart greeting. 'This is the second time since Christmas. Ain't you gettin' to be quite a society man?'

'Oh, this is not a duty call,' he returned cheerfully. 'I've come for pleasure.'

'You hev, hev you?'

'Yes; I've come to make myself disagreeable.'

'Hm! Could n't you do that nearer home?'

'Not this time. I'm depending on your coöperation.'

'Hopin' to raise a loan, perhaps?'

The masterly sarcasm of this sally was enough to put even Jane into a good humor. Perceiving which, he made haste to follow it up.

'How did you guess?' he inquired, in simulated wonderment.

'Well, I thought you was lookin' kind o' sheepish.'

'You'll not make it too hard for me, will you, Aunt Jane?' he wheedled, unreeling his line, as it were, to give free play to her caprice.

'Dunno 'bout that,' she returned, with a quite piscatorial whisk of fancy. 'Never did approve o' young folks runnin' in debt.'

Young folks, indeed! As if she did n't know her nephew's age to a day!

'We might call it a gift,' he grinned, with a crafty turn on the reel.

'A gift!' It was a very polysyllable of misprision, — the sinuous protest of the trout as the line tightened.

'Why not?' And he turned upon her a pair of inquisitorial glasses. Goggle-eyed as he called himself, Pratt managed to make those glasses of his do a power of execution.

'Well, I never seen a Pratt yet that I'd offer money to; did you?'

This was by good rights a poser.

'Not my own, perhaps,' he admitted, 'but, look here, Aunt Jane,' — unblushingly sacrificing syntax to rhetoric, — 'how about when they're gone where they've no more use for their money?'

But she had him, there.

'Then of course you could n't offer it to 'em,' she retorted, with the ready logic of perversity.

Whereupon, conceiving that he had given her line enough, he dropped his angling, and came straight to the point. Yet, although he put the matter clearly and persuasively, and with entire sincerity, such was the force of skepticism bristling in every line of that gritty little face and figure, that he could n't for the life of him keep from feeling the hypocrite; especially when it came to the peroration.

'You must know better than any

one,' he urged, beshrewing the inevitable platitude, 'how glad mother would always have been to see you enjoying the comforts you were born to.'

It is painful to record that at this point Jane sniffed.

'Oh, yes,' was her astute comment. 'You can't expect folks to be exactly proud o' their poor relations.'

'Have it so, for all me,' he acquiesced cordially. 'I should be the last to deny that we're a parcel of egotists. But all the same,' taking quick toll of his acquiescence, 'mother did want to see her own sister comfortable. And now's the time for carrying out her wishes.'

'No, 'tain't,' Jane objected, shrewdly. 'The time for kerryin' out her wishes was when she was makin' her will.'

But this was overstepping, and he promptly called a halt.

'You're out, there,' he said with decision. 'Right or wrong, mother had her own ideas about the family property. She would not have felt justified in —'

'Well, then,' she broke in, 'that settles it. I should n't think of crossin' her, now she's dead 'n' gone.' Then, with one of those quick movements with which she was wont to punctuate an ultimatum, 'S'posin' we hev a taste o' raspberry vinegar, — seein' 's you've come so fur for nothin', she added maliciously.

'Not for me,' he gave back, in frank tit-for-tat. 'That would be too much of a good thing.'

'Well,' she snapped, 'if you don't relish what's offered, you're free to refuse it. We ain't any of us so poor but we kin do that!'

Brisk as the retort was, she looked fagged, not, as usual, stimulated, by the fray. He marked the strain in the little pinched face, and straightway the under-dog began pulling at his sympathies.

'Come, come, Aunt Jane,' he pleaded, with gruff kindness. 'You're out of sorts, and no wonder, — living here all by yourself, without so much as a kitchen-maid to plague you. I suppose your mind gets running on Anson, and it wears on you.'

Well though he knew her, he half expected to see her soften. But he was reckoning without the innermost core of his fierce little antagonist. A hard glitter in those jet-black eyes warned him that he had trespassed.

'Anson was never much company,' she averred harshly. 'I ain't missin' him particularly.' And Anson, her own son, scarce six months dead!

Pratt Spencer was sharply on the alert. A new element had entered into the case. Here was no thrust and parry of small arms; it was a cry of distress from a starving garrison. Not temper, but heart-ache had forced that cry, — plain, grinding heart-ache. Hateful word, that; hateful thing, too. And the man's mind jerked backward, twenty-five years, to the day when Clara Dudley threw him over for a light-weight fellow who sang tenor.

How that tenor voice had rankled, all these years! And he, the lean six-footer, encumbered with a portentous bass that flatted from sheer force of gravity, had behaved then exactly as Jane was behaving now. He too had lied, doggedly, bitterly. He had lied to his people, he had lied to Clara, he had lied to himself. He too had sworn that he did n't care. And in course of time, when he considered himself cured of what he was now pleased to characterize as an acute cerebral dyspepsia, he had clinched the argument by marrying another girl, — a capital girl too, and one who had no ear for music. Yet, on the day, two scant years after Clara's untimely death, when her husband had consoled himself with a new wife, Pratt Spencer had carried flowers to the grave

of the girl who had jilted him. And always after that, on the anniversary of her husband's second marriage, he had deliberately, punctiliously, carried flowers to her grave. Another man in his case might have kept her birthday, or the anniversary of her death. He chose to mark the day on which her husband had consoled himself. Thus he clearly demonstrated that it was an affair, not of sentiment, but of homely justice. She too merited consolation on that day, and he would see that she got it. For he could be judicial, since he did n't care.

And Jane did n't care. She was n't missing Anson particularly; he was never much company. Had she too been jilted, he wondered, — jilted by her own son? And — for whom?

'Aunt Jane,' he asked abruptly, 'was Anson ever great friends with anybody?'

'I dunno's he was — unless 't was with that old foggy, Dr. Morse, over to East Burnham,' she added grudgingly.

'Hm! That was where he practiced medicine, was n't it?'

'Yes; 'n' Dr. Morse took good care that he did n't practice medicine long!'

Pratt had heard, years ago, and with cold disapproval, of his cousin's fiasco. How, beguiled by the apparent simplicity of homœopathy, then just coming into vogue, — pushed into the practice of it indeed by the rash little martinet who was his mother, — he had suddenly turned doctor, much as he might have turned haberdasher, with no professional training, no conception of the need of it. How he had made a surprising success of the thing for a few months, and then had suddenly turned his back on fortune, and come home to sell spectacles over his father's counter. A bitter pill that must have been for Jane. And now, in the stark impoverishment of her lonely life, what more natural than that she should

ruminate upon it till it played the mischief with her constitution? Plainly an antidote must be found, and who more likely to know the formula than that East Burnham doctor whom Anson had been so thick with? Indeed, where was the good of being a doctor at all, if you could n't cure folks? With which somewhat revolutionary dictum, Pratt elected to pronounce the question closed.

Certainly it could do no harm to step over to East Burnham and have a word with the 'old foggy.' To-morrow was Sunday, the weather seemed promising for a country jaunt, — an important desideratum, by the way. For as often as Pratt Spencer contemplated any enterprise which could be remotely construed into a good deed, he was at pains to convince himself that he was acting in obedience to a whim of his own. Yes, a trip to East Burnham was the very thing for an April Sunday, and if it turned out that the old doctor really did have that antidote up his sleeve, why, all the better. That affair of the allowance, a confounded bore at the best, could go over to a more favorable moment. He'd have his country jaunt at any rate.

'Well, Aunt Jane,' he said, as he took her hard little hand in parting, — how many years of poverty and toil had gone to make callous that little hand, — and that little soul too as far as that went! — 'Well, Aunt Jane, I guess you and I are a good deal alike, and fight shy of our feelings. But we all know what a devoted son Anson was.' And now he was too much in earnest to bother about platitudes. 'He loved his mother, if he was not much company.'

Again she sniffed.

He had got to the door and his hand was on the knob, when a sharp, strained voice arrested him.

'Pratt Spencer, you come back!'

He turned, and stood, waiting for her to speak.

'You appear to think you know pretty much all there is to know 'bout other folks' affairs,' she rasped. 'I should like to hev you tell me when Anson ever poured out his heart to you.'

'Can't say he ever did.'

'Hm! Thought as much. To hear you talk, a body'd think he'd been in the habit of tellin' you *what store he set by his mother!*'

The words were scornful, but there was an eager light in the eyes, and a sharp catch in the breath, as she waited his reply. Pratt Spencer, for all his pride of misanthropy, would have given much to answer in the affirmative. Being, however, but an indifferent liar at best, he found himself constrained to say, lamely enough,—

'I never knew Anson very well, Aunt Jane, but he had the name of being a devoted son.'

The eager light went out like a candle, — not blown out by the wind, but guttering in the socket from lack of nourishment. There was no more catching of the breath as she rejoined, dully,

'Well, I dunno's anybody's ever denied it.'

And now the door had closed upon her visitor, and Jane stood, a forlorn little wilted figure, in the middle of the room, wondering what on earth she had been thinking of. Why had she said that foolish thing that did n't deceive anybody, least of all herself? She did not miss Anson particularly? — did not miss him? No; because he was ever with her, — right there before her eyes, — *his face turned away!*

With a hard, dry sob, she dropped upon the nearest chair, and sat there, clutching the arm of it, and staring at the wall. There had been smirking shepherdesses on that wall six months ago. Here, in this room, the operation had taken place, — the operation which Anson had undergone at the hands of

a rising young surgeon, James Ellery by name, whom Dr. Morse had summoned to the case. Here, right here, she had sat for hours afterward, watching for a look, a movement, any smallest token that the patient was thinking of his mother. But no, he had thoughts only for the doctors, only for the operation. When they told him that he could n't pull through, 'That's no account,' he had protested feebly. 'The operation's the thing. That's all we care about.'

Ah, but the irony of that had struck home, — the sheer irony of it after all these years. For a long, dragging quarter of a century he had quietly, stubbornly held out against her, — quietly, stubbornly, he had gone his ways, oblivious apparently to the profession he had willfully renounced, the profession on which she had staked her all of motherly pride, — and now at last, when it could profit nothing, so alive to the appeal of it that he had never a word of good-by for her. Not wounded pride, not thwarted ambition — the master-grievance of her life hitherto — was wringing her heart in that hour, but just the primitive, indomitable mother-instinct, clamoring for its own.

'Why, mother! You up so late? Why don't you go to bed?'

She might have been the merest stranger intruding upon the scene, — one of those smirking shepherdesses that seemed to come alive and mock at her. The mocking shepherdesses had since been pasted over with a cheap sprawling wall-paper which her own hands had applied, but in imagination she could still see their smirking faces, their silly frills and furbelows, through the sprawling pattern. And so, under the stiff crust of indifference she so jealously guarded, that hidden wound had festered, unacknowledged, and when the chance probe of her nephew's words pricked through, she could only

cry out in a blind, senseless repudiation of that primitive instinct which had been mercilessly preying upon her for months past. Anson was never much company! She was n't missing him particularly! Poor little undisciplined soul, caught in the tangle of its own tragic waywardness!

There was a timid rap at the kitchen door. A neighbor's child stood outside. Jane's neighbors were very small-fry nowadays; those who could afford it had long since moved uptown.

'Please, Mis' Bennett,' came a whining voice, 'ma thought p'raps you'd accommodate us with a few eggs. It's Saturday night, and she's all run out.'

'It's Saturday night over here too,' Jane observed dryly.

The Dannings were arrant beggars, but Jane was never averse to playing the Lady Bountiful.

She stepped to the pantry. There were just three eggs there. She put them in a paper bag and handed them to the child.

'Tell your ma that's all I can spare to-day,' she said. 'I'm kind o' short myself.'

And with a hasty 'Thankee' the child trotted off.

Jane returned to the sitting-room much cheered. She understood that certain of her well-to-do relatives had theories about encouraging mendicancy. She for her part would like to know how you could expect your inferiors to look up to you if you did n't assert yourself.

She was crossing the room in quest of her work-basket, when she noticed that Pratt had left the evening paper behind him. She glanced at it in quick suspicion. Did he know she could n't afford a paper? She had half a mind to mail it to him, — to put the price of it into a stamp. But, no. She liked Pratt. She did n't mind accepting that much from him.

She picked up the paper and, seating herself, began reading it, diligently, systematically, as a person does to whom the daily paper is a luxury. Suddenly her heart contracted sharply. What was this about Dr. James Ellery and the amazing operation he had performed? She glanced furtively across the room to where the bed had stood. There was no bed there, and the shepherdesses that might have witnessed to it were pasted over.

With a sense of relief she returned to the perusal of the paper. Hastily, eagerly now, she ran her eye down the column, — a whole column, more than a column, all about that young man who had been Anson's doctor. An odd movement of pride in the fact had succeeded to that first twinge of pain. She could not make out much about the operation itself, the technical language puzzled her, but there followed a sketch of the young surgeon's career, and that was easily intelligible. He had been a poor boy, orphaned son of an East Burnham mechanic, and had owed his education to an unknown benefactor, one who had never, to this day, revealed his identity, even to the beneficiary himself.

She liked that about the unknown benefactor. It would have been her own way of doing if she had had the means. Old Martin Crapp had not guessed where that five-dollar bill came from the time he broke his leg; and little Miss Elson, dying of consumption, had eaten her oranges with never a suspicion. No, Jane had never been one to ask for thanks. Willing as she was that her inferiors should look up to her, upon really self-respecting folks she would not impose that sense of obligation which she herself refused to tolerate.

Suddenly, by an oblique association of ideas, her mind reverted to a certain paper which she had found in Anson's

meagre collection. He had carefully destroyed everything which could give a clue to his interests and preoccupations. Not a letter had she found, not the smallest jotting of a personal nature. Only a few files of receipted bills, his old high-school diploma, and this life-insurance policy, — this sop to conscience, as she resentfully termed it, with which he had sought to condone his lack of filial feeling. In a fierce revolt of spirit, she had thrust the paper out of sight, not so much as breaking the seal.

To-night, as she read the account of James Ellery's career, as her mind dwelt upon the excellence of unacknowledged benefactions, she perceived for the first time that this legacy of her son's was no after-thought, no perfunctory quit-claim. It came to her as a revelation, that such an offering as this represented foresight, sacrifice, — that it was in the nature of a secret benefaction. He had never hinted at what he was doing. That same reticence which had been the chief sting of his quiet, persistent insubordination, had governed him in his care for her welfare. She found herself wondering how far back the instrument dated. Perhaps some day she would break the seal; but not now, not yet. She would not even draw the paper from its hiding-place and examine the superscription. In truth, there was no need of that; it was as clearly engraved upon her memory as upon the long white envelope:—

‘Life-insurance policy, in favor of Mrs. Jane Bennett.’

The very wording of it, in Anson's familiar hand, had been an offense. ‘In favor of Mrs. Jane Bennett.’ His last written message, like his last spoken word, had held her at arm's length. And yet, — that policy stood for foresight, for sacrifice. What was that Pratt Spencer had said? Anson had

the name of being a devoted son? She liked Pratt. If you could n't fool him, at least he never tried to fool you. That was why you trusted him.

The dusk was already gathering. She laid the paper down and, fetching her work-basket, lighted the drop-light. It was well past supper-time, but Jane did n't mind that. She would have a bite on her way to bed. She would n't have to bother with cooking an egg to-night, — nor to-morrow either, for that matter!

As she adjusted her glasses, she recalled, with a sore, teasing compunction, the pains Anson had taken to fit her eyes precisely, and his rather fussy solicitude lest she should strain them. He *had* been a dutiful son, in many ways. He had tried to spare her where he could. Nor had he ever doubted that he was contributing handsomely to the household expenses; for, noting how penurious he was grown, she had scorned to tell him that the cost of living had increased. And all that time, while denying himself the smallest luxury or diversion, he had been making careful provision for his mother. Queer that she had never thought of it in that way before. Well, now at last, she would know how to value his gift.

And yet, strange as it may seem, she did not feel the slightest inclination to examine the document. For Jane's crabbed nature, within its own hard-and-fast limitations, was not devoid of a curious, twisted streak of ideality. It was really a fact that she cared not at all for things, for possessions, as compared with what they stood for. That was why she would have elected to scrimp and shiver and toil to the end of the chapter, rather than accept aid which could be accounted a charity. And that same idiosyncrasy of disposition, that same twisted streak of ideality, still determined her attitude toward the policy. As she had rejected the

offering when it seemed to her but a perfunctory quit-claim, so now that she had an intimation of its essential meaning, she felt no immediate impulse to investigate further. It simply did not strike her—yet—as having any direct bearing upon her own degree of personal solvency. What she would have liked to do about it was to show it to Pratt Spencer, in confirmation of his estimate of Anson's devotion.

Yet when, the very next day, her nephew came again,—came, by the way, in a pouring rain that made ducks and drakes of his theories touching April Sundays and country jaunts,—she expressed neither surprise nor pleasure at seeing him.

'Did you come back for your paper?' was the cynical inquiry, as he laid his hat down on the table, cheek by jowl with the printed sheet.

'To be sure,' he returned complacently. 'I could n't sleep a wink all night, for worrying about it.'

'Speakin' of that paper,' Jane threw in, glancing keenly at him, as he took his seat beside the table, 'I don't s'pose you happened to notice quite a piece about young Dr. Ellery, and the remarkable operation he's been performin'.'

'No; I had n't noticed it, but Dr. Morse was telling me about it.'

'Dr. Morse? I did n't know's you knew Dr. Morse.'

'Never did till this morning.'

'Where'd you make his acquaintance?'

'In his own office.'

'You went 'way over to East Burnham in all this rain?'

'Yes,' with a deprecatory shrug. 'Why the dickens must the weather man play him a trick like that?'

'What for?' she queried peremptorily.

'I wanted to have a talk with him about Anson.'

All unconsciously she was managing the case for him. He had but to follow her lead.

'About Anson?'

'Yes,' and he settled back in his chair as if for prolonged deliberation. 'The truth is, Aunt Jane, I've been feeling that there was something about Anson's later years that perhaps we did n't altogether understand. And it occurred to me that Dr. Morse might be in a position to clear things up for us.'

Jane bridled.

'I guess there wa'n't much that Dr. Morse could tell me about my own son,' she scoffed.

'I would n't be so sure of that. Anson was very reserved, but you never can tell where one of those close-mouthed fellows will break out.'

The storm had suddenly gathered energy; a great gust of rain struck the window-panes. There was something petulant about it, something not unlike Jane's own nervous vehemence.

'Pratt Spencer, what are you drivin' at?' she demanded.

'The truth,' he returned, quietly picking up the gauntlet. 'Will you hear it?'

She sat, for a moment, rigid, yet shrinking.

'If that man over to East Burnham's been sayin' anything to Anson's discredit,' she declared at last, 'taint the truth, 'n' I won't hear it.'

'I've a notion that the whole truth about any one of us would be partly to our discredit,' he opined. 'But I don't believe many men could strike a better balance than Anson, when all was told.'

She had laid hold of the arms of her chair, bracing herself against them, while her eyes transfixed his face. In spite of herself she was solemnized, as he meant she should be. For it was a critical moment with Jane. That cheap

defiance of hers must be held in check at any cost. He took off his glasses and fell to polishing them. She was not to feel herself under scrutiny.

'I wonder how much Anson himself ever divulged, of his reasons for giving up practice,' he speculated thoughtfully.

Upon that, she let go her hold on the chair-arms; the spirit of contradiction might be trusted to sustain her.

'He said he did n't know enough,' she flung out, 'but I'd like to know how he could hev made such a success of it if —'

She had caught Pratt's unspectacled gaze bent questioningly upon her, and she broke short off.

'Aunt Jane, he did n't know anything; and he *found it out*.'

'Through Dr. Morse?' But the gibe was pure bravado, and she knew it.

'Through being guilty of malpractice.'

There was no use in mincing matters; it could only serve to confuse the issue.

'Who accused him of malpractice?'

'The facts in the case.'

'Well?'

'He lost a patient.'

'You ain't claimin' that he was the first doctor that ever lost a patient?'

'No'; for again she had given him his cue. 'And he was not the first doctor to do so through malpractice. But he was the first doctor I ever happened to hear of who devoted his life to making good his — error.'

He had resumed his glasses, which were now turned full upon her.

'Aunt Jane, Anson lost a patient because he was too ignorant,' — she winced visibly, but there was no help for it, — 'he was too ignorant to recognize pneumonia when he saw it.'

But once more she rallied her forces.

'That man has prejudiced you, Pratt Spencer. He was always jealous of Anson.'

'You think so?'

'I know it. It was he that made him give up practice, — it was he that —'

'Would you like to hear what Dr. Morse had to say about Anson?' he interposed quietly.

'I ain't very particular.'

'But I am. He is an old-fashioned man, the old doctor, and he expresses himself in an old-fashioned way. But I am convinced that he meant it with all his heart when he said that he had come to love Anson as a son, and to revere him as a saint.'

She made a half-hearted attempt to sniff.

'Aunt Jane,' he proceeded, gravely and firmly, 'Anson gave his whole life to making good the wrong. Secretly, and with the connivance of Dr. Morse, he supported his patient's widow out of his slender means. He educated one of her boys, still in secret, mind you, to be a doctor. And that boy was — can't you guess?'

Her lips were parted, and now she was leaning forward, avid for the truth.

'The boy Anson educated was James Ellery, the young doctor who was in charge of his case at the end, — the doctor whose name to-day is known to half the profession. And your Anson made all this possible for him. Whatever that young man achieves, the world owes it primarily to Anson.'

On that, he paused, conscious of an awkward access of emotion. The rain had subsided to a gentle, conciliatory patter; there was already a streak of light in the west.

'Does n't this clear up some things that you had n't quite understood?' he asked presently. There was an indescribable gentleness and forbearance in his tone.

She sat for some seconds so still that it was impossible to conjecture her mood, her eyes fixed — though he could not know it — upon that corner of the

room where she had chafed and hungered for the word that never came. At last she spoke, musingly, and with a curious tranquility, foreign to her stormy spirit.

'I see now,' she said, 'why Anson did n't think to say good-by. He had more important things on his mind.'

So here was the key to that ghastly speech of hers! He had n't thought to say good-by, poor chap, quite taken up no doubt with watching that substitute recruit of his under fire. Rather stupid of Anson, certainly. But, after all, who could have guessed that the incorrigible little outlaw would have been such a stickler for signs and tokens? And now she understood: Anson had had more important things on his mind. Well, well! There *was* a vein of nobility in the little aunt. And this concession to something bigger, more 'important' than herself, — why, it was like the breaking of an evil spell. For the first time in her nephew's recollection, she seemed a perfectly normal human being.

'You're not hurt, then,' he ventured. 'You're not hurt, because Anson made such a secret of it?'

'Hurt? Not a mite. It's exactly the way I should have acted, myself. Anson and I were more alike than you'd think for.' There spoke the old Jane, promptly self-assertive. And yet — the motherly pride of it was good to witness — 'He was always more Pratt than Bennett.'

'That's certainly something for us Pratts to be proud of,' was the hearty response. Upon which, with an adroit turn, and almost in the same breath, — 'And now, Aunt Jane,' he urged, 'you're going to let us treat you *as one of us*?'

Her black eyes snapped enigmatically.

'Oh, yes, if you're a mind to,' she answered with suspicious alacrity.

She was already on her feet and stepping briskly across the room to the old mahogany secretary where Anson had kept his papers.

'There!' she exclaimed, as she drew a long white envelope from the top drawer and handed it to her nephew, who had also risen, and was standing, tall and watchful, beside her. 'You're a lawyer, 'n' I dunno's there's any need o' goin' out o' the family to hev your business affairs attended to. You might see to this for me.'

'But it has n't been opened,' he demurred, turning the paper in his hand. 'How did that happen? Have you only just discovered it?'

'Well — rightly speakin' I discovered it last evenin' after you'd left. I'd seen it before, but I *had n't understood its value*.'

Pratt paused, his finger on the seal, looking down upon the taut little figure in which suppressed excitement was straining at the leash.

'No, Aunt Jane,' he said. 'I can't open this.'

She hesitated an instant. Then, with a forced laugh and observing, — 'Then you ain't so smart as you're cracked up to be,' — she snatched the paper, and with nervous, trembling fingers, broke the seal. Inside was a further inclosure, unsealed, bearing also a superscription. Without a glance at the document itself she handed that to her nephew, retaining, however, the second envelope.

'I guess I'll keep this,' she said under her breath, while a slow color tinged the seared old cheek, and something dimmed the brightness of the eyes. 'T ain't exactly business.'

Nor was it exactly business. For, written in Anson's own hand, and speaking to her in Anson's own quiet voice, were the words, —

'For mother, with love and good-by from Anson.'

AN OPTIMIST'S VIEW OF THE IRON-ORE SUPPLY

BY HENRY M. HOWE

ARE iron and steel about to go out of use? or is the impending exhaustion of our iron-ore supply about to oppress us severely by causing a sudden and enormous increase in the cost of iron? That some such calamity is close upon us might easily be inferred from much that has been written lately. For instance, if the consumption of iron were to increase hereafter as fast as it did between 1893 and 1906, the ten billion tons of ore with which Professor Tornebohm credits the world in his report to the Swedish government, would be used up in about forty years. This seems to mean that, in the lifetime of the young people of to-day, mankind will be confronted with the stupendous task of replacing iron with some other material, not only for machinery of all kinds, but also for such important objects as railroad rails and wheels, ships, high buildings, roof-trusses, springs, cutting-tools, and magnets, which are the basis of all commercial electricity, of the telegraph, and of the telephone. We may almost say that the materials with which iron can be replaced are yet to be discovered. The other metals and their known alloys come nearest to being promising substitutes, but even apart from their far higher cost, they are much less fitted than iron for making most of these objects, and almost wholly unfit for making some of them, for instance, magnets. What is far worse, the very exuberance of our activity, which at first sight seems to threaten us with an iron famine, is likely to exhaust the supply of the other

metals at about the same time. At such a picture we may well say with Burns, —

And forward, though I canna see,
I guess, an' fear.

Nevertheless I believe that the cost of iron will not begin to oppress us within many hundreds, yes, thousands of years, if indeed it ever does.

How can this belief be justified? Not by pointing out how greatly Professor Tornebohm has underestimated our own iron-ore supply, which, according to Mr. Eckels of the United States Geological Survey, is at least ten, if not twenty, times as great as that with which the learned Swede credits us. Not by the consideration that only certain parts of Europe and a relatively small part of North America have thus far been explored carefully, and that the rest of these two continents, together with South America, Asia, Africa, and Australia, may reasonably be expected to have, collectively, enormous quantities of ore. Nor yet by pointing out that one of the richest and most abundant of ores, pyrite, is not included in any of our current estimates. These considerations are important; they increase the expected life of our iron-ore supply from decades to centuries; but they are much less important than the fact that there is an incalculable quantity of material which, though not ore to-day, will become ore as soon as it is needed.

What is iron ore? At any given time it is simply rock rich enough, in large enough masses, and near enough

to the surface, to be treated with profit in competition with the other iron-bearing rocks which man is then working. Rock with two and one-half per cent of gold is an extraordinarily rich gold ore; rock with two and one-half per cent of copper is copper ore to-day; rock with two and one-half per cent of iron is not iron ore to-day, for the sole reason that it cannot be worked at a profit in competition with existing richer rocks. It will become ore just as soon as the exhaustion of the richer rocks shall have enabled its owners to treat it with profit. Whether a given ferruginous rock is or is not ore, then, is purely a question of existing demand and supply. Most iron ores mined to-day contain at least twenty-five per cent of iron, and some contain more than sixty per cent. As these richer ores are exhausted, poorer and poorer ones will come into use, until, to the eye of the prophet, a large bed of four per cent ore, perhaps even of two and one-half per cent ore, becomes a veritable bonanza.

This does not mean that iron will then be a semi-precious metal, because the cost of the other metals will rise like that of iron. It means only that iron may cost then as much as copper costs now. Our scale of cost will advance as a whole. Then we shall protect iron from theft, corrosion, and abrasion, as we now protect copper; and for that matter we shall then guard our copper as we now guard our gold, and watch our platinum as we now watch our diamonds. As the ranch is now, so will the four-acre lot be then.

Between these limits, the rich ores of to-day and the two and one-half per cent ores of that possible æon-distant time, there is an incalculably great quantity of potential ore, for as we descend in the scale of richness we ascend much faster in the scale of quantity stored for our use. How very rapid the

ascent is may be inferred from the fact that the igneous rocks, which form a very large fraction of the entire crust of the earth, contain on an average about four and one-half per cent of iron, according to late estimates.

As with the workable richness, so with the workable depth. We think and speak to-day as if deposits of ore could in the nature of things be worked only to a very moderate depth, a few thousand feet. But this is an error. What is true is that the cost of working increases rapidly with the depth at which the work is carried on, so that at any given time the profitable depth of working is limited by the competition of ore from shallower mines. But, like the richness which makes an ore profitable, the profitable working-depth is purely a question of demand and supply. The whole crust of the earth is ours. We will first take the richest ores, those in the largest masses, and those nearest the surface, in short the most profitable ores; but we shall later take poorer and deeper ones. To this process there is hardly a limit.

Thus it is not a real iron famine that awaits us, but only the need of mining at greater depths and of handling more tons of ore and barren rock for each ton of metallic iron ready for man's use. This handling will in general have to include crushing the ore, and separating by mechanical process its scattered particles of minerals rich in iron from the great mass of barren minerals with which they are usually mixed.

Here it may interest and perhaps profit us to speculate a little, adopting the plausible belief that the earth itself is a huge iron meteor, with a relatively thin crust of rocks, and attempting to confer on future generations some fraction of the powers which they will surely develop. To any such speculation it is essential that we should remember the extreme crudity of our

present civilization. Here we are but a few centuries past the beginning of the historic period, while before us lie untold millions on millions of years during which the world may remain inhabitable. Let us conceive that the Middle Ages, which in our vanity we put some centuries behind us, in fact lie millions of years before us; that we have hardly yet advanced well into the dawn of history; that the mechanical powers of our successors will exceed ours a thousand-fold more than ours exceed those of the cave-dwellers. This should be our attitude if we would have any approach to true perspective. We must remember that things which to-day seem impossible, are impossible only because of our present crudity and dense ignorance; that, if man's power over nature increases in the next million years at the rate at which it has increased in the few years since Watt gave us the steam engine, almost the only things mechanically impossible will be those which to-day are unthinkable and self-contradictory. From this point of view we can see the shaft of some bold syndicate piercing its way through the thin crust of rocks to the iron core. Impossible and inconceivable, most men will say! Inconceivable if we base our conceptions solely on our present development; conceivable if we take into account the probable development of man's mastery over nature. I do not attempt to spell out the exact mechanism of this exploitation. I simply say that, if man shall some day come to need that iron, he will, if he becomes the master that I picture him, make a way to use this mass which God has given him. I am looking forward, not hundreds, but thousands and millions of years.

Once the core of the globe is reached, we shall have iron enough to last until the secular cooling of the globe shall have gradually crowded to nothing

the area warm enough for vegetation, and thus shall have killed the last man by depriving him at once of his food and of his oxygen; or until our water or our oxygen has been dissipated into space. The end of vegetation means not only starvation but suffocation, because it is vegetation alone that regenerates the oxygen which we breathe. Long after we have begun to regain from the ocean the matter of which our present mountains are formed; beyond the vast ages in which we nestle ever deeper into the bosom of our great mother, where is stored for us that heat which, though squandered to-day, will then be as the breath of our nostrils; when the polar ice-caps slowly creeping outwards at last meet at the equator; when Mother Earth, exhausted, draws together those icy curtains for her endless sleep; this vast store of iron will remain unlesened to mock the last of our race.

But may we not put off the day of death? May we not make up for the paling of our sunshine by devices for raising our food, and generating our oxygen, by means of the energy of waterfalls, wind, waves, tides, sunshine, and the enormous momentum of the earth itself? Grant it: it is but a postponement: we should exhaust these sources of energy in turn; yet even then the store of iron would remain, because it is not destroyed by use but only dissolved or worn to powder, to re-precipitate and re-concentrate.

We often speak as if the momentum of the earth could not be utilized by those standing upon it, forgetful that the ether through which it is plunging is a fulcrum, — not the most convenient one possible, but yet a fulcrum, — whence it may be pried. A man on a cannon-ball rising through the air might utilize the momentum of the ball itself, by means of a windmill driven by the friction of the air through which he

passed. Thus man, living on our earth as it rushes through the ether, may some day learn how to utilize the earth's momentum by means of an ether mill, a mechanism driven by the friction of the ether through which he is moving. In doing this he would retard the earth's speed, be it ever so gradually, and cause it the sooner to run down, and come to rest upon the sun. Indeed, as the sun cools, we may purposely delay the earth's cooling, and thus prolong the age through which it will remain warm enough to support life, by retarding its velocity, and thus bringing it nearer to its source of heat. Thus may man one day modify the climate of our planet. Who shall say that he may not in time modify the seasons themselves, — improving nature's scheme in this grand way?

We know too little about the properties of the ether to speculate to advantage about the mechanism of an ether-driven mill. But however strikingly it may differ from all other forms of matter, it is after all only matter, to be harnessed in due time by the race which has in its infancy already learned to speak by the lightning.

If we form a picture of man's beginning his drafts on this iron core; of his putting successive lots of this iron into use; and of the gradual rusting and wearing to powder of lot after lot, till those drafts shall have amounted to any considerable fraction of the core itself; if we remember that this iron rust and powder will be spread out over the face of the earth, or at most be carried by solution into the earth's crust; and if we bear in mind that this crust is probably but a few hundred miles deep, whereas the iron core is thousands of miles thick; we find it hard to escape the conviction that this vast quantity of iron-rust and powder must in itself form reconcentrations upon which man may draw for his use. Indeed, if all this

iron were distributed evenly throughout the earth's crust, that whole crust would thereby become a tolerably rich iron ore. The essential thing to recognize here is that, although iron disappears from sight as dust or rust, it is not destroyed, but is ever accumulating. Thus the supply of iron is not simply relatively, but absolutely, inexhaustible. From this point of view it is indeed possible that, even before we shall have used up the accessible iron in the earth's crust, these reconcentrations will form rapidly enough to supply with iron a population greater than that which the growth of vegetation can support.

Argument is hardly needed to show how impossible it would be for man to put into simultaneous use any large fraction of the huge mass of iron contained in the earth's core. As we attempt to conceive our successive drafts on this vast fund, looking at them first from one standpoint and then from another, we see limiting conditions which would arrest us before we had drawn and used any large fraction of the supply stored to our credit. For instance, if we consider the conversion of iron into frame buildings, set side by side in actual contact one with another all over the earth, and if we imagine that some marvelous engineer, some giant, outstripping Napoleon in genius ten times as far as he outstripped the commonest dullard, could raise these buildings untold miles above the level at which his workmen could breathe; before even such an enterprise could use up any significant fraction of the iron of the earth, those buildings would stretch far above the upper surge of all the majestic billows of thinnest air which may tower and rage at the surface of our atmosphere.

Then, again, before any large fraction of our iron could be put into use, the incidental rusting of successive

masses of it which meanwhile had done their work and disappeared from sight, would so far rob the atmosphere of its oxygen as to make it unbreathable.

Pondering thus, the Martian would smile incredulously if told that man, living as he does on an iron-cored globe, was fretting about the exhaustion of the most exhaustless of his supplies.

Oxygen and food can be had only so long as energy remains. The store of terrestrial and solar energy is finite; its passing is but a day in the life of the universe; and when it is exhausted life must cease. But the earth cannot get rid of the iron of which so great a fraction of its very self is formed.

It is of more immediate interest to consider whether man is likely to be oppressed by the increased cost of iron in the early centuries of the period between the present and that immeasurably, yes, inconceivably distant day when we shall gain access to the earth's central mass of iron. Two questions suggest themselves:—

First, how rapidly will the increase in the cost of ore raise the cost of the iron made from that ore?

Second, will this prick be so much sharper than the others which must accompany it, that it will be felt as a hardship different in kind from the rest?

As regards the first question, let us remember that the cost of iron in the ore is only a fraction of the cost of the finished iron articles themselves, hardly a quarter of the cost of even such crude products as rails, and an insignificant part of the cost of many of the important finished articles, such as springs, cutting-tools, wire, etc., now made of iron, and less readily made from animal or vegetable matter. If, through the necessity of using ores much poorer than our present ones, the cost of a ton of iron in the ore, concentrated and ready for smelting, were to

double, the cost of a ton of rails would increase by only one-quarter, and the cost of a table-knife by a trifling fraction. Indeed, by increasing the cost of the fuel needed for treating our ores, the rapid exhaustion of our coal-fields may do more than the growing poverty of those ores themselves to increase the cost of iron.

You may ask whether the cost of iron to each of us is going to be raised seriously by the continuous and irresistible rise in wages. Probably not. Given a world of men nearly all of whom work in one way or another, the chief permanent element of cost of each product to each consumer is the number of days of labor and of care which its production requires. Note clearly that this is the true measure for our present purpose. The fact that our future ores will be poorer and deeper-seated than our present ones may raise the cost of iron thus measured, but the rise of wages should not, as we can readily see on reflection.

Measured as they should be by their purchasing power, wages have risen with the secular rise in the scale of living which has given the almshouse pauper what would have been fabulous luxury to Siegfried, Achilles, or Noah. But though this rise should certainly continue, it does not imply an increase in the cost of iron or other products, measured by the true scale—days of labor. This increase in the quantity of goods which society, or mankind collectively, returns to each worker for each day's work, is of course possible only because of the greater quantity of goods which, thanks to improvement in the processes of manufacture and distribution, society gets from each day's labor. What all men collectively can distribute to all individual workers severally, is nothing more than the sum of what all men collectively have received from those individual workers,

be they laborers, superintendents, presidents, or financiers. Practically speaking, all but an insignificant fraction of us are workers in one way or another. If we each get more for our sweat, or for our thought, than our peers did in Noah's day, it is possible only because as a whole we create more with a day's work. The increased purchasing power of a day's wages simply reflects the increased producing power of a day's labor. A hundred years hence society, as represented by the shopkeepers, will give the workman who makes iron more goods in return for a day's wages than it gives him to-day. But with the labor which he gives for those wages he will then make proportionally more iron than now for society, as represented immediately by his employer, and ultimately by you and me, his employer's ultimate customers; so that society, you and I, will give him no more goods for his pound of iron than we give him to-day. He will get, and we shall give, more goods for a day's labor, but not more for each pound of iron that he makes.

Turning to our second question, the cost of iron and of the other metals, indeed of all mineral substances, seems likely to increase relatively to the cost of food, wool, cotton, leather, and other vegetable and animal products, because though our present rich and superficial ore bodies are not re-creatable, and though we must turn ever to poorer and deeper-seated ones, the supply of vegetation seems to be not only re-creatable at will, but susceptible of enormous increase. I do not here consider the very distant time when the natural reconcentration of the metals worn out and rusted away in use shall have begun to form useful ore deposits. We may assume that we shall soon cease to squander our little store of phosphates, potash, and other mineral matter necessary for plant-life by washing

them away with the waste products of city life, out through the sewers into the rivers, and thence to the ocean; and that, within a measurable time, we shall treat all sewage so as to recover these mineral matters, and return them to the land. This we shall certainly do, for if we do not, we die. These precious substances are no more re-creatable than iron ore, but fortunately they are recoverable by simple means.

Yet even so, one cannot feel quite sure that vegetation will continue indefinitely to be abundant. It is possible that the cultivation of the land by civilization necessarily implies that the spring floods must, century by century, wash away into the ocean the thin layer of plant-sustaining top-soil which long ages have accumulated, and wash it away faster than it can be regenerated. Even if we impound the precious mud which is now heedlessly wasted, and dredge or hold it back from every ocean, even then will it not slip from us faster than it can be renewed by the decay of rocks? This is conceivable.

But will the increase in the cost of iron ore be felt more sharply than that of other mineral matter—gold, copper, and the other metals, coal, lime, cement, and the precious stones?

It will be felt more than the increase in the cost of most other metals, not through its being more rapid, but because we are more dependent on iron than on any other metal, indeed probably more than on all the others put together.

The increase in the cost of iron will be quicker and will be felt more sharply than in that of lime and cement, because the stores of limestone and cement-yielding rock are so vast. In the same way, it may be much quicker than the increase in the cost of aluminum, because of the great quantity of this latter metal which our clays and crystalline rocks contain.

As the cost of iron increases relatively to the cost of the vegetable products, or of those mineral products of which such vast stores are at hand, and as this relative increase begins to be felt, it will retard itself by checking our present waste of iron, and by checking also the demand for iron, which will be replaced by those other and cheaper substances. Indeed, concrete has already replaced iron for certain purposes, because it has become so cheap.

But the increase in the cost of iron will be only a pin-prick beside the loss of our coal; first, because coal is much more important than iron—indeed the money value of the coal which we use is five times that of the iron ore; next, because, in the nature of the case, dearthness of coal, which is our fuel for heating and cooking, pinches the individual much more sharply than dearthness of iron can; and finally, because coal will advance in cost incomparably faster than iron, indeed at an ever-accelerating rate.

For this there are two chief reasons. First, the fact that most coal exists in the carboniferous formation has led to the systematic exploration of that formation in many countries, so that we already have a rough knowledge of how much coal there is in Europe and North America, though we cannot even guess at the quantity of iron ore, because iron ore may exist in any geological formation.

Second, because it is only in the relatively thin layers of rocks which represent the short period since vegetable life began on the globe that we can hope to find coal, while iron we may confidently expect to discover throughout the enormously greater mass of rocks underlying them, and reaching the iron core itself. Indeed, the deeper we go the richer should those rocks be in so heavy a substance as iron.

Of coal it is a true famine that lies

ahead; of iron, it is merely a gradual increase in cost; for, whereas there is only a trifling stock of coal, and this is absolutely destroyed in use, the exhaustless stores of the indestructible metal of Mars are even now renewing themselves, so that before the immeasurably distant future when any large fraction of our iron shall have been in service, new masses of it will have re-concentrated ready to our hands. Then iron will indeed have grown dearer, like horses, cotton, Greek vases, and land; but coal will have vanished forever, like the *ichthyosaurus*, to be replaced by energy from waves, wind, sun, and ether.

Let me sum up my argument. When we come to consider the effect which the drafts on our iron-ore resources will have in increasing the cost of iron as measured in days of labor, we see that this effect will not be felt oppressively until after an incalculable age, if indeed it ever is: first and chiefly because of the inconceivable immensity of the stores of potential poor and deep-seated ores: second, because the cost of the iron in the ore is only a fraction, often only an insignificant fraction, of the cost of the iron articles of our actual use, so that a considerable percentage of increase in the cost of the former causes only an inconsiderable increase in the cost of the latter; and third, because our sense of this increase will be dulled by the simultaneous rise in the cost of almost all other tangible things. To the hardship of this general rise, even to the total disappearance of that most precious deodand, our coal, we shall certainly learn to accommodate ourselves. And though the fraction of this hardship which consists of the increase in the cost of iron may be greater than some of the other fractions of discomfort, such as those formed by the advance in the cost of the other metals, and of certain animal and vegetable pro-

ducts, yet it will not differ from the accompanying fractions taken severally, and certainly not from their sum, in such a way as to be felt oppressively and apart from the rest.

Let us husband our iron ore, like every other gift of God. But when we cry out to others to join in the husbandry, let our appeal square with the facts, that those who hear may heed.

PORTULACA CORNER

BY WINIFRED P. BALLARD BLAKE

As I am a boarder, and can have no garden of my own, I have to content my spirit with looking at other people's gardens, and fortunately my windows have usually given on some pretty spot of earth unwittingly made beautiful for my delight.

As I write now, I can glance from the window by my desk upon a green lawn bounded by a wooden picket fence, left in the soft, silvery gray-brown of native wood, and riotously covered by a thick, well-clipped grape-vine with its purpling clusters, through which the pickets peep out here and there. Beyond the fence is a charming, dim vista of lawn and shrubbery and old trees, the leaves ruffling in the wind, and, by dint of sunshine and deep shade, running every tint in the gamut of green, — the whole, though in no great space, hinting of a sylvan charm, half revealed and half concealed. Amid the glancing shrubbery I see a bevy of fluttering, white-robed nymphs, beckoning me from between the trees. That I know them to be but some snowy linen blowing on a hidden line, makes the illusion no less exquisite; and what indeed were the world without illusions, which by a sweet paradox are the truest things we know.

Last month my seat at table commanded a view of the riotous old-fashioned garden of a neighbor, — a perfect delight of color and of informality. Woodbine ran thickly up the outside brick chimney nearly to the top; trumpet vines covered wall and latticed porch; heavy clusters of ripening blue grapes hung amid their serrate leaves over an old arbor; along the fence-line and against the white and green of the house, stood those tall, regal sentinels, the gay hollyhocks; and great bushes of single wild roses, beds of cool fern, and feathery clouds of high asparagus, only half hid the dear child-blossoms, who in white frocks and gay sashes were playing in the sunshine.

One of the greatest effects in a garden is that of vista, and it can be had in a surprisingly small space, by the use of shrubbery and trees, — a winding in and out, a leading of the eye along from mystery to mystery of enchanting foliage, — the brilliant borders of blossoms just a hint here, just showing there, and defying you to make them out angular or straight or definite. Yes, even a small plot of ground can be made to appear as if there were depths and lengths and heights for your exploring!

But there is one special garden-plot

that I came upon only yesterday, which is the real spur to my writing. Like the vistaed garden, I fetch a devious compass to come by degrees to the chief beauty.

If ever any one came upon a sudden glad surprise where one could be least expected, I did! And if I can make others who have similar small plots create such glad surprise for weary travelers on life's highway, I shall be satisfied. Ever since I saw them they have been flashing

upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

Only, my heart has been dancing, not with the daffodils, but with the portulacas, — nothing but plain, ordinary portulacas.

I was riding on an electric car in a noisy, brick-walled, stone-floored city, and was obliged to get a transfer from the conductor in order to take another car-line at a certain corner. Here the trolleys were running in all directions every minute; high buildings were on every side, hard sidewalks and dusty pavements under foot, and yet, as I got off the car, I almost cried out and rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not a-dream. The charm of the unexpected enhanced the intrinsic charm of the happy inspiration that had led some householder to bring a bit of sweet, untrammelled nature into the heart of those city streets.

On this corner was a high brown-stone dwelling. In front was a bit of ground perhaps fifteen feet wide, from the house to the inner edge of the sidewalk, and about thirty feet long, the length of the house-front. Other bits of ground like it, in front of other houses, were either walled areas or bare ground, or at most a turf of grass. A stone curb-

ing edged this plot along the inner edge of the sidewalk, and a light, open-work black-iron fence was set in the curb.

The whole of this ground thus inclosed, this precious fifteen by thirty feet, had been sown with portulaca as one would sow grass. And lo! there was a little meadow in the midst of the hard iron city, — a little meadow literally filled with a natural riot of blossoms blowing and rippling in the wind, — not ever a clover-field in the open country-side so pretty! They were not sown *in* grass, but sown thick, thick, *instead of* grass; and the succulent, spriggy stems, with their small, thick leaves, formed the delicate green setting for these little jewel-like, flame-like flowers. They ran a gamut of color, from deep crimson to pure white, in all shades of reds and paler reds and pinkish whites; and scattered throughout were the same sweet blossoms in pure topaz and clear lemon-yellow and pale amber, — a vivid, living carpet of blending hues.

I had never found portulacas set in a bed or in a hanging-basket especially attractive, but here they were transformed to things of beauty. Hundreds of these little roselets blowing and bending in the light breeze, and a-burn in the brilliant sunshine, made a thrill of joyance run through every beholder.

Every one who got off a car at that city corner went to the railing as if it were a magnet, and looked and smiled, and could not look enough, and smiled at every one else — cold strangers in a noisy city street.

They simply had to smile back at such a loving, unexpected smile from out great Nature's heart, — so true it is that 'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.'

SOCIALISM AND SACRIFICE

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

IN the year 1871, an interesting discussion, recorded in the pages of a quaint old pamphlet, was carried on between Giuseppe Mazzini and Michael Bakunin. Mazzini—noble old champion, arch-conspirator in Europe for the past quarter-century, identified with all political audacities and radical ideals—had protested in bewilderment and anger against the new radicalism gathering under the leadership of Marx. The time had not come for that definite break between Marx and Bakunin which was to dissolve the International; and the future leader of the anarchist party in the socialist camp was, at this point, the chosen defender of Marxian doctrines.

The scoffer might watch for a certain unconscious jealousy to color the pained feeling with which Mazzini saw a new school of independent origin superseding his influence with the European youth. He might expect the impatient hunger for novelty of a rising generation to creep into the utterances of Bakunin. But the records on either side are free from any lower strain. In the brilliant Russian, reverence and tenderness are evidently unfeigned; and no one can fail to feel in all the words of Mazzini that unfaltering devotion to the pure Idea which, whatever lapses his great character may have known, is the essential trait that gives him place in the noble army of Truth's martyrs.

The idea which he is defending is

assuredly important; it is no less than the sanctity and the operative power in social advance of moral passion. The socialists were crying in full pack their new-found slogan, — the materialistic interpretation of history. 'Class-conscious, revolutionary socialism' was in its vigorous youth, expressing itself more crudely and uncompromisingly than to-day. The religious conceptions of the past were bitterly repudiated, and with them all belief in disinterested motives as a factor in the actual life of the world. Marx's *Capital* had been out less than a decade, but it had already rallied an army of followers, in whose minds the conviction was crystallizing that the class-interest of the rising proletariat was the only driving force with sufficient impetus to count in improving social conditions, since all seemingly moral impulses were the product of an inevitable, economic order.

'Mazzini reproaches us with not believing in God!' cries Bakunin. 'We in our turn reproach him with believing. Who is found under the banner of God nowadays? Napoleon III to Bismarck; the Empress Eugénie to Queen Isabella, with the Pope between them gallantly presenting the mystic rose to each in turn. All the emperors, all the kings, all the official and noble world of Europe, all the great teachers of industry, commerce, banking; all patented professors and state functionaries; all the police force, including the priests, — those black policemen of souls who guard the profits of the state; all the

generals, pure defenders of public order, and all editors of the venal press, pure representatives of official virtue. There is the army of God.

‘And in the opposite camp? Revolution! The audacious men who deny God, a divine order, and the principle of authority, but who on that very account are believers in humanity, affirmers of a human order and of human liberty.’

Discussing the accusation brought against his school, of materialism, he heartily accepts it, but explains matter as including the whole range of known phenomena. A luminous definition follows:—

‘As in the world rightly called material, inorganic matter is the determining base of organic, so in the social sphere, which can only be considered the last phase of the material, the advance of economic forces has always been, and is still, the determining base of all advance, religious, philosophic, political, and social.

‘Mazzini since he began his propaganda has kept on saying to the proletariat: Moralize yourselves, accept the moral law I teach, and you will have glory and power, prosperity, liberty, and equality.

‘Socialism says on the contrary: that the economic slavery of the worker is the source of all his servitude, and of all social misery: and that therefore economic emancipation of the working classes is the primary end of all social agitation.’

And so, with hard clang of word on word, with infinite relish and the ardor of a great consecration, Bakunin puts the central thought which he and his comrades were presenting to the working classes of Europe.

With certain points in this thought Mazzini must have sympathized. His had been the chief voice to appeal to the workingmen as the leaders of the

future. He had deplored and denounced ‘that deep social inequality that insults the Cross of Christ.’ ‘It is clear that you ought to labor less and to gain more than you do now,’ he said to workingmen. ‘The remedy for your suffering is to be found in the union of labor and capital in the same hands. You were once slaves, then serfs, then hirelings. You need but to will it, in order shortly to become free producers and brothers through association.’

If the writer of words like these viewed the rising movement to rouse the proletariat as an early Christian might have viewed Antichrist, the reason must be sought in the materialistic trend of the words of Bakunin.

Neither opponent converted the other, for they represented contrary assumptions: on the one hand, the deliberate theory, shocking then, familiar to-day, that the economic system is the ‘base’ of all moral and spiritual passion; on the other, the diametrically opposed assertion that—in Wordsworth’s phrase—‘by the soul only the nations shall be great and free’; that ‘all material progress,’ to use Mazzini’s own words, ‘is the infallible result of moral progress.’

Were the controversy finished, our interest in it would be purely academic. But it is not. During the forty years since its occurrence the two attitudes, here crisply presented by picturesque opponents, have been struggling to win control. Year by year the struggle intensifies; under our eyes the adversaries are closing for what may well be the final grapple. To refuse to face the issue is to lose our chance to play a part in the most far-reaching and practical controversy which the twentieth century is called upon to settle.

As we look back, one fact must strike us. Mazzini lived and died alone; gathering around him, indeed, during his lifetime many a disciple, by virtue of

his exalted ideas and magnetic personality; but founding no fruitful tradition. His reader to-day is baffled and saddened by the mingling of philosophic breadth with much that is arrogant and fantastic, — the product of an arbitrary mind that imposes its own inventions on the universe. In Mazzini's eloquent, broken, tingling prose, intuitions startlingly creative and justified by time, concerning the necessity of supplanting a political by a social and industrial conception of democracy, jostle wild notions concerning the mystic destiny of Rome, and false classifications of historical ages after the style of Saint-Simon or Comte. We are dealing with a glorious nature in unstable equilibrium: treading too often, not the *terra firma* of the actual, but a tight-rope gossamer spun spider-like from within. Here is a great man; here is no founder of a great or living school.

And Mazzini's opponents have succeeded where he failed. Over-great reliance on his own mind led this noble genius, consecrated to the service of the People, astray into a vaporous region where he too often mistook the mirage of glories long left behind for a smiling land of promise. Marx, on the other hand, a nature far less sympathetic, deduced from his keen scrutiny of the actual sweep of economic history a synthetic conception of the laws governing social advance, which, whether or no it end by commending itself, colors to-day every contribution to social thought. He and his followers have *fait école*. We may not say that this is due to superior method in organization: Mazzini too organized inveterately from youth to age. In the avowedly scientific analysis of Marx and his successors there has proved to be something more vitally competent to hold men together than in the pure moral ideals of Mazzini. The appeal to class-

interests, the fresh analysis of economic history, the resultant hope of a new social order, — no mere expression of a lofty idealism floating in cloud-land, but a city of industrial peace related in comprehensible ways to actual society, — these ideas, reinforced by the absence of sentimentality or didacticism in their exponents, have been inwardly operative among the working classes during the last fifty years, creating a movement which, whatever be our judgment on it, we must recognize as everywhere a rising power.

But if in one sense Bakunin and his colleagues had the future on their side, we may not say that the exponents of idealism are routed. The accents of Carlyle, of Victor Hugo, of Ruskin, of Tolstoi, still echo down the decades. Matthew Arnold utters a sharp, concise warning: 'Moral causes govern the standing and the falling of men and nations. They save or destroy them by a silent, inexorable fatality.' The Church reiterates a similar conviction as a platitude which she does not even stop to prove. Still, passing from the fertile literature of the theologian, philosopher, poet, to the arid books of the socialists, one is shocked by a change of atmosphere as sudden as that encountered by the traveler from the plains of Lombardy to the Alpine heights. It is noteworthy that the latter school, whether it speak through popular organs like *The Clarion*, or *The New York Call*, through the moderate voice of Mr. Hillquit or the powerful intellects of Europeans like Kautsky or Jaurès, makes its appeal to the workers, expressing not indeed a majority, but an intensely convinced minority, of that vast proletariat. One fears, on the other hand, that Matthew Arnold and the theologians are perused by the privileged alone; and the conviction is forced upon one that in the midst of a remarkable and growing uniform-

ity as to the need of deep social change, we are confronted by a radical cleavage as to fundamental diagnosis and practical method of attack, which tends roughly to correspond to the cleavage between classes.

Will the idealists, with their balance of fine feeling and cultured instinct, and the age-long tradition behind them, win the day and rout the economic determinist? Or will the latter gain his somewhat tragic triumph, and manifest in the highest psychical activity of the world only a blossoming lovely to see, but worthless for practical purposes?

Many a man will simply adhere to one or the other school, dub the opposite folly or knavery, and rest content. But there are others who feel that no doctrine was ever intensely believed by a number of men without having some value: to whom the effort to find the abiding truth in opposed attitudes seems, not only an entertaining, but a fruitful pursuit. The moments when two ideas, thought to be irreconcilable, are perceived to be supplementary, are the most radiant in history. Let the hope of gaining even a glimpse of such a reconciling light incite us to our quest.

II

The questions involved cut deep. If the Marxian be right, the call to sacrifice and service which rings so clearly in rising volume through the modern world is delusion. The change involved in the necessary progress of economic evolution is destined by itself to destroy classes and to insure a general welfare based on the elimination of wealth-producing property from the range of private ownership. The only effective aid we can render is to stimulate the passions of the working class, through whom alone the great result can be achieved, and thus to hasten the process.

But in the eyes of the older idealist the Paradise which these thinkers hold out is a fools' Paradise indeed. The root of the antagonism and distrust felt by large sections of the religious world for socialism is not, consciously at least, the dread of upheaval, or the dislike for losing the perquisites secured to individual or corporation under the present system. It is the honest belief that socialism is identified with a materialistic conception of life; that it proposes a mechanical solution for spiritual ills; and that the only passions which it thinks worth while to utilize are those springing from the lower ranges of self-assertion and greed, rather than from the higher ranges of self-sacrifice and magnanimity. At bottom, the religious revolt from socialist views is an assertion of the supremacy of spiritual forces. And let us confess at the outset that it would be an evil day when the cruder socialist view should triumph: a day when the deepest intuitions won by the travail of the past must be lightly tossed on the waste-heap, and the feet of humanity set in a grim new path looking toward an unilluminated future.

'Scientific' socialism is of course not the only enemy of a spiritual interpretation of the universe. It is but one phase of the more general movement that crystallized in modern form during the last century. Certainly no bogey of materialism ever terrified the thinking public more effectively than that evoked by the earlier phases of evolutionary thought. Long before Darwin, as early as 1830, Carlyle was quoting with scorn, not untouched by fear, the pregnant old phrase: 'The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile.' It needed only the transference of such ideas from the fields of natural science and of psychology, to the field of sociology, for the alarmist circle to be complete. All through the century, the relentless onward march of democratic

industrialism had been routing the older semi-religious ideals of social order. Marx, the Darwin of economics, simply interpreted sociological history in terms of natural law as strict as those in which the life of nature and of the individual had been already presented; and thought in every department was confronted by an evolving universe, governed by inexorable law rather than by special sporadic activity on the part either of God or man.

Now, the sociological application of these theories, though neither the widest nor the most intimate, has an importance all its own. For our human policy in its broadest aspect depends upon it. And from the determinist attitude in economics most of us shrink with repulsion. We are conscious that the comfort of the whole race could not repay the loss of that light of spiritual purpose which, however flickering and unstable, would, if extinguished, leave a universe in gloom. Yet if we face facts as the 'scientific' school bids us face them, if we enter their camp and bravely see with their eyes, it is hard to avoid partial assent to their theses. For instantly we see perforce the failure, feebleness, and folly, of much that is most appealing in the usual run of idealist talk and action. The older history, that assumed the important moving forces in social progress to consist in the passions of princes, is hardly more outlawed than the school of transition which sought, with Carlyle, to find such forces exclusively in the personality of the hero, or those later writers who look chiefly to collective passions and desires unrelated to the 'determining economic base.'

As we scan the great crises of historic change, the part of the free individual dwindles, and a Necessity, usually economic in origin, stands forth as the protagonist to whose secret will all must conform. At the time of

the centenary of Lincoln and Darwin, a New York paper had some true and pertinent comments. After a warm tribute, it continued: 'Nothing can be more certain to the thoughtful student of history than that even if these two individuals had died in their infancy the course of events would have been essentially the same. Had Seward or Chase been elected to the presidency, the South would have seceded just the same; the national government would have been forced to use its power; it would have triumphed just the same because it had a more efficient economic system as well as a stronger moral incentive on its side; and it would have been compelled, whether it liked or not, to use its powers to do away with chattel slavery. — Had Darwin not lived to maturity, or had he turned his powers in other directions, the illuminating and revolutionizing idea of the origin of species and the survival of the fittest would have been developed and accepted almost if not quite as soon, and in much the same form.'

Things are done through individuals, not by them. Look at history with open eyes: do we not look in vain for men who have achieved anything, unless they were in harmony with a larger movement of which they have been but half aware? The effort to impose a personal view on the world fails as completely as that to revive a dying tradition. How melancholy, how disconcerting, if we are to speak with candor, is the perception of the great mass of social idealism which through the long human story has simply gone to waste from the days of that master of all dreamers, Plato! During the last hundred years ideals of social regeneration have steadily multiplied: they have expressed themselves with exquisite power in literature, with sacrificial passion in life. They have inspired the dreams and dominated the actions of

those whom we most delight to honor, and whom alone the modern world can claim as spiritual leaders. And what have they achieved, from the days of those earlier socialist schools which are such excellent instances in point, even to our own time? Listen to the pleadings of Hugo, Carlyle, Tolstoi, Ruskin, — tragic voices uttering a summons that few indeed follow and that when obeyed leads too often to no country of social salvation, but to solitary and erratic paths, where personal satisfaction may perhaps be won, but where social utility, in the broader sense, is wholly dubious.

It must be with a deep disappointment that any thoughtful man to-day seeks to appraise the real value of the social teachings of the last hundred years. What is the trouble? Why have these guides of ours so failed to lead us aright? The reason is not far to seek, — our idealists are too often ideologists. Heirs of preëvolutionary sociology, they endeavored, as Carlyle would have said, to view the universe as it is not. One and all, they have started out with theories derived from the heaven of moral abstractions, not from the actual facts of progress on this life-giving, even if unsatisfactory, earth.

Take, for instance, the work of Ruskin. Full appreciation has never yet been given to this greatest of the Victorian idealists; yet his wisdom mingles repeatedly with obstinate theories which the advance of the race must quietly lay aside. *Fors Clavigera* and *Unto this Last* are weak in the underpinning. Ruskin's sensitive intelligence wavers, to be sure, between fact and dream. At times he discerns reality with singular clearness; at others he is capable of seriously picturing a class of benevolent landowners, living in poverty and devoting themselves to the interests of a docile peasantry oc-

cupied with handicraft. Even the best in him, his stirring appeal to the conscience of the privileged, takes scant account of actual class-psychology, — and 'the most analytical mind in Europe,' as Mazzini not untruly called it, gets persistently off the track because it never gives itself to the study of what, in the social organism, happens really to occur. His followers are left in a perpetual *impasse*, wistfully admiring, seeking blindly to follow. Is it not the same with the whole appeal to social chivalry in which was focused the imaginative and ethical passion of the noblest nineteenth-century writers, — whether in France, Italy, Germany, Russia, England, or the United States? If we consider the matter bravely, apart from all delight in eloquent phrasing or fine feeling, if we abandon the love of good literature for that practical point of view which these men all sweat blood to press upon us, are we not obliged to recognize that between their ideal teaching and the main lines of social and economic progress the connection is cut, the wires are down?

Turn from literature to life: is the case much better? Do we not here also find heroic effort, pathetically vitiated by hidden failure? What has it all come to, — the application of disinterested moral force to social reform? So far as social salvation on a large scale is concerned, mighty little! True, the words of the great teachers have not been unheeded. Social compunction is becoming more and more poignant, driving increasing numbers from mere discomfort to active service. True, even that much-scouted agency, the Church, plays a modest but growing part in quickening such compunction and diverting some human energy into selfless channels. So here are organized charities, standing for intelligent care of our social victims; and attempts at fellowship, ending in that most significant

expression of social chivalry, the settlement movement; and slowly other more constructive activities, initiated and administered by those children of privilege who respond to moral stimuli, begin to crystallize. New every morning, fresh every evening, leagues are formed, committees appointed, for fighting salient evils; for protecting childhood, cleansing politics, eliminating disease, for regulating in myriad ways the unbridled passions of self-interest and greed that have created our unlovely civilization. A new crusade gathers to fight the serried forces of industrial and social wrong; a fellowship gaining in numbers and vigor with every passing day, of militant spirits, bright and valiant, happiest of modern men and women, on pilgrimage to the Holy City of social freedom.

It is splendid, it is inspiring; it is by all odds the best thing that the modern world has to show. But what is it achieving? What have they DONE—all the laborious committees? Their appeals load our breakfast-tables, seeking in the name of most essential causes to squeeze a little more reluctant money from those comfortable classes who groan and give and, meantime, change not one iota, whether nominal Christians or no, the source of their incomes or their standard in life. Do the reforms get accomplished? Improvement can be found here and there in detail: many individuals among the poor live happier and better lives, thanks to the friendship that has reached them. Yet the hard laws of industry go on unchecked, or checked, when check occurs, less by the efforts of enlightened philanthropy than by the outraged self-interest of the general public. Placed in the balance against the ugly facts of modern civilization, the total results of our philanthropy and our social compunction make a pretty pitiful show.

It is easy to say, the work of faith is

secret, sacrifice must not count results. But we live in a world where labor should not spend itself in the void. Efficiency is the distinctive modern contribution to the ideal of sanctity. We are working, not for our own salvation or satisfaction, but for the effective help of those who suffer. We labor for a cleaner and more decent world, a world where industrial slavery shall press less heavily, where childhood shall have chance and manhood scope; and if, in the long run, we achieve little toward this end visible to the naked eye, it is plain duty to pause and inquire whether possibly we are on the wrong tack. In a less rapid sketch discrimination would be more in order. Disinterested activity does have certain detailed results—usually more or less unstable—to present; but stand off, scrutinize the landscape of modern life in its great masses of light and shade, and say honestly whether the scene has been brightened perceptibly by the efforts of all our social artists.

The answer is plain. The great mass of misery, corruption, and injustice remains practically unaffected by our efforts. The appeal to purely moral incentives, while it brings blessing to many individuals, is helpless to attain, unaided, the decent society which, to our shame, two thousand years of Christianity have failed to reach.

If we are quieted, we are not cheered by extending our horizon toward the past. Where, in historic progress, can we point to social sacrifice on a scale sufficiently large radically to affect the sweep of events? Rather, we see principles of individual interest or class-expediency,—deep, basal, creative; advance achieved through the struggle and the press alone, through the indomitable demand for life, and we are forced, with Bakunin, reluctantly to face the truth that economic necessity is the determining base of change. Not

the idealist who seeks to impose his gracious theories on a stubborn world, but the scientist who can reveal and expedite a natural process, is the person we need. Tolstoi, Ruskin, and the others are on the wrong tack, except in so far as, being men of their own times, they have half unconsciously been forced to think in terms of reality. Close these gentlemen! Open your Engels, your Jaurès, your Bebel; and realize with refreshment and repose that here at last we are in the presence of minds free from sentimentality, and at grip with the actual facts of social progress.

III

That they succeed, would be an unwarrantable assumption. The point is that they try. It is not necessary to agree with the doctrines these thinkers expound to experience the relief afforded by their method and attitude. Who can deny that the great socialist and labor parties of the twentieth century are achieving results beside which all the fastidiously chosen social service rendered by the privileged classes dwindles into insignificance? A large number of those multitudinous works of reform and relief born of social compunction have the feebleness of reflex action. They spring, not from life itself, but from the pitying contemplation of life, which is a very different thing. They are noble, they are essential, to a limited degree they are operative; yet we can never look to them adequately to regenerate society. Economic determinism, and the materialistic interpretation of history, are unpleasant phrases; taken, however, not metaphysically but practically, they imply an illuminating fact. For they teach us that those moral forces which, from sweep and mass, count the most in progress, are not generated apart from life, in the heart or conscience of the excep-

tional individual, but out of the very conditions of life itself. The determinist has perceived, what the idealist has too often ignored, that the most effective type of spiritual power always arises as the natural product of a concrete situation.

All history shows us the truth of this principle. Moral forces, if fruitful, are not static; they are related to the economic necessities of their respective periods. Obedience, for instance, so inoperative to-day, was rightly the chief virtue of mediæval society. Reactionary virtues existed; they always exist. Men died unseasonably, and all but uselessly, for freedom; but the men who were on the right side were those who accepted the necessity of authority and found in obedience the path of life. There are always inconvenient persons who wish to stress a virtue at the wrong time, but their efforts, though picturesque, are barren. The valuable people are those docile in the school of life, yet sufficiently sensitive to ideals to discern and aid the trend of their own times in its noblest aspects. Let Dante rightly bear high though late witness to the need of centralized authority; while Thomas Jefferson, also rightly, stands for the widest decentralization of power. Let Mohammed stress the glory of military force as a religious discipline, to the immense gain of the Orient of his time; while the Pilgrim Fathers make their stern way across the sea, pioneers, however inconsistent, of a civilization founded on religious liberty.

The most stirring times are of course those of transition, when it is hardest to distinguish the trend of living forces from the notes of the passing age. Mistaken loyalties to causes of extinguished glory trail their mournful light across the pages of history, as the rays of dead stars wander forever through space. Who would dare so to pry into the se-

cret of law as to say that they are wasted utterly?—who refuse to their adherents a place among those remembered and beloved? But he is the strong man, the wise man, the leader of power, whose humility in the presence of facts has bestowed on him the gift to read the mind of his age aright and to co-operate with its true purpose.

What will this strong and wise man discern to be the notes of social evolution to-day? One need be no specialist to answer. The chief economic phenomenon of the nineteenth century was the rise of the great working class, joint product of the political and of the industrial revolution. The chief fact of the twentieth century is bound to be the advance of this class into conscious power. As democracy extends from the political sphere in which it made its first tentative way, and reaches out for an industrial and ultimately for a social application, this vast class must in the nature of things develop a psychology distinctive as that of the priest or of the feudal baron. From its rising protest against its conditions must spring the great driving force in social change. We may like the fact or dislike it: our liking or disliking matters not one whit. In vain we stand apart, arrogating to ourselves a judicial attitude. Class-consciousness is growing with fierce rapidity from the soil of our economic order; one of those living forces, necessary products, which have a majesty allied to the movement of tides or planets. If the only sound basis for social action be the study of the forces naturally engendered by economic progress, the great blunder of modern philanthropy, and too often of modern reform, is the frequent failure to enter the psychical life of the people whose conditions we seek to improve. The new class is evoked; the rôle it has to play is not yet fully accepted, but that rôle will be a deter-

mining one. This is a stern saying, but 'God wills it,' as the old cry ran.

Yet there is truth in the ancient riddle, that out of the strong comes forth sweetness. In this advance of the workers, moral forces are sure to play a part. The discomfiture of the idealist, at least on the practical levels of life, is only apparent; and responsibility is no illusion. Moral forces, like natural, are out of our power to create; but within our power to control. Man's function on this planet is not to make, but to reshape. The strictest Marxian is no fatalist in practice; every word of his propaganda is a tribute to the free power of moral passion. He differs from the ideologist simply in perceiving that the forces to which he can make most effective appeal are those confusedly presented to him by the Great Master, Life. In his turn, he too often ignores the important fact that it is within our province not only to accelerate, but to modify a process. Wise men do not destroy their natural impulses; they moralize them. The advance of the People is as truly a natural product as the passion for reproducing the species. That too may be left a natural rage; or it may be transfigured till it shines with a light from Heaven in the eyes of consecrated motherhood. The Magdalen became the woman who still loved much, but purely. So the awakening demand of the working people for power, freedom, and well-being can be translated into life in terms either of crude self-assertion or of the achievement of a common good; the proletarian experience of depletion and denial can be turned into a force either for barren revolt or for healthful growth. What must not be done is to seek to suppress these rising passions; for the sacred hunger for life speaks in them. Passively to ignore them and to allow the race to drift on an unregulated current of impulse, is folly; actively to re-

pudiate them, is worse than folly: it is the unpardonable sin, — blasphemy against life itself.

Why hesitate, why shrink, before this rising power? Why resent the summons to the cultured, the easeful, to follow the lead of the poor? This was what democracy planned in the beginning, from the time when it set forth on its great unfinished adventure. May it not also be exactly what Christianity means, when translated into plain terms and given a modern application? This is hard to deny if we agree that Jesus meant what He said. He did not bid his followers to patronize the poor, nor to minister to the poor; but to identify themselves with the poor. Poverty of spirit was the rich term that he used. Whether this identification was to be literal has always been subject of debate; that it was not to be purely sentimental is less rarely asserted than it might be. No one who thinks can question that it was to be in a searching and revolutionary sense, spiritual and intellectual. Yet many are ready to rhapsodize over St. Francis embracing Holy Poverty in the outward life, who would shrink from following the leaders of the working classes in the holy task of social regeneration. We have not yet begun to fathom the full meaning of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Democracy, imperfect though it be, has taught us a little. Possibly there is even now in the world a power, natural heir of democracy, that can teach us still more.

IV

We shall then be more Christian as well as more scientific if, instead of forming our social programme out of our own heads, or from superficial observation, we study how to direct aright the great forces arising from life. Identification of ourselves with the People must be the key-note of sound social

advance; it affords the only hope of checking the habitual waste of social effort. Let us hasten to say how often the principle is accepted and practiced, with fine and fruitful results. But let us also not shrink from confessing how large a proportion of philanthropic and social work, occasionally at least, violates it. Here is the settlement movement, — at its best the highest expression of social compunction. How often it draws naïvely on that very class-psychology it seeks to transcend! What is the usual procedure in establishing a settlement? An up-town committee; funds raised, a plant prepared, by up-town money; a salaried staff, drawn certainly not from the neighborhood itself, which proceeds with devotion and energy to 'uplift' that neighborhood by a cheerful application of up-town art, music, hygiene, morals, and manners. Often the workers act as if they were dealing with an inert mass; nor indeed is it easy to learn to work 'with' instead of 'for.' Yet every district pulsates with a life of its own. What failure to profit by forces for good stronger than we can furnish, when festivities are put on the date of a Mission at the Roman Catholic Church round the corner! What folly to seek to please a mass of homesick Italians fresh from the land of Garibaldi, with an illustrated lecture on Bunker Hill! The wisest leaders well know that the first aim should be, less the initiation of accredited lines of social service than the close study of forces already at work. The apathetic boy who responds so dully to the Club may be a political leader out on the street. Too often the real life of a neighborhood is sealed from the contact of even the social expert, who may live there for years, administering pure milk to the babies, and enticing people to save their pennies in the stamp-bank, ignorant of the somewhat significant fact that the same

region is a hot-bed of anarchism from which are directed transactions that stir Europe to horror.

If social workers need to identify themselves more deeply with forces of popular birth, working people should have a share, through their representatives, in all movements of reform and relief. The movements of real value will usually be found to be those most readily indorsed or initiated by the workers. Trades-unions have done more to remove the shame of child-labor than all other agitation to that end has yet to show. If the privileged classes have their consumers' league, the unions have their labor leagues; a little deeper democracy, and the two could be fused. Not till working men serve on our organized charities and our diverse reform associations more freely than now, will these agencies take their due and right place in social advance.

To speak plainly, is it not over-true that the first instinct among the philanthropically-disposed is distrust of any movement of truly popular origin? Three great forces—not imposed from without, but born from within—are to-day affecting the intellectual and emotional life of the working people: trades-unions, socialism, and the Roman Catholic Church. These forces do not agree among themselves any more than the forces which affect the upper classes agree; but they all operate with power, they seek in one sense no support from without or from above. In all, there is the note of genuine democracy. And to all three alike the attitude of the world of privilege—academic, commercial, religious—is one of distaste and suspicion. It is no wonder that the socialists claim that class-psychology dominates the situation, for all the stirring of our social compunction and our administration of Morrison's Pills. Our salvation, as we have contended, is to accept and utilize all

movements of truly popular origin; instead of this we habitually distrust and oppose. We repudiate these living powers, and our futility is our punishment.

A salient instance is the reluctant acceptance of trades-unions. No one can claim that the unions, to use their own pet phrase, do their work in kid gloves; but they have the immense advantage of being, not an invention, but a natural growth, born of sheer necessity from the exigencies of economic pressure. Twenty-five years ago they were fighting for recognition; the run of literature, and preaching, showed clearly the general animus against them. To-day, they are accepted by the public, though still fought, as is natural, by the interests to which they are opposed. One strong trade-union is worth more as a force in moral education in a given city than all the settlements and people's institutes combined. Tardily, and surprised at their own temerity, the churches are recognizing the fact and appointing 'fraternal delegates.' Had they acted more promptly they, and possibly organized labor also, would have been saved from some mistakes.

The Roman Church presents problems of its own, apart from the line of our discussion. But what shall we say of this third force, socialism,—young still,—making its way with difficulty in our country, owing to special conditions, but offering a wider solution of our social ills than can anywhere else be found? We can of course repudiate it if we like. Or we can patronize it in an expurgated edition. Or, identifying ourselves with the passion and the purpose whence it emerges, we may divest our minds of prejudice and give it in its entirety a fair, full hearing.

An increasing number of thinkers—including men like G. Lowes Dickinson and H. G. Wells—become warm

advocates of socialism, yet eliminate the theory of class-consciousness and the class-struggle. And in so doing they are well within their rights. In a partially democratic society, socialism is not, and cannot be, the movement of one class alone. It must make its appeal broad enough to reach all classes. Yet if the trend of our thought be right, the theory of the function of the class-struggle is one which the central socialist army can never abandon. Dangerous and misleading in its cruder forms, gravely disturbing at best, it nevertheless expresses a truth that our reluctance cannot ignore, if the forces of emancipation must be the natural correlative of the economic phenomena of the day. Socialism is in essence a working-class movement, and those who adhere to it should recognize that in the designs of Providence the time has come for the class that, though disinherited, yet serves human need in most essential ways, to be the leaders of the whole race toward substantial freedom.

v

Do we then witness the rout of idealism? If we are forced, with Bakunin, to recognize that 'in the social sphere, . . . the advance of economic forces . . . is the determining base of all advance, religious, philosophic, political, and social,' shall we on that account repudiate 'the army of God'?

Let us rather blend a little mysticism with our economic determinism; the mixture is very satisfactory. Why be daunted by the fact that the forces with which we deal are presented to us instead of initiated by us? Life would suddenly become very dull if the ancient quarrel between materialism and idealism were settled; nor can we imagine that event, unless as a result of some general vision such as greeted Saul on the road to Damascus, or else of

an astronomical cataclysm that should throw our little star quite out of the cosmic running. Meantime, schools draw together. The evolutionist can at his will see in the law that governs the unfolding of the natural order, blind force, or the speaking mind of God. The psychologist can either reduce thought to nervous reaction, or see in the very physical basis of life an elusive spiritual phenomenon. Is not the same alternative open in that economic sphere, last to be studied by exact science? The economic conditions that seemingly create our strongest loves and aims are imperious and impassive as were those Assyrian tyrants whose insolent images confront us from the past. But what if these great lords of life are themselves living? These 'determined,' these automatic forces, which mechanically generate our passions and powers, — may they not themselves be messengers, fulfilling a central Will? It were impertinent to assert the contrary. The angels of the Apocalypse proclaimed woes as well as blessings. The class-struggle from which arises at last the insistent demand for such general well-being as shall give the soul its room, may be the trumpet-blast of an angel of God.

The priest who condemns, the revolutionist who exalts, socialism because it is materialistic, are equally wrong; Bakunin and Mazzini needed each the other. For the great economic order, with its steady trend toward a goal that we perhaps begin to discern, is no dead thing because its movements are not in our keeping. The material universe, forever evolving into new likeness through forces in which our conscious efforts have so limited a share, is neither an evil to fight or ignore, nor an ultimate end to rest in. It is a sacrament ordained to convey spiritual life to us. This is what neither mystic nor revolutionary has learned.

But we must learn it; the reformers, the idealists, who often, at the cost of needless waste, dedicate themselves in ever-increasing numbers to the healing of social disorders, must learn it. We would-be re-creators of the earth must follow, for we cannot lead. This earth is indeed ours to shape; but only when we have understood that meekness alone inherits it. So long as we seek to force on it separatist and fantastic ideas of our own invention, however lofty and plausible, we shall stumble and fail.

We must gain our clue from close study of the unfolding purpose in the economic order. To dream of altering or interrupting this order is the folly in which anarchist and philanthropist unite. In natural science and in psychology, men are now wisely evading inquiry into the ever-vicious circle of precedence and origin, and turning to the more fruitful study of relations. Only in sociology, the new quest is hardly begun. Economic determinism and social idealism continue to give each other the lie over contemptuous shoulders. The need of the hour is to make them turn around, join hands, and together face the future.

VI

Economic determinism clarifies our thought, and presents us with a principle of selection which should enable us to avoid depressing waste of effort. Does it at the same time undermine our ultimate faith in the efficacy of the higher and more disinterested reaches of moral passion? Rightly applied, not one whit. Were the world governed wholly by unconscious forces, it might still be a spiritual and holy thing. But it is not so governed. Consciousness, expressing itself so far as our experience goes in free activity, is the final blossoming of material and economic

life. Cut the flowers of purpose and will, — whether to put them in glass with the older idealists, or to throw them scornfully away with the extreme Marxian, — and growth shall perish from the earth. But let the Mazzinis, the Ruskins of the future, look to it that their blossoming be rooted in the soil of economic reality, and the day of rich harvestings shall be sped.

He would indeed be rash who claimed that the purest forces of sacrifice and chivalry were in the long run impotent. The roll of the martyrs of religion and science rings a clarion call of refutation through the mind. These impulses, these devotions, are themselves within the evolutionary process: products, more subtly, not more really, than the harsh and insistent cry for expansion and for life. Our democratic civilization, imperfect though it be, generates them increasingly. Who are the 'we' who long for social righteousness? Far be it from us to mean 'we the privileged'! A limitation of ordinary socialist analysis is its tendency to simplify too much by construing all life in terms of class-psychology. True, this psychology has been foolishly neglected. But man is too complex to be controlled by class-feeling alone. Class takes a place, hitherto too little recognized, beside the other two great powers of religion and of race; there is no warrant for thinking that it supplants them. And around religion, race, and class, is something larger, to which, in last analysis, we must appeal, — that general life in which we are all sharers. This, in the long run, is the constraining reality; this — as civilization becomes slowly, painfully, inevitably democratic — grows to be more and more the source of impulses that create the future. 'We' were never drawn from one class only; but the time was perhaps when we were but Matthew Arnold's 'remnant,' — few and all but helpless. As the days

pass on, we may well find ourselves victorious heirs of the kingdom-to-be.

In two ways the forces of progress win their slow, sure victory. First, and more obviously, through the common, primal pressure of life, moving in all simplicity toward self-realization; then, and more profoundly it may be, through the undying passion for sacrifice, born of the craving for a wider good. It is when the two forces harmoniously interact that progress is sound. But the powers of sacrifice must learn the enduring lesson: if they are to be saved, and saviours, their life must be lost that it may be found. Their ardor, their purity, are what lifts us from the brute to angelhood. But let their too frequent helplessness in the past to affect the trend of progress, teach them a lesson. If they would be deeply and widely operative in the social field, they

must ally themselves with the more massive, though not more normal, powers to which the age gives birth. So may they have their share in translating what life presents into a higher likeness. So may we attain a courage that is never fatuous, a wisdom that is never academic. For we shall read an Intention greater than our own, expressed, not in the abstruse language of theological mystery, but in the warm if terrible terms of this ever-changing universe, our home. 'A Body hast Thou prepared for me,' wrote the psalmist, exalted by the hope of sacrifice. In the rise of the proletariat, in the elements of the class-struggle, in the trend toward socialism, is the body prepared for us of the twentieth century. Into this body we are to infuse what soul we will. 'Lo! I come,' let us then say, 'to do thy will, O Lord!'

URSA MINOR

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

URSA MAJOR adorns the sky — obvious, glittering, clearly defined, a constellation about which there can never be any doubt. Everyone is familiar with it. Even those people who 'really know nothing about the stars' modify their disclaimer by adding, 'except the Big Dipper, of course.' Just as those other people who do not read widely are yet familiar with Dickens's characters? Precisely. It was this analogy which held my mind as I lay in the orchard one evening not long ago, tracing out Ursa Minor and Lyra, and trying to find some significance in the curves of Andromeda.

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It was not a clear evening, — too dreamy and warm, — and I was somewhat put to it to draw the outlines of the heavenly figures. 'Bind the cluster of the Pleiades?' Indeed, I could not at all. But I sat up suddenly once to shake a grasshopper out of my hair, and there before me lay Ursa Major — obvious, glittering, as I have said, emphatically itself.

'If it's constellations you're after,' it said, 'what in the worlds is the matter with me? Here I am, definite; I can defy the mists of the evening; I plant myself firmly above the hills. You waste your time groping among those

other vague gatherings yonder. At the best, they mean nothing unless you apply a mind-splitting force of imagination. Dragons and lyres, indeed! Look at me. I'm a dipper, I am. Take hold of my handle, and drink reality.'

It was true; the Big Dipper was a dipper. It lay evenly balanced across the sky, pointing upward, with time-honored accuracy, to the North Star, — a useful, an excellent constellation, conspicuous and exact. Yet, oh, how it bored me! I lay down again, and waited until a cloud had passed by between me and Ursa Minor, and then gave myself over to the gentler influence of the lesser group of stars. It did not point to the North Star, no; how could it, when it had snared the star closely in its tail?

That is the way — so I pondered, sunk in a fragrant revery in the grass, with only the flash of a meteor to startle me now and then — that is the way with a good many of the people that I know. Great bears and little bears, major and minor — they divide the world between them. Not evenly. A huge section of space has to be given over to the aggressive monopoly of the Great Bear; no other constellations swarm and hide about its clear-cut corners. But the heavens are wide: to the south, east, west, the other stars gather and come and go, herding in friendly fashion so close that their outlines merge and blend, and they weave one splendid pattern of glory across the purple void. How alluring, how interesting Ursa Minor, with its companions! How tedious Ursa Major, — and yet how indispensable! Every age is the age of Ursa Major; this must of necessity be so because — well, for one thing, because it will have it so. But I wonder if some readers do not share my preference for the minor folk.

It is the minor poet whose use — or

whose suffering — of the attribute of falling short is most familiar to us. Yet the poet, of course, stands by no means alone in his possession of the quality; all classes of men share it with him. Perhaps it may fairly be questioned whether that which indicates a lack should have anything but a negative significance, should be considered a quality at all. But a state of being which is shared by ninety-nine one-hundredths of mankind cannot escape a certain robustness; and, if it is negative, then negation is a force to be reckoned with.

We are rather hard on the minor poet; at best, we only tolerate him. But perhaps we have not considered the general uses of minority, the universal need, I may say, of the blessed estate. Its defects are obvious; very well, then, they may be ignored in our present discussion. It is precisely the obvious from which we would make our escape. But its merits — ah! the merits of Ursa Minor lure us to contemplation. They are so beautiful, some of them, that they almost cause the state of being which they adorn to transcend its proper bounds and emerge into the most superior kind of superiority.

There is, for instance, that very trait hinted at in the paragraph above; or, rather, that lack of a trait, — for one must more often speak negatively than positively in dealing with Ursa Minor, — that fact that there is nothing obvious about it but its defects. Now, how pleasant that is, to be sure! To find nothing a bore about a man but his shortcomings.

The world — the intelligent world, at least — instinctively avoids that which bores it; and surely a man could not ask better fortune than that his friends should ignore his faults. It is when they have to ignore his virtues that he is in a desperate case. Poor Ursa Major cannot be held fairly to blame

for the opposite condition which exists with it. It has to be obvious. Nature has carved it conspicuously, and set it prominently to work; it would defeat its own destiny if it tried to be quiet about it. That North Star is an important thing. People are careless, and they get lost; and then they are very stupid and cannot find their way again. It is absolutely essential that somebody or something stand forth very boldly, not to say baldly, and point an infallible finger in one direction. But people are not always lost; and, when they are sitting safely in their front yards or lying in their orchards, they are sometimes apt to grow weary of perpetual North Star.

'Behold me!' Ursa Major cries, in season and out of season, to the orchard full as loudly as to the mountain. 'I am the Great Bear, and I point the way to the North Star.'

'The North Star?' Ursa Minor murmurs. 'Oh! the North Star. I believe I've got it somewhere in my tail.'

Dear Ursa Minor!

But there is no doubt about it that to be free not to take themselves too seriously is a gracious privilege appertaining to the minor people, a privilege which conduces much to the general cause of ease and friendliness. Also to be free to come and go. One 'always knows where to find' Ursa Major, without the least trouble; one has but to stand facing the north in a general fashion, and, unless the sky is quite covered with clouds, there the constellation waits. Waits? Nay, rather, advances to meet one, delaying not to be wooed. Now, it is true also of Ursa Minor that one may 'know where to find it'; but whether one does find it or not is another question. It almost always has to be sought, unless the brilliant mood of the night robs all the stars of reserve; and, when found, it has to be held with the eye, lest its faint out-

lines vanish again. Now, I protest, this is decent of it; decent and self-respecting and independent and interesting. A little provoking, too, now and then; but provocation has excellent uses.

'Why, I'm not important,' it says, when one pleads earnestly with it to stay awhile. 'It's my brother that counts; he is the real thing; go and talk with him. His office hours are every evening; from nine to eleven in the summer, from six to ten in the winter. He'll tell you everything you want to know. I only repeat his main ideas feebly after him.'

And nothing can persuade it that one may prefer its own gentler, more indirect, more luminous exposition of North Star wisdom to the hard-and-fast statements of Ursa Major. Therefore, one has to coax them from it, and that's where the fun comes in.

Who does not know families which consist of one dominant personality and an ineffective company of eclipsed entities? 'The Browns? Oh, yes, Miss Martha Brown! What a force she is!' 'The Smiths! I think you must refer to Mr. Wilson Smith.' When I hear people talk like this of some family strange to me, I know my quarry from afar, and seek an introduction. Past Miss Martha and Mr. Wilson, I make my way as soon as I can; and, in the background of their greatness, I have never failed to find minor brothers and sisters, even a minor mother or two, who have charmed me utterly.

Companionability is another agreeable trait of Ursa Minor. Ursa Major stands off by itself, clearly distinguished from the other constellations that neighbor it, always preoccupied, always on duty, never with time to spare. How the major people of one's acquaintance do oppress and paralyze one with their absorption in their North Stars! They pretend to allow one to come and see them and talk about something else

once in a while; but one cannot do it, one is overwhelmed by the briefness of the interview granted and by the trivial nature of the ideas which one has brought to discuss. This is mortifying: to stand in the presence of greatness, mewing like an unhappy kitten that opens its mouth but utters no sound. Yet there are many who do it; many who cannot rid themselves of the curious contradictory panic of haste and reluctance which the North Star breeds in them.

But the minor person, the dear minor person — how comfortable he is! Three or four hours, more or less — it does n't matter: spend the day, stay overnight. The genial latitude of the arrangement (if one can call it precisely an arrangement) gives time for a score of ideas to bud, open, bloom, and fall. Moreover, there is no slightest demand that ideas shall be forthcoming at all, if the wit prefers to lie fallow. This latter point is very important; I am not sure that it does not mark the chiefest merit of the minor person. His modest attitude toward life is one of an open receptiveness to whatever comes his way. He likes to talk and laugh, yes; but he also likes very well to be silent. He even makes no objection to downright dullness now and again, to real stupidity. Stupidity and dullness, he holds, are integral parts of human nature; and, without them, any man is (or would be) but half a man. The result of this tolerant wisdom is that the minor person is often far more stimulating than the major.

Wisdom! One wonders if the stars are as concerned for this attribute as we have felt it our duty to be since the days of Solomon. Perhaps that North Star of theirs is wisdom. If so, there is significance in the wide variety of the relations which they maintain with it. Ursa Major proclaims the North Star, points to it ostentatiously, stands for

it before all nations. Ursa Minor hooks the North Star in its tail, and turns its back on it.

It would seem, indeed, that Ursa Major must know all that there is to know about this particular point of light, since it travels around it continually, viewing it from all sides. But the very fact that Ursa Major always views it is the trouble. It never turns to look off and see what effect the North Star is having upon the other constellations, what are their various attitudes toward it, nor what they are doing among themselves off there in the heavenly fields. As a matter of fact, some of them are so placed that they cannot see the North Star at all from the standpoint of Ursa Major. They have to make their own way to it from other directions. To them it is, therefore, a more important circumstance that Ursa Minor has leashed the star, and holds it gently from running away, than that Ursa Major points to it. There is that to be said for Ursa Minor: with all its seeming indifference, it does maintain the North Star. It may turn its back on its prize and ignore it; it may subdue its own shadowy outlines to the vanishing point, and lose its identity in the mist; somehow or other that star persists, carelessly flung on high for the careful pointing of Ursa Major.

It is in the matter of their wisdom that minor people come nearest to defeating their mission in life and emerging into superiority. But the general nature of their wisdom saves them and keeps them down. On any given subject under discussion, some major person can always instruct them. They never know as much about flowers as the botanist, as much about music as the composer, as much about education as the kindergartner; so that they are continually to be found in their heaven-ordained position of deference toward some one. But, in the knowledge of

combinations, of tendencies, of ultimate issues, in the reckoning of averages, they are unsurpassed. Who would not rather have the advice of a competent minor person, in the complex questions of everyday life, than of a major person with a theory to prove?

There is one more trait of Ursa Minor — that which includes and presupposes all the other characteristics, their fine flower and, at the same time, their seed — which I would fain, yet dare not, handle. How shall I even speak its name without doing harm? A delicate quality, the very last attribute of human nature to stand analysis and discussion, it has yet been subjected to the rashest, most shameful exploitation in these latter days. Almost done to death it has been; nay, sometimes entirely so. Surely the reader knows what I mean. He has read about it in countless books, has noted its capitals S and H in magazine articles without end, has even heard it recommended from the pulpit earnestly. Look up at Ursa Minor, and see how its stars twinkle among themselves — not keenly, like Ursa Major, flashing an obvious sheaf of rays from every well-marked corner, but dimly, deliciously, through-and-through, so that the separate stars disappear sometimes in the effulgence of their mingled rays. That is — ah! speak it softly, whisper it — that is a *Sense of Humor*.

A pretty good showing, is it not, which we have found for minority in this orchard meditation? We have actually had to be on our guard every moment, lest the terms of our discussion slip from us, become confused, and — presto! change! — the minor person appear as the major. Such a sudden shifting of values as that, such a whimsical prancing of paradox, would be only the method which life employs habitually for our edification, and probably it approaches truth more nearly

than any other; but we are not up to it, we slaves to human reason. Consistency is still the bugbear of our small minds. Minority being granted, then, as a lesser estate than majority, we have examined it and we have seen that it has such merits that no phase of life can dispense with it. No phase? Well, yes, there is one at which I hinted many paragraphs back. Perhaps, if we return to it now, it also will succumb.

I said that we were apt to be hard on the minor poet. We are; and on the minor musician and the minor artist. Our general verdict seems to be that, however useful the minor person may be in the other departments of life, he is *de trop* in the arts; that, unless a man can make of himself a really first-rate poet or painter, he has no business to meddle with rhymes or pigments at all. But we do not stop to consider what an unkind treatment this is to give Melpomene and Euterpe, nor what an estimate we hereby tacitly make of the natures of these muses. Are they so inferior, then, to the other gods and goddesses that we may presume to scant their worship to less than the whole of mankind? Are they, on the other hand, such high prigs that they will have none of the company of common folk? Cruel and shameful assumptions, these, if we really made them. But I think that we are only thoughtless about our judgment in the matter. Not inferior to Venus and Ceres do we hold the Dames of Parnassus, but even superior in a way, different certainly, and deserving of peculiar honor. Alas! poor ladies, we therefore commend them to the companionship of nothing but the major people. No pleasant relaxation for them, no light-hearted dallies by the way with restful dullness; nothing but North Star forever and ever, continually North Star.

It is well that the gods are above human disposals, and that the muses have

always been traditionally willful. The case might be really serious with them if they had to obey our decrees. But they do not have to, and they do not. They know the value of the minor person, and they visit him freely. In fact, they give us the best of reasons — if we argue candidly — for supposing that they prefer minor people to major. Otherwise, why should they seek and summon a score of the former every year to one of the latter? It is always fair to assume that the guests one meets in a drawing-room are the hostess's chosen friends; and goddesses, like mortals, are known by the company they keep.

Of course they prefer the minor person! They know what they are about. It is he who serves them most wholeheartedly, putting the greatest effort forth for the least reward. It is he who soothes them and keeps them sane, even letting them go to sleep now and then in his restful presence. Does one ever stop to think what a strain an out-and-out genius must be on his poor muse?

The fields of art are spacious and open, and many are called thereto. But few are chosen? True; but the calling is the vital thing. Honor there may be in being chosen, — honor and assurance and joy, — but not much credit in the long run; the ultimate credit lies with him who, once called, can be trusted to follow the magic lure forever without reward; without other reward, that is.

I think, for my part, that Euterpe is so far from being a snob that she does not scorn the humblest instrument in the world which touches some heart into responsive song. The hand-organ, then? Oh, surely, yes, the hand-organ, with the children about it; the brass band, flooding the street with a sudden tide of hope and buoyancy, lifting the heads of the scattered pedestrians and binding their disconnected footsteps into a transient march; even the penny

whistle, if so it awaken some wisp of a dream in the brain of him who blows it. That is the errand of art: to communicate life, to awaken dreams. It is hard to see how it is to deny some title of its nobility to anything which achieves the end, no matter by what means.

'If only there were not such a host of scribblers and daubers nowadays!' the dissatisfied critic sighs. If only there were not — well, what then? Is the world's creative, artistic power to be conceived as a fixed and limited quantity, like its supply of marble and coal, like the currency of its nations; so that, if every one has a little, no one can have a great deal? If all the copiers in the Louvre firmly threw their brushes away, if the poetasters refused to fill the left-over corners in the magazines, would a Michael Angelo straightway appear, would a Shakespeare lift up his voice? The experiment would certainly be an interesting one to make; and, such is the modesty and good-will of the minor person in general, that he could probably be induced without any trouble to desist from expression long enough to put the thing to the test.

What a holiday the reviewers would have! The magazines would suspend their issues; the bookshops would close; the annual art-exhibitions would languish; the popular music-halls would give over, and bid their frequenters patronize the Symphony Concerts — where the bewildered creatures would yawn for a few hopeless moments, and then drift out into the street. But what if the waters, left to themselves, refused to congregate in one pool, and preferred to stagnate? What if the heavenly light which had flashed from so many mirrors and bits of glass and had made the world such a sparkling place a little while ago, withheld its radiance now because it found no reflecting surfaces left? This might happen. Nay, as a

fact, of course it would happen; for art is not a quantity at all, but a spirit, increasing with use, like Dante's love; and the more there is of it, the more there will always be.

Well, well! what a prolonged discussion! I fall back in the orchard grass and look up, and catch Ursa Minor's eye, twinkling more than ever.

'I'm sure, I am much obliged,' it says. 'You are very kind to take all this trouble. But, really, did you think

I was going to let myself be snuffed out?'

Of course not! The minor person, with all his modesty, has a pretty determination about him, a quiet inflexibility. We are not likely to lose him at any point while the world persists. I do not know but I ought, by good rights, to apologize to him for my long defense. But I love him, that is the truth; and, loving him, I have wanted to praise him. Ursa Major gets so much praise!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A MATTER OF PLANES

'MY sister and I get along beautifully together: she cares only about the big things of life, and I care only about the little ones.' This remark, made to me once by a friend of mine, comes into my mind every now and then, and I am increasingly amused by its astuteness. For nothing seems more capricious than the basis of our harmonious intercourse one with another. We constantly see people whom we would aver to be incompatible, living serenely at peace, while others, whose cordial agreement we would as confidently predict, are quarreling scandalously. I believe my friend's remark may throw some light on the matter. It amounts to this: people on the same plane may clash, people on different ones cannot. It is the grade-crossings that make trouble.

Let us see how it works. Here are Benedick and I living happily together, although our acquaintances would 'never have expected it.' We are both of us possessed of strong convictions, but

they happen not to concern the same things. For example, I put sugar in my coffee. I think that is the way to take coffee, and of course I always put it in Benedick's cup too. Now Benedick does n't care, — he would scarcely notice if I dropped an onion in, because he is thinking about civil-service reform and other large matters. As he drinks his coffee he talks to me of these things, which I regard as unquestionably of vital importance, but unquestionably not of vital interest. Yet Benedick talks well, and it is very becoming to him to be deeply in earnest, and so I like to listen to him. Thus we get along together very happily. He accepts my little habits, and I accept his big principles. The adjustment is perfect.

On the other hand, there is a certain lady who sometimes visits us. She drinks her coffee without sugar, and she never sits at breakfast with us that she does not evince real uneasiness as she watches the white cubes being dropped into our steaming cups. Benedick has never even noticed that she is uneasy, but I have, because, well, be-

cause I am living on her plane; for I myself am always conscious of a distinct feeling of annoyance when I see any one put sugar on lettuce. Nor is this the only ground of discord between us. She has the habit of rising at half-past six every morning, and taking a cold bath before breakfast. She is never late. I often am, and I loathe cold baths, except in the ocean. Accordingly, when I come down, I find her awaiting me, covered with meritoriousness as with a garment, and I feel myself her inferior, a feeling which I resent but cannot escape. I find no refuge in philosophy, for I have no more philosophy than she has. No, we are on the same plane, and we are always colliding.

On the other hand, Benedick likes her very well, but for his part cannot get through a meal comfortably with his uncle, because they disagree about trusts and the tariff. Yet his uncle and I always enjoy each other's society. He takes three lumps of sugar in his coffee and none at all on his lettuce; he regularly oversleeps the breakfast hour and apologizes handsomely for it afterwards. He has, in fact, what I consider a comfortable set of habits, and his theories do not disturb me. Personally, I find it pleasant to live with people who will let me arrange the unimportant features of life, while I am quite ready to let them settle what one of my teachers used to call its 'cosmic principles.' I can understand one's enduring martyrdom for the sake of details of taste, but not for such large matters as Truth or the Hereafter, which seem to me abundantly able to take care of themselves.

I wonder if this explains why men are less apt to quarrel with women than with other men, and women less apt to quarrel with men than with other women. For the lives of men and women are doubtless on quite different planes; they are not apt to feel strongly about

the same things, and thus each is indulgent toward the other's convictions, not being deeply touched by them. Have you ever noticed at a dinner-party, when one of the men is telling a good story, the difference between the attitudes of the other men and of the women? The women — except perhaps the wife of the speaker — listen easily, receptively; the men listen restlessly, each alert for a chance to follow up the tale with one of his own. For it is perfectly well understood that women are not required to tell good stories at dinner, and so a woman can enjoy them all irresponsibly, while a man feels in each one something very like a challenge.

On the other hand, when either sex invades the other's sphere, there is apt to be trouble. We all know how a woman — the ordinary, normal woman — feels when the man attempts to 'interfere' in the household; and a man — the ordinary, normal man — has a similar objection to women's invading his province. In Germany, at a university function some years ago, an old professor in conversation with a young American woman expressed himself rather positively on some economic question. She, being fairly well grounded in economics, ventured to differ, and began to give her reasons for so doing, when he interrupted her with a gesture of surprise and irritation, and the remark, 'I am not accustomed to hear myself contradicted by young women.'

But I suppose some one may object, 'Why must people on the same plane inevitably collide? Why cannot they run companionably parallel?' And indeed this has an attractive sound; but people's lives do not run on artificial tracks. They may indeed move along easily side by side for a while, but then — crash! The collision comes.

If you still doubt, try two experi-

ments. Find two people deeply interested in theological theory, and apparently in agreement, and set them discussing the matter with each other in a really exhaustive way. See if they do not separate with some little mutual disapproval, if not distrust. 'Ah! Mr. — is not so sound as I had supposed.' Then, to make the test on the little things of life, take two people the most harmonious possible, find them in an amiable mood, — I will even allow you to give them a good dinner first, — and then set them the task of choosing wall-papers for their country home. Need I describe the outcome?

Ah, no! Our only safety lies in non-conflicting levels. You who are entering on a matrimonial or otherwise friendly compact, put not your trust in a harmony based on positive agreement: it is shifting sand beneath your feet. Ground your happiness in a nice dove-tailing of eager conviction with tolerant indifference, and you are safe for a lifetime.

POTS AND KETTLES

THE world is so full of a number of things that it is a difficult task to sort out from the cosmic pot-pourri those rare nuggets which yield unalloyed pleasure to the rummager.

To those in whose veins the sluggish flow of thick red blood is enlivened by a few drops of cynicism (not sufficient to poison, but enough to stimulate), I think there is no more acute joy than that which comes from finding unsuspected weak spots in the armor of their friends. Of course we all like to know that our enemies are vulnerable, but it is only the cynical elect who can appreciate with fine Epicurean fastidiousness the glorious revelation that their friends are human after all. And it is not only the weaknesses of those near and dear to us, it is their misfortunes

and annoyances which give a thrill of illicit joy to those honest contortionists who can look into their own hearts. I once heard a young mother say that there was only one thing which gave her greater pleasure than hearing that the children of her friends were sick, and that was to hear that they were bad. No one but a Brom-idiot (to borrow the excellent root with which Mr. Gelett Burgess has enriched us) would think of condemning this young woman for being malicious or unkind. Misery is not the only human quality that loves company. Some of her distant relatives — Anxiety, Discouragement, Annoyance — are equally sociable.

Certain manifestations of what I call 'human nature' are the jewels I like best to pick out from the jumble of human characteristics which a prodigal Providence has cast as rubbish to the void, and of these precious stones I make a specialty of collecting those which seem to me of purest ray, namely, gems of Self-deception. To be a human being is to be self-deceived, and watching the manifestations of this universal attribute gives a very rare quality of enjoyment to the exceptional soul who is the only enameled utensil in a world of Pots and Kettles all busily engaged in calling each other black, — that one white utensil being always one's self.

Why do the Pot and the Kettle delight in accusing each other of having at least a strain of colored blood, when they might unite their jibes at the expense of the Saucepan for being what the Society Column in the *Kitchen Companion* would call 'charming in baby-blue agate'? Why do they not sneer cynically at the questionable purity of a white enameled Frying-pan? Simply because it is always our own most conspicuous fault to which we are most keenly alive when it is reproduced

in a neighbor, though sublimely unconscious of its existence in ourselves.

I know of nothing more satisfying than to hear Mrs. Parvenue criticise Mrs. Nouveau-Riche for being 'just a thought too cautious in her social relations.' 'I think it is a little mite pretentious to use a hyphen in one's name,' says Mrs. P., moistening her lips with a tentative tongue, 'and if there is one thing that I can't stand it is pretense. I am afraid that Mrs. Nouveau-Riche is a little bit of a Climber, and I for one don't care to be made use of as a rung in her social ladder.' This subtle figure of speech comes out with a mechanical exactness that suggests constant repetition, and Mrs. Parvenue then proceeds to attach to Mrs. N.-R.'s absent back a list of her own most flagrant faults. This is of course ecstasy to me, though it has to be bottled up in a sympathetic demeanor. But the ecstasy effervesces and overflows a few days later when I meet Mrs. Nouveau-Riche at a friend's house, and after a little skillful guiding of the conversation on my part she whispers confidentially, 'I believe you are acquainted with Mrs. Parvenue. Cannot you hint to her that it is not *good form* to make her social aspirations so evident? It really embarrasses me sometimes to see her play her cards so openly. It makes people laugh, and in spite of her foolish little pretenses she is too nice a woman to be laughed at.' *I do not* laugh. There is a pleasure too deep to be expressed by the crackling of thorns under a Pot — or a Kettle; but, like a hero of George Meredith's on a somewhat similar occasion, 'At the two I stand amazed.'

If your eyes are once opened to this wonderful truth that other people are all self-deceived, you will find new vistas of enjoyment opening up before you. I know a man — the most irritable, the most impatient, the most querulous and undisciplined of his sex — the husband of a cow among women. He has a son ten years old who is a diminished replica of himself, snarly, fretful, spoiled. It is the father's constant astonishment that the child of such parents should display traits so unaccountable. 'Of course I have many faults,' he magnanimously concedes, 'but I think I can truthfully say that an irritable disposition is not one of them. As for my wife, she has the temperament of a pillow, so I suppose the boy reverts to some remote ancestor.'

These examples of Pots and Kettles calling each other black will be sufficient to indicate to the thoughtful student the pleasure that may come to the rescuer of broken bits of human nature which may be cunningly pieced together and added to the museum of the Society for Cynical Research. Yet the novice must never forget the fundamental truth that it is one's own worst fault that one can never see;

for the eye sees not itself

But by reflection, by some other things.

For that reflection his vision is preternaturally keen.

I myself am tolerant of all faults but one. I cannot bear to hear a person laugh at foibles of his fellows, or extract enjoyment from others' mistakes. It is like laughing at a blind man's blunders, and if I am ever guilty of it I hope some kettle will call me black.